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Playbill

Ever since we published his *Great Shark Hunt* in 1974, we've been proud to embrace **Hunter S. Thompson** and all that he stands for. With his IBM Selectric and a moral compass that never failed, Thompson set out to administer a modern-day version of frontier justice. He exposed hypocrisy, stood up to crooked politicians and cops, and raged against puritanism, power and corruption, all while having big fun. At the time of his passing he was working with PLAYBOY on a handbook for future rebels: *Postcards From the Proud Highway* contains his hard-won wisdom and advice from the edge. He once described in *The Playboy Interview* the feeling he had when his first forays into gonzo were hailed by critics: "It was like falling down an elevator shaft and landing in a pool full of mermaids." Happy landing, Doc.

"I wanted to do a noir, a mystery," says **Chuck Palahniuk** of *Foot Work,* this month's fiction, taken from his new collection of short stories, *Haunted* (Doubleday). "It's a sort of hard-boiled crime story about selling out. Often when people sell out they think, Okay, I'll sell out—but only so my child can have better health care or my parents can retire. But I wish people could sell out for the joy of selling out."

The idea of the military trying to harness the occult is usually dismissed as a conspiracy theorist's bad dream. In *Paranormal Pentagon,* **Jon Ronson,** author of the new book *The Men Who Stare at Goats* (Simon & Schuster), reveals the shocking truth: It's on. "In times of crisis," he reports, "history shows that military and intelligence leaders journey to the nuttiest corners of their imaginations to try stuff out."

You already love illustrator **J.J. Sedelmaier.** Together with Robert Smigel he created *Saturday Night Live*'s hilarious *Ambiguously Gay Duo* and *TV Funhouse* cartoons. For PLAYBOY he teams with writers Richard Rushfield and Adam Leff to chronicle a new dynamic duo in *The Amazing Adventures of Paris and Nicky.* "My fun comes in the staging and layout," he says. "It's great drawing such human characters."

Particle physicist **Simon Singh** is the author of *Big Bang,* a guide to understanding the origin of the universe. Of course, in today's fast-paced world it's hard to devote too much time to thinking about the quickening of the cosmos. Enter *The Meaning of It All,* our overview of what science has to say about life and the universe. Singh leads our package with 10 reasons why you should believe in the big bang. "For centuries," he says, "theologians tried to make proclamations about the material world. When observations and experiments clashed with the Bible, scientists had to keep quiet or risk persecution. Now fundamentalists are ridiculing and questioning established scientific models such as evolution and the big bang." Here's how to show them the error of their ways.

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If you think the big bang is just a theory, don't tell Simon Singh. The author of *Big Bang* scoffs at the implication that a deity is required to explain the origin of the universe and posits 10 reasons to blame the big bang. Bishop John Spong, comedian Julia Sweeney, philosopher John Leslie and evolutionary biologist Richard Dawkins tell us why all of this matters.

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When he died in February, Hunter S. Thompson—"the 20th century's greatest comic writer," as Tom Wolfe eulogized him—was in the midst of working with the editors of PLAYBOY to compose a guide to life, a compendium of hard-won advice for what he called, not altogether satirically, a doomed generation. Among his valedictions: Kick a bully in the balls, take your beatings, make people smile, and drink lots of water. The final words of an American master.

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COVER STORY

The hit show *Desperate Housewives* got everyone hot for homemakers, so we put out the call for real-life sexy mothers to show us their domestic goodness. After perusing nearly 1,000 submissions, we discovered that every town has a Wisteria Lane and a resident knockout neighbor like cover girl Michelle Baena, photographed by Senior Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Our Rabbit gives Michelle his full support.

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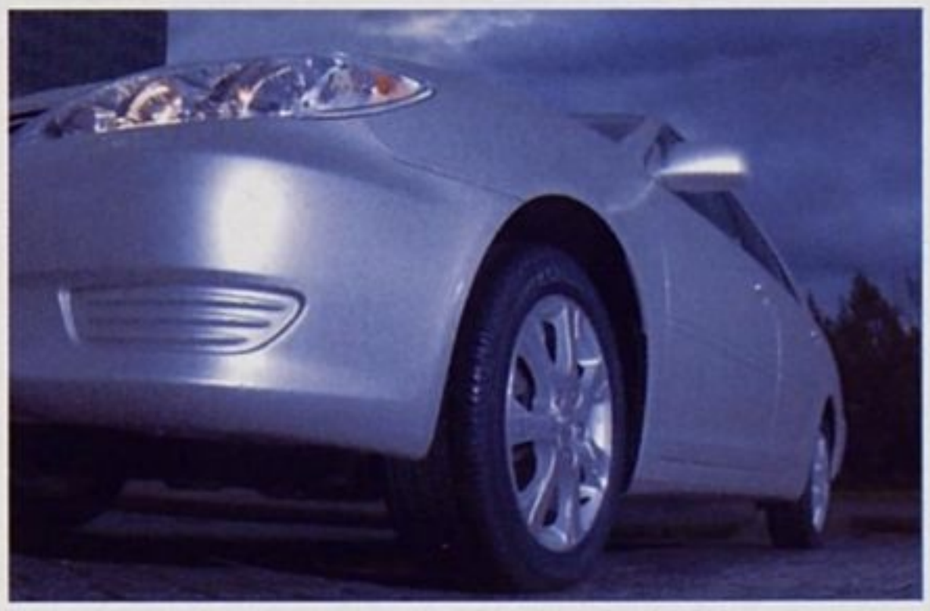

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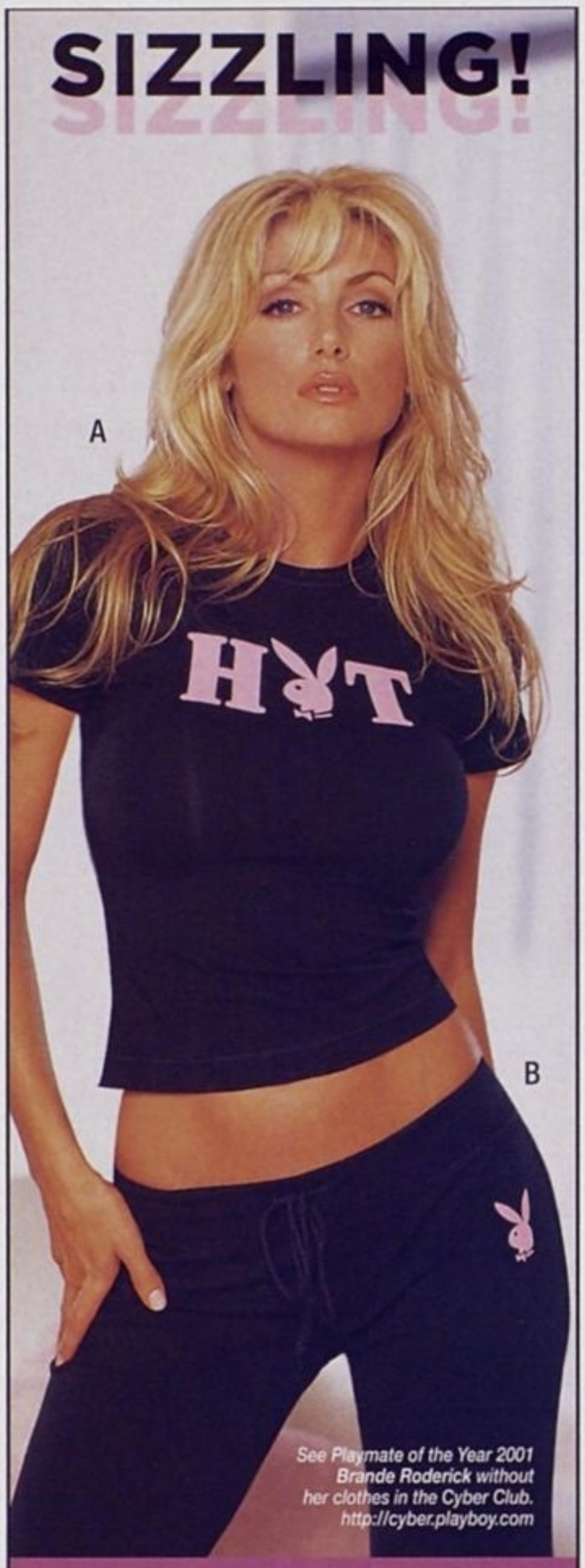
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

DEEP THOUGHTS ON *THROAT*

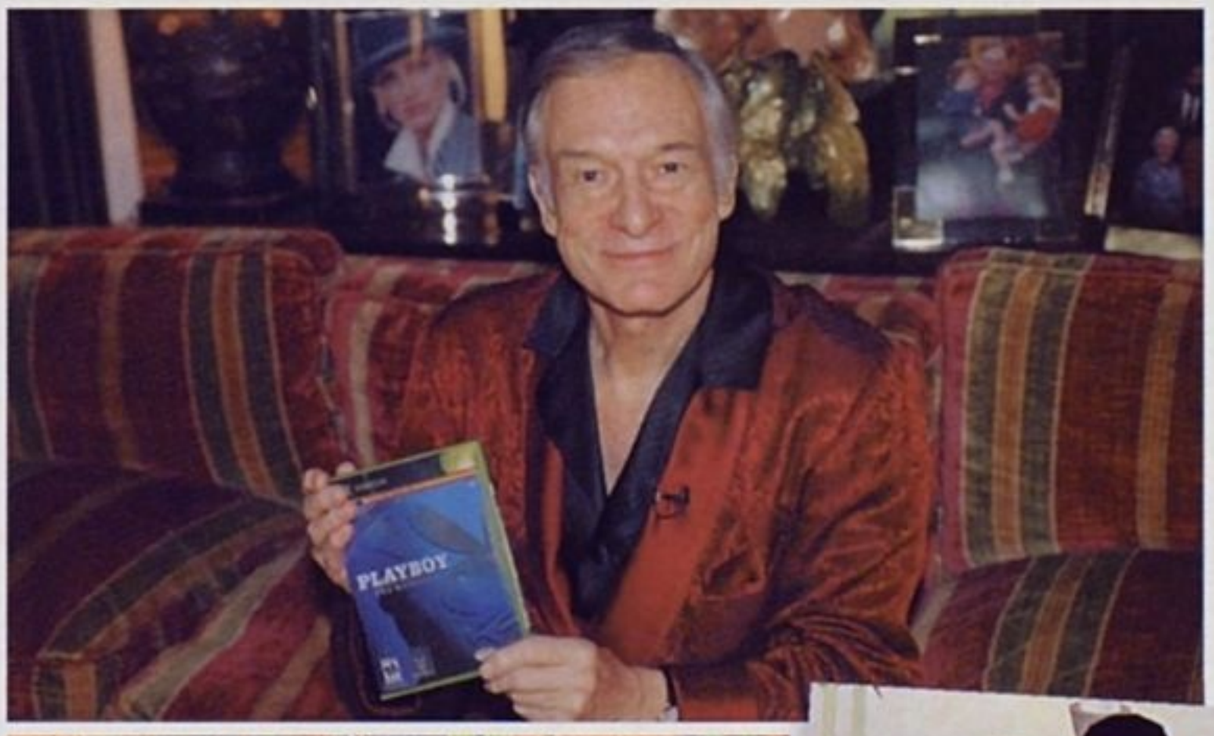
Producer Brian Grazer in conversation with Hef (right) at a Mansion screening of *Inside Deep Throat,* his documentary on the porn film's impact on 1970s pop culture. Hef with his girlfriends, Holly, Bridget and Kendra (below), along with Debbie Gibson (below right), who brought a cake to show her appreciation for her March pictorial.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID

"I've always thought of my life as a movie," says Hef, who hosts Mansion screenings of classic films every weekend. Robert Osborne joined him (above) in a tribute to Humphrey Bogart for Turner Classic Movies, introducing *Casablanca* (Hef's favorite film) and Bogie classics *The Maltese Falcon, To Have and Have Not* and *The Big Sleep.* Says Hef, "Bogie is my favorite actor, and *Casablanca* is his most memorable movie, the one that made him a star."

LET THE VIDEO GAMES BEGIN

Average joes who want a taste of the good life are playing the new video game *Playboy: The Mansion* (bottom), in which gamers slip into Hef's pajamas and slippers to move into the Mansion, throw star-studded parties, edit the magazine, oversee photo shoots and live the ultimate Playboy lifestyle.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF CLUBS

Los Angeles Times columnist Heidi Siegmund Cuda has named Hef and Paris Hilton King and Queen of the Nightclub Scene in Los Angeles. Of Hef, Cuda wrote, "There were times when I'd sleep a wink and the whole scene had moved. I'd call up one of his Bunnies, who'd give me their itinerary. That's where the action was. Long live the king!"

HANGIN' WITH H&F

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No wonder Hef was named King of the Los Angeles Nightclub Scene—everywhere he goes, Centerfolds and celebrities follow. (1) The Man and his party posse at Prey, his favorite Thursday hangout. (2) Kato Kaelin and Tina Jordan at the Golden Globes party at PMW. (3) Hef's angels striking an appropriate pose at Prey. (4) With Jerry Jones, owner of the Dallas Cowboys, at Bliss. (5) Hef with longtime friend Thora Birch at the Mansion screening of *Inside Deep Throat*. (6) *The Amazing Race* stars Jonathan Baker and Playmate Victoria Fuller. (7) Hef and Holly with Joanie "Chyna Doll" Laurer of VH1's *The Surreal Life*. (8) Dita von Teese and Kendra Wilkinson at the Playboy-Napster party at Prey. (9) Bunny Holly giving an on-camera Mansion tour to Aggie and Kim of *How Clean Is Your House?* (10) Hef and Miss May, Jamie Westenhiser. (11) Doing an interview with Larysa Harapyn for *Everything Hef,* a special that aired on Canada's Star! network. (12) Rachel Hunter hosting a Wheelchair Foundation fund-raiser at PMW. (13) Playmates Amber Campisi, Tiffany Fallon and Hiromi Oshima at Prey. (14) Hef with Tara Reid at the same club.

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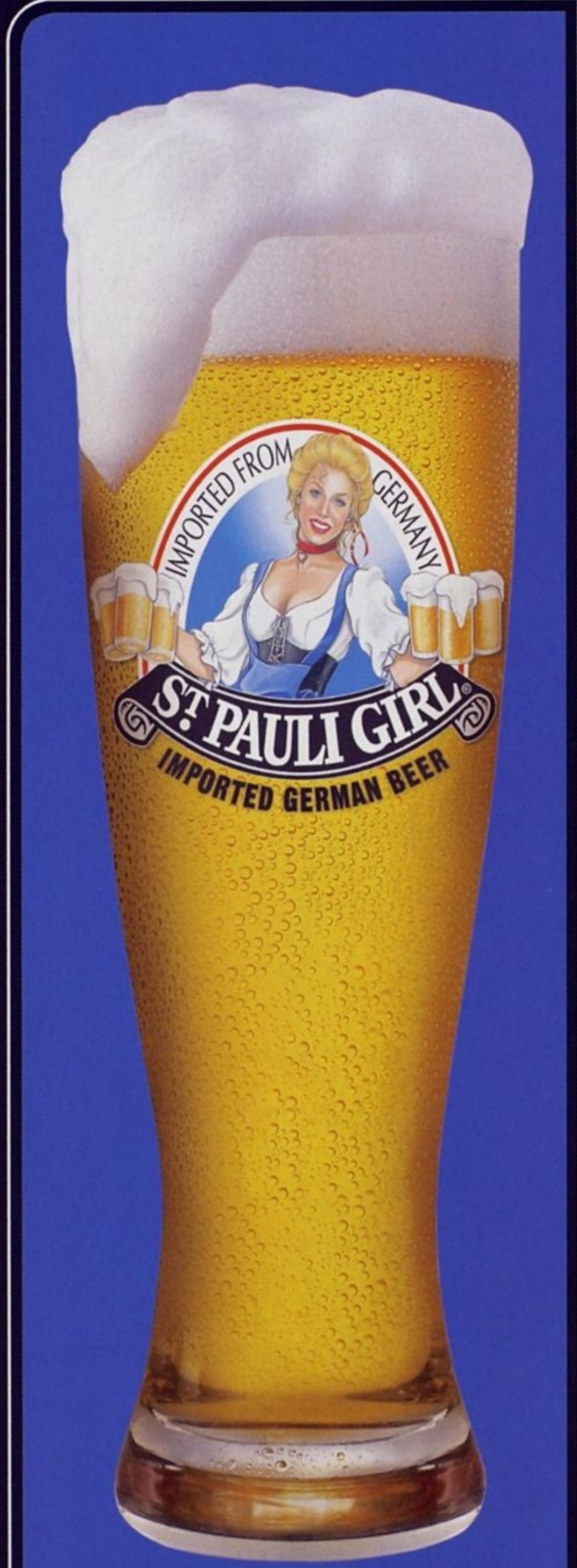

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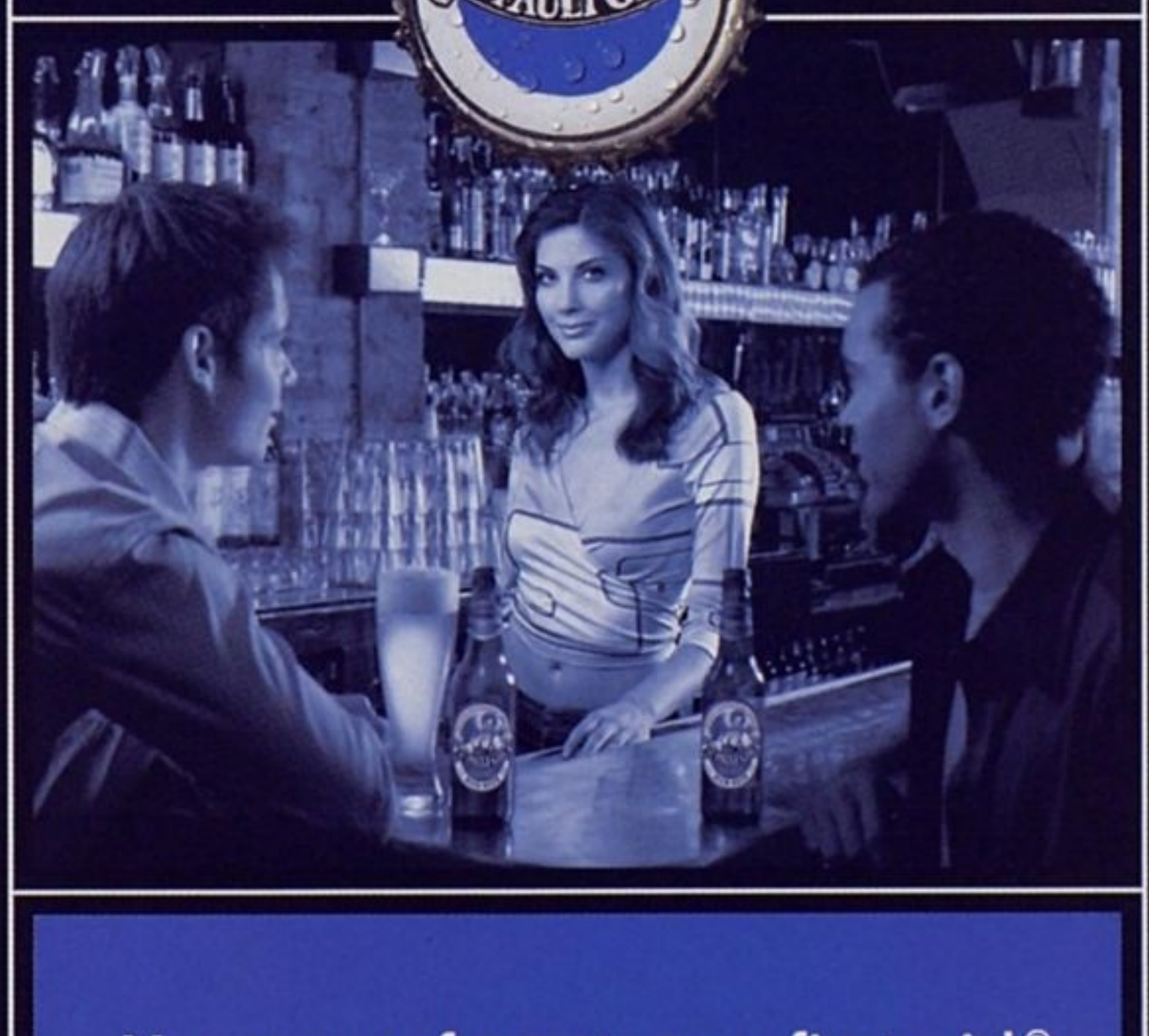

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Dear Playboy

KUDOS TO KIDMAN

Nicole Kidman provided a truly refreshing and absorbing *Playboy Interview* (February). She has the class and charm that seem lacking in so many people of her generation and younger.

Gary Bruehler
Fair Oaks Ranch, Texas

Finally an interview with a celebrity who has some substance. After wasting my time with the likes of Matt Damon, Denzel Washington and Willie Nelson, you finally talk to someone intelligent, cultured, well-spoken and imaginative. I don't know if Kidman's beauty is an ornament to her mind or vice versa, but either way the effect is dazzling. Tom Cruise is a fool to have let this jewel slip through his fingers. Please give us more of these rich interviews.

Mark Perry
Bloomington, Indiana

Kidman's refusal to talk about her marriage and breakup with Cruise speaks volumes about her character.

Bill Smith
Due West, South Carolina

Kidman is obviously gorgeous, but I didn't realize she is also intoxicating,

Nicole Kidman—beautiful in real life, too.

and she sounds like a great mother. Tom, I love ya, man, but you blew it.

John Gebhardt
Capo Beach, California

TOOL TIME

Rich Cohen's *The Handyman* (February) hit the nail on the head. As a woman who has been a fantasy for many of my eldest son's friends (and a reality for a privileged few), the story helped me understand myself better. When your children grow up and your husband is away on business for long periods—well, a young lover with a tool belt fills your needs. The only downside is that I don't have much time to read anymore. I used to devour trashy thrillers, but now I prefer to devour the drywaller, the roofer and, yes, the handyman. We're currently remodeling our home, and life around here is so much more exciting than fiction could ever be.

Name withheld
Chicago, Illinois

The good news is that the subcontractors show up every day to work on your house. The bad news is that nothing ever gets done.

AMBER WAVES

Thanks for making Amber Campisi your February Playmate. It's great to see a natural beauty whose measurements are close to my own. Women don't have to be blonde and rail-thin to be gorgeous.

April Hornbuckle
Atlanta, Georgia

This Italian American babe named her cat Bella. Her nickname should be Bellissima. *Mamma mia!* Could Amber possibly come out of the kitchen and become the next Sophia Loren?

David Tornatore
St. Louis, Missouri

Amber is shown pouring a bottle of olive oil over her breasts. That particular brand is made with olives from Spain, Greece, Italy and Tunisia. No Italian would ever use anything other than pure Italian olive oil, even if she's not cooking with it.

Anthony Alfreda
Gilbert, Arizona

GREAT ARTICLE OF FIRE

Rock and roll's first graduating class is largely gone. Among those still living, most are a lifetime away from their capacity to set the room on edge by generating both anxiety and exuberance. As Robert Gordon shows, Jerry Lee Lewis is an exception (*Natural Born Killer,* February)—he's still here and still trouble. Volatile, unchecked, driven by instinct, his music is the sound of things breaking. I particularly enjoyed Gordon's portrayal of the studio session in which Lewis recorded Robbie Robertson's "Twilight." From Lewis's initial declaration that he didn't like the song, to the moment when he says, "It's hard to end that song. It's so pretty," we see a real musician making someone else's material his own. Not all performers have such ability. Because rock and roll did so much to reconfigure the cultural landscape, it is imperative that we not forget the stories of how it happened, who lit the place on fire and what it all meant.

Warren Zanes
Rock and Roll Hall of Fame
Cleveland, Ohio

Jerry Lee Lewis burns down the house.

I have been a Jerry Lee Lewis fan for 46 years, and this is the best profile of him I've read.

Charles Deitzman
Mount Morris, Illinois

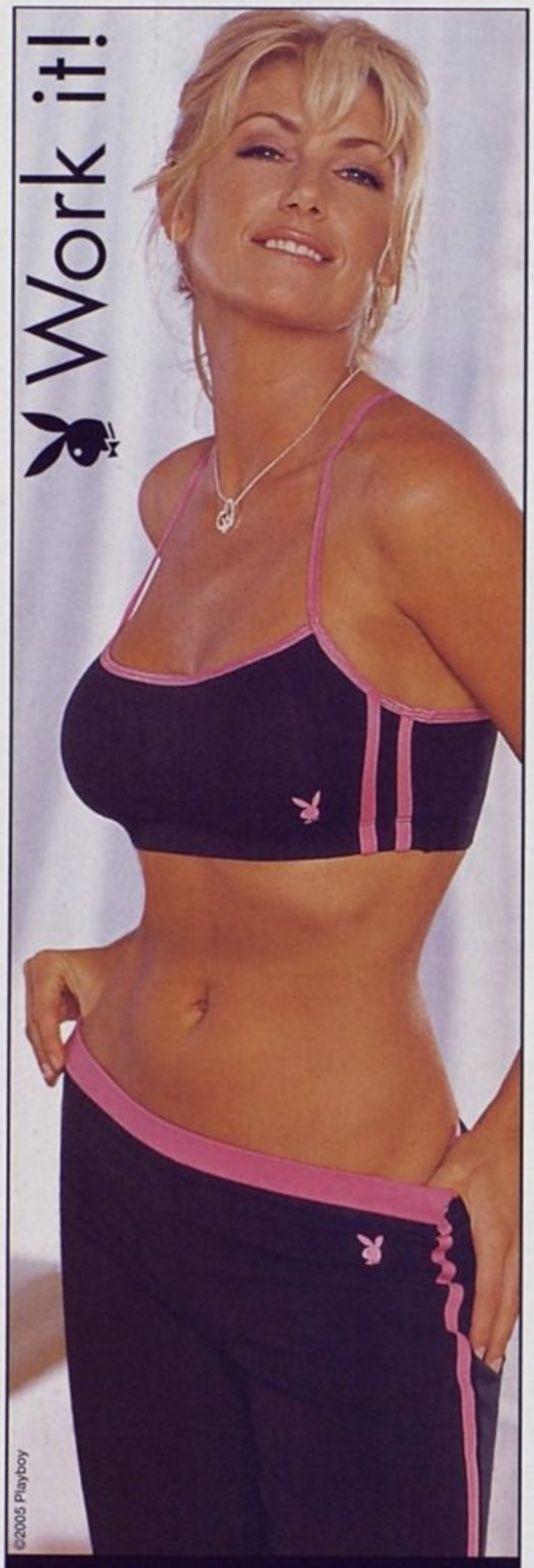
FEARLESS PICTORIAL

Monica Jackson of *Fear Factor* (*Flesh Factor,* February) has such a beautiful face that it is difficult to look at the rest of her. But I managed.

Martin Jones
Smithfield, North Carolina

MORE ON BREASTS

Knowing my academic interest in the subject, a colleague passed along Chip Rowe's examination of the origins and significance of bosoms (*Getting to Know Your Girlfriend's Breasts,* February). Though always attractive to men, the bare breast has not always been a private pleasure. During the 1600s fashionable Englishwomen had no modesty about displaying their nipples. For the upper crust the "perfect" apple-like breast was a sign of classical and noble virtue. Even in puritanical times it was more shocking for a woman to reveal her legs or forearms. Husbands and fathers commissioned portraits of their wives and daughters dressed in nipple-bearing décolletage, and loyal depictions of the queen had her exposing herself. Poorer women usually covered up after marriage, except when breast-feeding, but wealthier women employed wet nurses so they could retain the exposed breast as



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NEW! The black is slimming, the pink is simmering. Just looking at her in this sexy cotton/spandex outfit will give you a vigorous cardio workout. Elastic waist. S (1-3), M (5-7), L (9-11).

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a plaything for lovers and a permanent expression of their virtue, youth and beauty.

Angela McShane Jones
Department of History
University of Warwick
Coventry, U.K.

Whatever course it is you're teaching, Professor, we'd like to enroll.

Thank you for writing about one (or is it two?) of my favorite subjects. I'm sure I heard some of the slang terms for breasts earlier than the dates you provided, but the only one I can pin down is "over-the-shoulder boulder holders," which we used in the early 1960s to describe our sixth-grade teacher's bra.

Scott McRae
Richmond, Virginia

The list is missing a classic—hooters.

Adam Fernandez
Tampa, Florida

It is difficult to name any of life's experiences that are more pleasurable than intimate contact with a great pair of chesticles. Being smothered by a pair of 38DDs would surely be the least distressing way to die.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

Unless they belong to your mom.

Rowe states that just one percent of women can climax through breast stimulation alone. I suspect that has a lot to do with poor technique, but I'd like to study this further. You provide the women, and I'll provide the expertise.

Rick McCarter
Burbank, California

SPOT THE GOOF

I loved seeing the Datsun 240Z in February's *Mantrack*, but the text had an error. There was no 240ZX produced in 1969. The ZX didn't appear until 1979.

Alan Buckner
The Colony, Texas

In February's *After Hours* you state that director Kevin Smith's L.A. comic-book store displays a Bible that Alanis Morissette used as a prop in *Jay & Silent Bob Strike Back*. But Morissette doesn't appear in that movie. Not a big deal, but I've seen *Jay & Silent Bob Strike Back* about 50 times.

Ray Ramsey
Springfield, Illinois

You shouldn't rewind so quickly, Ray. Alanis appears after the credits.

ENTERPRISING INTERVIEW

I was not surprised to hear Jolene Blalock (*20Q*, February) imply that this will be the last season of *Star Trek: Enterprise*. The writers have strayed far from the formula that sustains and spawns faithful Trekkies. We expect a soap opera that wraps itself up in one hour, as *Star Trek: The Next Generation* always did.

Michael Sweeney
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Blalock thinks "there could be fewer hos" in California? That sounds especially arrogant after you type Blalock's name into Google's image search engine, which returns many photos of her that are topless, bottomless or both.

Lisa Hill
New Orleans, Louisiana

Innocent Jolene? We don't believe it.

FOCKING HOT

Teri Polo (February) is the sexiest celebrity who has ever posed for you.

Bill Tang
San Francisco, California

Finally a celebrity who bares all. I applaud Stephen Wayda for capturing

Catch Teri this year on *The West Wing*.

Teri's beauty without resorting to props such as body paint or a strategically placed scarf.

Monte Mauney
Durham, North Carolina

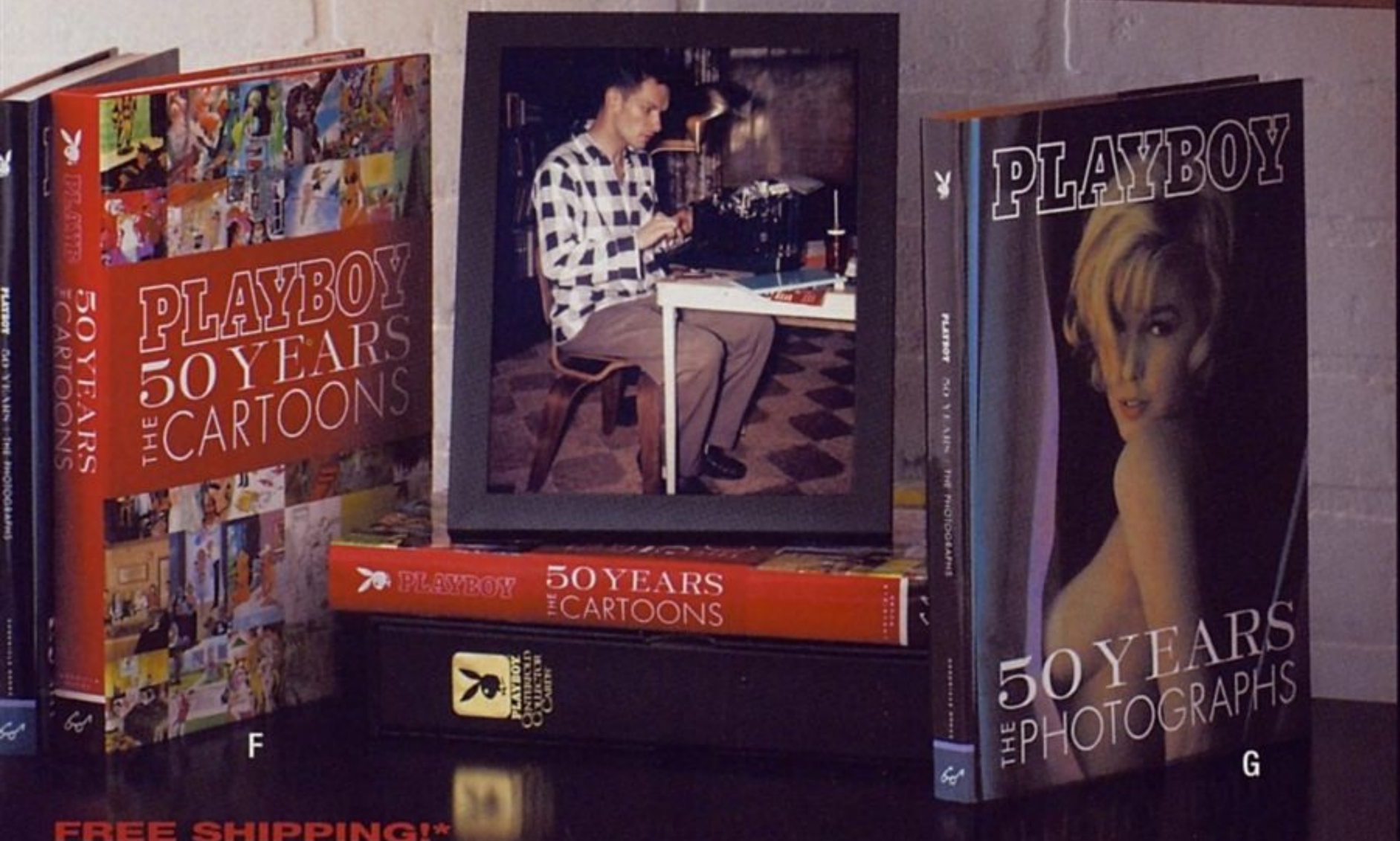
Teri's ex must be an idiot. Please let her know that I'll watch her son, keep the house up—whatever she needs.

Bob Heiney
Spring, Texas

I've been reading PLAYBOY for 35 years and thought I'd seen it all. But that photo of Teri laughing brought a smile to this old biker's face.

Grub Warlock
St. Matthews, South Carolina

Wit, Wisdom & Women



A. NEW! Before you stage your own Texas Hold 'Em tournament, get a hold of this. Playboy offers detailed instructions for all of the most popular versions of the classic American card game—including strip poker! You'll also learn countless other facts, tips and strategies from Basil Nestor, author of several best-selling books about gaming. Illustrated with classic Femlins by legendary artist LeRoy Neiman. Hardcover. 5½" x 8½". 160 pages.
10054 Playboy Guide to Playing Poker at Home **$12.95**

B. NEW! Behind every successful man stands a surprised wife. This is just one of the classic quips you'll find in this collection of the most uproarious zingers ever to appear in PLAYBOY magazine. Naturally, LeRoy Neiman's Femlin—a mainstay on the Party Jokes page since the '50s—appears throughout. Hardcover. 5½" x 8½". 392 pages.
10057 Big Little Book of Playboy Party Jokes **$7.98**

C. Bartender, make it a double. This deluxe guide by PLAYBOY's former food and drink editor Thomas Mario includes the 1,400 cocktail recipes, LeRoy Neiman illustrations and theme-party tips from the first edition plus nearly 300 additional pages packed with 350 photographs, additional chapters on wine, beer and sake and much more! Hardcover. 6" x 9⅛". 488 pages.
9403 Playboy Bartender's Guide—Deluxe Edition **$17.95**

D. As Hef likes to say, "My life is an open book. With illustrations." So too is this stylish volume in which, for the first time ever, Playboy's legendary founder provides advice and personal observations for men of all ages. Resonant photographs from his private archive illustrate Hefnerian policies relating to every aspect of a man's life—from love and ladies to family and dreams. Hardcover with a custom slipcover case. 5" x 7⅛". 192 pages.
9404 Hef's Little Black Book **$19.95**

E. NEW! I'll see your book and raise you the accessories. Set includes the *Playboy Guide to Playing Poker at Home* listed above plus Rabbit Head poker chips and two standard decks of Playboy playing cards.
10055 Playboy Poker Set **$14.98**

F. Now featuring another priceless line drawing—Hef's signature. Playboy's legendary founder personally signed a limited number of these glorious books, each featuring more than 400 hilarious cartoons handpicked from the Playboy archives by Hugh M. Hefner himself. Hardcover. 9" x 12". 368 pages.
10056 Playboy—50 Years: The Cartoons Book (Signed By Hugh Hefner) **$150**
9197 Playboy—50 Years: The Cartoons Book (Unsigned) **$50**

G. If you only read PLAYBOY for the articles, here's what you've been missing. This elegant anniversary volume captures five decades of sex, art and American culture as seen through the eyes of the world's greatest photographers. More than 250 of the most memorable images ever published in the magazine appear in six chapters. Hardcover. 9" x 12". 240 pages.
4010 Playboy—50 Years: The Photographs Book **$50**

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babe of the month

K.D. Aubert

This Creole knockout keeps it sexy and sane

When it comes to starlet sobriquets, K.D. Aubert's is hard to beat—she's been called the black Angelina Jolie. "I hear it at least once a day," she says. "Honestly I love it every time." From eye-candy beginnings (she played Harlot in *The Scorpion King*), K.D.'s career has progressed nicely with parts in *Soul Plane* and the forthcoming *Dying for Dolly,* in which she endures every girl's nightmare: endless lip-locking with R&B god Usher. "I had to kiss him for 12 hours straight. I'm surprised I didn't gag from all the Listerine strips in my mouth," she says. "We had some hot and steamy moments—clothes on, unfortunately." As business heats up, K.D. has no interest in settling down. "I can't even pronounce *monogamous,* let alone spell it—you think I can be it?" she says. "*Single* and *safe* both start with an *s.* So do *sane* and *sex.*" Currently recording a few hip-hop tracks, K.D. has been featured in videos for P. Diddy and Fabolous. "I don't shake my ass and make my booty clap in videos," she says. "Kudos to those who do, because it's definitely a skill. I've tried in the mirror to make my booty clap or hold a dollar bill, but it hasn't happened yet. I'm curious—I just want to know how it works."

"I can't even pronounce *monogamous,* let alone spell it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ODETTE SUGERMAN

Dark Desire

EXCLUSIVE! The front's fantastic. The back's even better. The sheer silk gauze fabric and shoulder-baring halter style will set you up. The thong that covers hardly any of her beautiful backside will knock you out.
S (2–4), M (6–8), L (10–12).
VC9245 Super Sheer Silk Halter Teddy **$34**

See much more of Miss October 2002 ***Teri Harrison*** *in the Cyber Club.*
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tip sheet

TERM WARFARE

WE'VE BEEN MONITORING CHATTER AGAIN

Parkour: Urban extreme sport born in France in the 1980s. It's similar to skateboarding but without a skateboard—"traceurs," or "freerunners," vault off park benches, flip off walls and leap from roof to roof. Video game company Eidos is considering a Parkour title for extreme couch potatoes.

Vigilante Electronics: Company run by Bernhard Goetz, who shot four black youths on a New York subway in 1984 and was acquitted of attempted murder. With a wide selection of ohmmeters, capacitors and resistors, it's the shop "where punks get the low prices they deserve."

MILF: Moro Islamic Liberation Front, the largest group of pro–Al Qaeda extremists in the Philippines. In 1999 and 2000, North Korea sold MILF more than 10,000 weapons. No word on how many tube tops and miniskirts were purchased.

Prison View: The nine-hole public golf course built by convicts at the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola. If your ball lands in deep rough, take a mulligan.

Pornogami: The art of folding and twisting paper into tiny scenes of people having sex. Examples: the Missionary, the Doggie Style, and the Bill and Monica.

Hanky Panky 4811: One-size-fits-all panty that is, by consensus, the best ladies thong on the market. Socialites and supermodels alike hail it as the most comfortable undie one can wedge up one's butt.

smarty party

THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON FUN

HARVARD APPOINTS "FUN CZAR" TO AMP UP ITS SOCIAL SCENE

Harvard students hit the books like pit bulls on a pork chop—but at party time they're more like vegans. Rectifying the situation falls to Zac Corker, class of 2004. Founder of the popular event guide hahvahdparties.com, Corker built a reputation as a "creative schemer" during his years as a student—his signature invention being "Harvard State," a gig at which brainy kids are invited to "party like they do at that state school you could have coasted through." After his graduation, Harvard hired Corker as a sort of campuswide social chair—or, as he was smirkingly dubbed by the school paper, Harvard's "fun czar."

PLAYBOY: Campus life everywhere ain't what it used to be. Does Harvard have any special problems with loosening up?

CORKER: Everything here is set up to maximize the ability to study. It's hard to be social the way people are social at most other colleges. There's no student center. There are few social outlets, and they're not necessarily popular. Only 14 percent of guys are in finals clubs [Harvard's equivalent of fraternities].

PLAYBOY: Won't kids naturally find their own ways to socialize?

CORKER: Even if you're having a party in your room, you need to get administrative approval. It's Harvard's room; it's Harvard's rules.

PLAYBOY: Why did they give you this job?

CORKER: With organizing and promoting parties, I think of myself—this is a bit weird—kind of like Donald Trump. As an investor he's not more talented than the next guy. But he has the reputation to turn something into a success, and the myth kind of feeds off itself. I hope the next person can keep it going.

PLAYBOY: What wisdom do you have for future Harvard classes?

CORKER: I definitely had fun during my four years, but I also saw everything get a lot more serious. Serious has a time and place, definitely. Just not all the time and not everyplace.

eye candy

SWEET SPOTS

GUMMI IMPLANTS MAKE FOR BEAR BREASTS

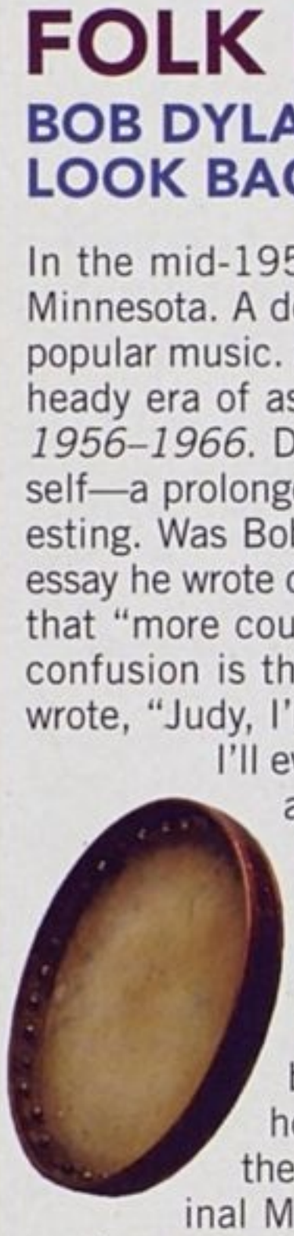
In the tireless quest for better fake hooters, a surgeon's latest weapon is the "Gummi Bear" implant. Made of a semisolid gel, the new funbags are less likely to rupture or wrinkle, as can happen with silicone and saline. Doctors call it revolutionary. No word yet on flavors.

his back pages

FOLK HERO

BOB DYLAN WAS NEVER ONE TO LOOK BACK—UNTIL NOW

In the mid-1950s he was Bobby Zimmerman, a teenager in Hibbing, Minnesota. A decade later, as Bob Dylan, he had revived and redefined popular music. At Seattle's Experience Music Project, artifacts from that heady era of ascent are on display in *Bob Dylan's American Journey, 1956–1966*. Dylan has never shed much light on his past or on himself—a prolonged reticence that makes these pieces all the more interesting. Was Bobby an obvious genius? Not necessarily, as shown by an essay he wrote on *The Grapes of Wrath,* which bears the teacher's remark that "more could have been done with this." Yet the poet's mixed-up confusion is there—in classmate Judy Setterstrom's yearbook Bobby wrote, "Judy, I'm so tired. My head's going round and round. I doubt if I'll ever see you again after school lets out, but it's been awful, awful nice knowing you." Rare photographs, posters and handwritten lyrics abound, and certain items document Dylan's progress: The acoustic double-O Martin guitar he picked up in Minneapolis (in exchange for his electric—yes, Dylan was plugged in before he went acoustic) marks his move into folk; the sweat-stained T-shirt worn by Woody Guthrie during his last days in a New Jersey hospital recalls the Guthrie-wannabe phase. Then there's the tambourine of band member Bruce Langhorne—the original Mr. Tambourine Man. Pay a visit if you're traveling in the north country fair before the exhibit closes on September 5.



art stars

VARGAS GONE VIVID

PORN QUEENS MAKE CLASSIC CHEESECAKE

Many photographers have tried and failed to re-create classic pinup art (trust us, we've seen it all), but Richard Dean is an exception. "The two masters, Vargas and Elvgren, would start by sketching a naked model," Dean explains. "They'd work at it until they had the perfect figure, then they would paint the clothes on. I take a photograph and add the clothes digitally." To keep things interesting, Dean's life models—Tera Patrick, Savanna Samson and Mercedez (pictured)—are all porn stars from the Vivid Video stable.

fielder's choice

JOSE CAN YOU SEE

BALLPLAYER'S WIFE: LAST-MINUTE SCRATCH

Hey, Royals fans—need a couple of good reasons to make it to the stadium on time? Try Melissa Lima, wife of your reacquired anthem-singing pitcher, Jose. Last May the above photo caused a sensation when it appeared on MLB.com; prudish webmasters later cropped Melissa out, giving Lima a rare no-titter.

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How Dirty Boys Get Clean.

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guest spot: tom leykis

START YOUR WINING

THESE DAYS YOU NEED TO KNOW YOUR VINO

With women a little bit of wine wisdom goes a long way. Learn a few nuggets and she'll think you're a true oenophile. Start with these:

First of all, **don't give her the wine list.** The waiter hands it to the man for a reason.

Few women like **big cabernets** as men do—for them it's like a cigar and a steak.

Certain wines serve just one purpose. For my taste gewürztraminer is **good for Asian food** and not much else.

If she wants fish and you want steak, pinot can **bridge the gap.** It's a great Band-Aid.

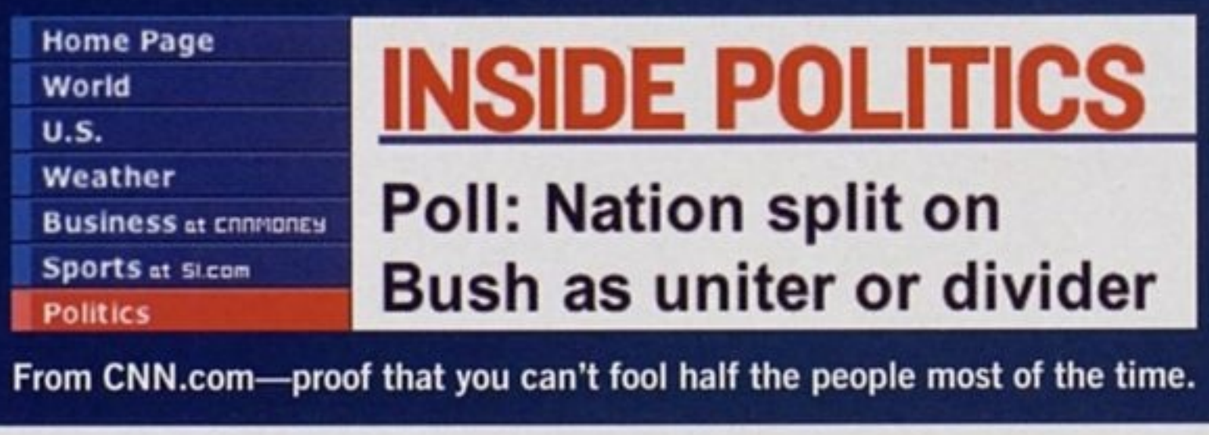
Always note the vintage of the bottle you're ordering. If the wine list says 1998 and the waiter brings you a 1997, **send it back,** absolutely. It's a scam, and casual wine drinkers never catch it.

Outside of a wineshop, the best place to buy wine is **Costco.**

I'm not saying all women know nothing about wine. **Some women know more** than you. Hell, some women know more than I do. If you find one of these women, look out—she might be a keeper.

Tom Leykis hosts the radio shows The Tasting Room and The Tom Leykis Show.

self-evident headline of the year



From CNN.com—proof that you can't fool half the people most of the time.

personal worst

DESPERATELY SEEKING

From the forthcoming collection *Man With Farm Seeks Woman With Tractor: The Best and Worst Personal Ads of All Time,* by Laura Schaefer:

TORONTO. I AM tired of being alone musing on pussy and my pug Tansey, want a chubby little woman to love in stead. Am 5 feet 5, and 22.

—*Canadian Matrimonial News,* May 14, 1892

JUST A GAL seeking her soul mate. SWF 47 relying on two legs and arms on either side of body for balance.

—*Chicago Reader,* April 2004

employee of the month

TRAY BELLE

APPLEBEE'S SERVER LINSEY MILLER IS GOOD IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

PLAYBOY: What do you do at Applebee's?

LINSEY: I'm a waitress. It's great because I can work around my school schedule. I have my associate degree in interior design, and now I'm studying marketing.

PLAYBOY: How would you redesign Applebee's?

LINSEY: I would simplify. That random stuff on the walls isn't useful or aesthetically pleasing. We have to dust all that crap.

PLAYBOY: How do you like your uniform?

LINSEY: It's not so flattering. I wear my own pants, which are a little tight, to accentuate my butt. I've been hit on when I'm in my uniform—it's like, Hell, I can get a guy when I'm wearing an Applebee's uniform. That must be a good sign.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of accentuating your butt, do you wear a thong under there?

LINSEY: Always a thong. Always. Never will I wear granny panties, not even when I'm a granny.

Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to PLAYBOY Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.

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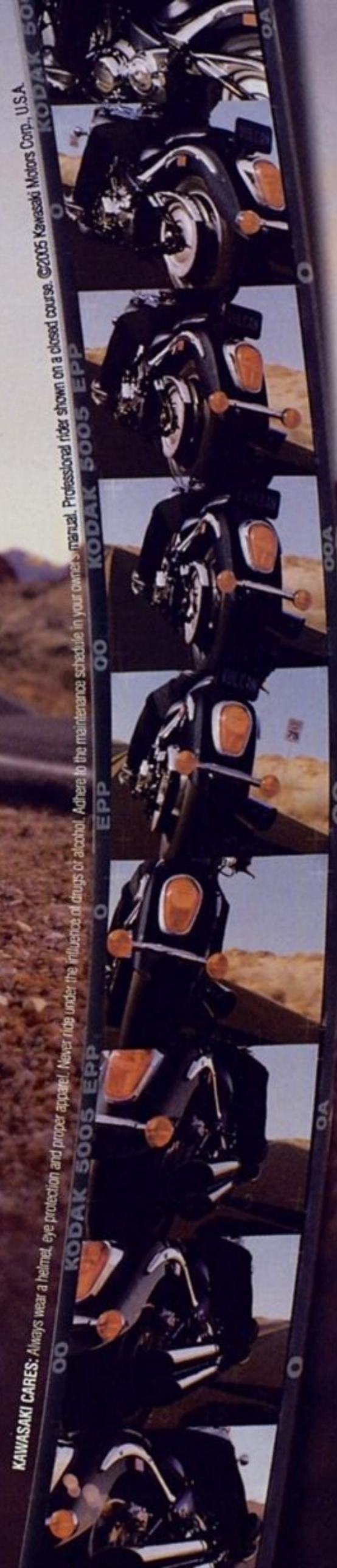

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

Skin Trade

According to *Skin City: Uncovering the Las Vegas Sex Industry,* by Jack Sheehan, the average full-time stripper in Nevada's Clark County makes **$85,000** a year, most of it untaxed.

Surprise Third

Final electoral tally from the 2004 presidential election:

George W. Bush	286
John Kerry	251
John Edwards	1*

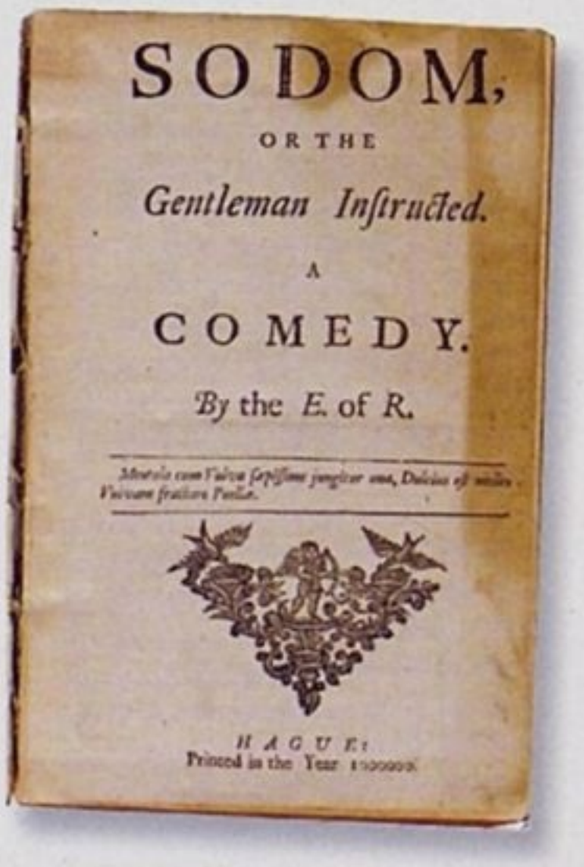
*cast by an anonymous Minnesota elector

A Room of One's Own

By location, hourly wage needed to afford rent and utilities on a modest two-bedroom apartment. The federal minimum wage is $5.15, it should be noted.

Puerto Rico	$7.22
West Virginia	$9.31
New York	$18.18
California	$21.24
Washington, D.C.	$22.83

Price Check



Ol' Dirty Masterpiece

$88,300 Paid at an auction for the only known copy of *Sodom, or the Gentleman Instructed.* The 17th century play is attributed to John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, and was billed by auction house Sotheby's as the "rarest piece of early English pornography."

Let's Stay Together

92% of American men say they'd stay married even if they weren't sexually attracted to their wife.

Jack Rabbits

The carjacking capital of the world, with 57,600 vehicles stolen in 2003, is Phoenix.

Shrinkage

For some men abdominal fat can accumulate around the base of the penis, causing them to "lose" an inch in length for every 35 extra pounds.

Book of Pointless Records

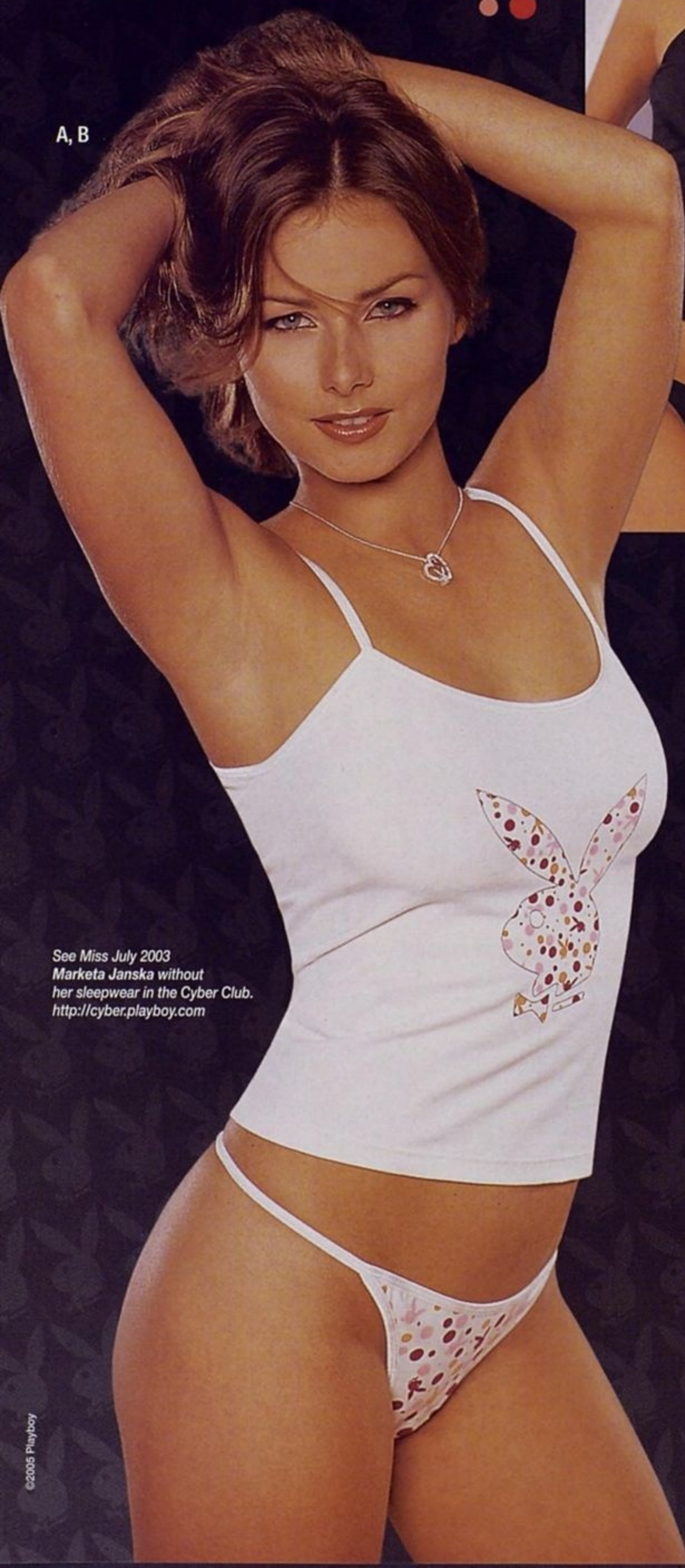
Longest Milk Squirt From Eye

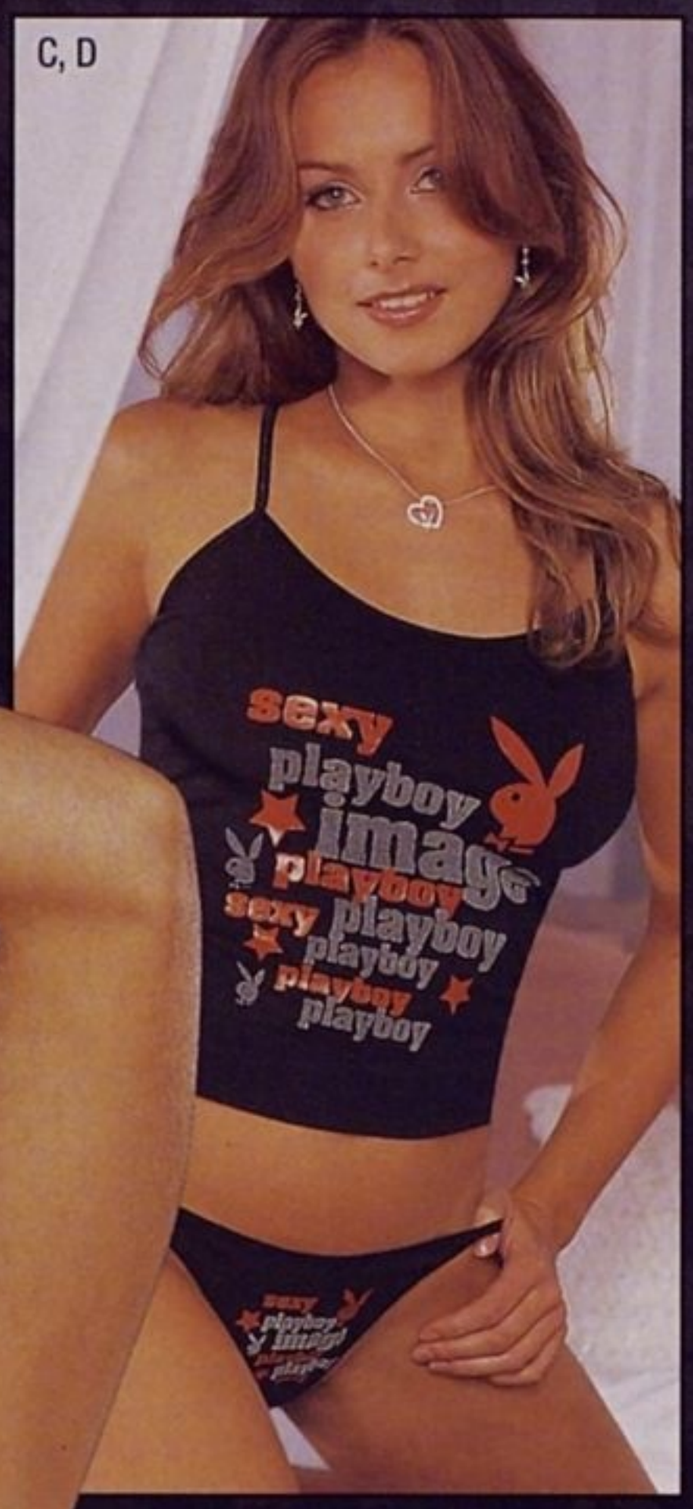
9.22 ft By Ilker Yilmaz of Istanbul, Turkey. The previous record was 8.7 feet.

Faith in Science

13% of Americans believe man evolved without divine help.
55% believe God created us exactly as we are today.
27% believe God guided the process of evolution.

sweet DREAMS





A, B. NEW! Extreme arousal. That's what's causing those spots you're seeing before your eyes. And when you get a glimpse of the stripes on the back of the thong, you may need medical attention. Cotton/spandex. S (1–3), M (5–7), L (9–11).
10117 Bunny Dots Cami **$26**
10118 Bunny Dots Thong **$14**

C, D. NEW! The writing's on the girl. Just like PLAYBOY magazine, this sexy black cami and thong give you something to read while you're looking at a beautiful woman. S (1–3), M (5–7), L (9–11).
10163 Sexy Bunny Cami Top **$24**
10164 Sexy Bunny Thong **$14**

E, F. NEW! Cut to the chase. The slits on this pink spaghetti-strap cami and boy short send a clear message—the glimpses you're getting of her cleavage and hips are only the beginning. Nylon/spandex. S/M (1–5), M/L (7–11).
10110 Pink Cutout Cami **$24**
10111 Pink Cutout Boy Short **$16**
also available in black!
9170 Black Cutout Cami **$24**
9171 Black Cutout Boy Short **$16**

See Miss July 2003 Marketa Janska without her sleepwear in the Cyber Club. http://cyber.playboy.com

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REVIEWS

movies

movie of the month

[STAR WARS: EPISODE III— REVENGE OF THE SITH]

Can George Lucas recapture his original magic?

Is the final *Star Wars* epic going to be the best? Wanting to go out on a high note, director Lucas has included a little bit of everything: Anakin Skywalker morphing from a noble Jedi knight into a vengeful Sith, a killer lightsaber duel between Anakin and Obi-Wan, action played out on eight different planets with enough head chopping and limb severing to earn a PG-13, plus new dialogue from playwright Tom Stoppard. That's why there are high hopes for *Star Wars: Episode III—Revenge of the Sith,* especially since many fans were disappointed with the last two episodes. Says Hayden Christensen, who plays Anakin, "This is the story that everyone's been waiting to see—of Anakin becoming Darth Vader and of a republic becoming an empire." Was Stoppard able to avoid the cheesy dialogue that crippled the last two films? "Definitely," says Christensen. "Harrison Ford made a great comment—'You can type this shit, but you can't say it.' I actually get to have human dialogue in this, which is nice." Diehards now face a future without any new *Star Wars* movies. "It's saddening, but when the trilogy is released on DVD, we can sit down with all six films and watch them in sequence," he explains. "The films work best as one cohesive unit." —*Stephen Rebello*

> "I actually get to have human dialogue in this, which is nice."

now showing

BUZZ

The Interpreter
(Nicole Kidman, Sean Penn) It's high-anxiety time when UN interpreter Kidman overhears a plot to assassinate an African statesman. Penn plays the federal agent assigned to protect the mysterious beauty from the bad guys while trying to figure out whether she knows more than she's letting on.

Our call: This Hitchcock-like tale of suspense and politics sounds like a good mix for Kidman and Penn, as well as for director Sydney Pollack, who made pulses pound with *The Firm.*

Kingdom of Heaven
(Orlando Bloom, Liam Neeson, Jeremy Irons, Eva Green) Clanging swords, bloodletting and a thundering soundtrack supercharge director Ridley Scott's 12th century epic about a blacksmith (Bloom) who rises to knighthood and leads the defense against Saladin's siege of Jerusalem.

Our call: Religious controversies aside, the potential deal breaker in this epic is whether Bloom has learned from Brad Pitt's mistakes in *Troy* and Colin Farrell's in *Alexander.*

Kicking & Screaming
(Will Ferrell, Robert Duvall) In this jock comedy, family guy Ferrell starts coaching his son's soccer team and gets pitted against a rival group coached by his own monstrously competitive dad (Duvall). The big yucks come when beaten-down Ferrell morphs into a younger, nastier version of his father.

Our call: The father-son thing worked well for Ferrell in *Elf,* so expect chuckles—along with a few life lessons—as Ferrell and Duvall slug out their oedipal battles on the soccer field.

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy
(Martin Freeman, Mos Def, Sam Rockwell, Zooey Deschanel, John Malkovich) In the long-awaited big-screen version of the brilliantly twisted sci-fi novel, a hapless guy (Freeman) and his alien pal (Def) stow away on a spaceship before planet Earth is decimated to make way for an intergalactic freeway.

Our call: More *Monty Python*–esque than George Lucas–esque, this is for those who like their sci-fi flicks with seriously tripped-out characters and comically existential dilemmas.

dvd of the month

[THE AVIATOR]

Scorsese gives DiCaprio his career high as Howard Hughes

Two movies can be made about Howard Hughes's life: one charting the Texan's rise as an oil heir turned aviation visionary who dabbled in golden-age Hollywood, and another depicting the loony billionaire recluse holed up in a Beverly Hills bungalow. Fortunately director Martin Scorsese chose the former and signed Leonardo DiCaprio to create an appropriately beguiling yet enigmatic vision of young Hughes. The performance is perfect and keeps the movie airborne when the necessary biopic tropes threaten to drag it down. Cate Blanchett resonates as Katharine Hepburn, one of several Hughes lovers during his Hollywood period. Alec Baldwin and Alan Alda, portraying a corporate rival and his congressional lackey, respectively, slander Hughes as a war profiteer, affording the fraying hero one last golden moment. **Extras:** Historical featurettes about Hughes and the era. ¥¥¥½ *—Greg Fagan*

NATIONAL TREASURE (2004) This infuriating piece of malarkey from producer Jerry Bruckheimer features Nicolas Cage as an expressionless treasure hunter who discovers ridiculous clues that lead to a basement full of antiquities. Perky Diane Kruger makes a better impression as a historian than she did as Helen of *Troy* (2004), but by staying buttoned up she eliminates the only opportunity to make this big-scale bore the least bit interesting. **Extras:** In keeping with the theme, one uses cryptic keys to locate the alternate ending, deleted scenes and featurettes. ¥ *—Buzz McClain*

MEET THE FOCKERS (2004) This sequel is all about violating comfort zones, including yours. You'll either laugh or feel embarrassed for the powerhouse cast, which includes Dustin Hoffman, Barbra Streisand and Robert De Niro. Since this film made more than $250 million, will *Little Fockers* be next? **Extras:** Twenty deleted scenes, 10 of them branched so you can make an extended *Focker* movie of your own. ¥¥ *—B.M.*

WARNER GANGSTER CLASSICS This six-picture box culls the crème de la criminals from the Warner Bros. vaults. It opens with the seminal Edward G. Robinson vehicle *Little Caesar* (1930)—which set in cinematic stone the rise-and-fall story line that defines gangster films to this day—and closes with *White Heat* (1949), starring James Cagney "on top of the world" of charismatic villainy. You also get Cagney in *The Public Enemy* (1931) and, together with Humphrey Bogart, the magnificent *Angels With Dirty Faces* (1938) and *The Roaring Twenties* (1939). Bogie's breakthrough film, *The Petrified Forest* (1936), rounds out this quintessentially classic collection. **Extras:** Commentaries, period cartoons and a Leonard Maltin intro for each. ¥¥¥¥ *—G.F.*

SPACEBALLS COLLECTOR'S EDITION (1987) For those who were too high to remember, this pun-filled Mel Brooks parody has its moments, mostly in the names—Pizza the Hutt, Dark Helmet, Barf the Mog—though John Hurt's re-creation of the chest burst in *Alien* (1979) manages an honest laugh. **Extras:** Brooks's commentary, a new documentary and the tribute "John Candy: Comic Spirit." ¥¥ *—B.M.*

TEAM AMERICA: WORLD POLICE (2004) This demented puppet show from the *South Park* creators features gung ho U.S. special agents waging an unapologetic war on terror. When North Korean dictator Kim Jong Il starts hoarding WMDs, it's open season for taking mean-spirited—albeit hilarious—potshots at Hollywood liberals while simultaneously mocking mindless patriotism. **Extras:** Got wood? The unrated version includes an uncut marionette sex scene. ¥¥¥ *—Kenny Lull*

tease frame

Sandra Bullock is notorious for including no-nudity clauses in her movie contracts. She has worn lingerie in *Me and the Mob* (1992) and *Forces of Nature* (1999), taken steamy showers in *Who Shot Patakango?* (1989) and teased us in bikinis in *The Net* (1995) and *Speed 2: Cruise Control* (1997). But you'll have to rewind her career back to a forgotten flick she shot in 1990, *Fire on the Amazon* (pictured), to see Miss Congeniality bare it all and get down doggy style. That won't happen in her new movie, *Crash*, a twist-of-fate ensemble drama, but we can always hope for an encore.

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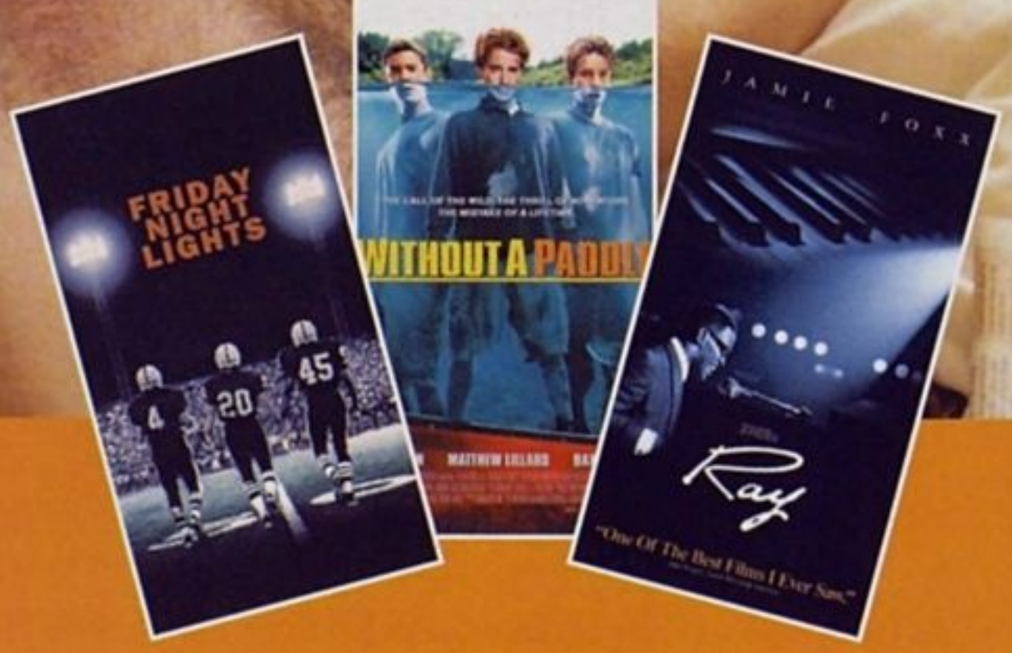

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the critical collector

[WILL DVD KILL THE RADIO STAR?]

Loaded music DVDs suggest the end of the world as we know it for CDs

Has a music industry under siege by poor sales, piracy and image problems found salvation (and new profits) in the unlikely form of DVDs? Concert performances are taking on the kind of significance they haven't had since U2's *Under a Blood Red Sky* took that band to another plateau. The DVD *Under Blackpool Lights,* by the White Stripes (pictured), is a good example—it was even given a theatrical release. Labels are also looking to cash in on back-catalog material by issuing dual-disc versions of Velvet Revolver's and Simple Plan's albums with added multimedia features or by persuading you to buy your third version (LP, CD and now DVD) of Jimi Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland* or AC/DC's *Back in Black* (repackaged with movie DVD–style commentaries and extras). Then there are the archival releases given new life through a video format, such as *The Howlin' Wolf Story* and Ray Charles's *Ô-Genio.* DVDs have entirely altered the rules for genres like opera, signaling the end of audio-only releases.

The format is perfect for capturing Wagner (Deutsche Grammophon's tour de force of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*) or Rossini (*La Donna del Lago* performed at La Scala) live onstage. Still, the biggest changes are yet to come. Just as musicians began making albums that filled the extra capacity CDs offered over LPs, bands will exploit DVD capabilities, presenting music as a soundtrack to their own home-made versions of *Behind the Music* or *Cocksucker Blues.* —*Tim Mohr*

special additions

Sex sells—as *Kinsey,* James Dean and Errol Flynn prove on DVD

Kinsey explores the life of research scientist Alfred Kinsey, whose groundbreaking studies of human sexual behavior created the framework for frank talk about sex. Fox's two-disc edition includes the director's commentary, deleted scenes, a featurette on the actual Kinsey reports and an interactive Kinsey sex questionnaire that invites viewers to find out where they stand, sexually speaking.... **The Complete James Dean Collection** offers the movie legend's three films in double-disc editions. Dean's screen debut, 1955's *East of Eden,* includes screen tests, deleted scenes, premiere footage and two new documentaries, plus the feature-length film *James Dean: Forever Young.* The new *Rebel Without a Cause* includes Dean's now-eerie "Drive Safely" PSA. The previously available *Giant* rounds out the set.... The boozing babe magnet to whom all Hollywood hellions must still bow gets his due in **Errol Flynn: The Signature Collection,** featuring the new documentary *The Adventures of Errol Flynn.* The production offers recent insights from Olivia de Havilland, Flynn's eight-time co-star. This package includes four of their films: *Captain Blood* (1935), *Dodge City* (1939), *They Died With Their Boots On* (1941) and *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* (1939), a sumptuous period drama that also stars Bette Davis. The set also offers *The Sea Hawk* (1940). —*G.F.*

SCANNER

HOTEL RWANDA (2004) Inspiring heroism flows freely in this drama about Paul Rusesabagina (Don Cheadle), the earnest hotel manager who risked his life to shelter some 1,200 innocents during the country's 1994 genocide. ¥¥¥

SPANGLISH (2004) This tale of a liberal southern California family, as told by its live-in Mexican maid's daughter, ultimately can't escape its contrivances. But Téa Leoni's volcanic orgasm is easily the best ever in a PG-13 film. ¥¥½

THE PROFESSIONALS (1966) Ralph Bellamy sends Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Woody Strode and Robert Ryan to rescue his abducted wife—the worth-fetching Claudia Cardinale—from a band of Mexican desperadoes. ¥¥¥

BIRTH (2004) A slow-moving yarn about Nicole Kidman's dead husband, supposedly reincarnated as a 10-year-old boy. Kidman's intimate scenes with the child are unintentionally creepy in an Amber Alert way. ¥½

DAN AYKROYD UNPLUGGED ON UFOS (2005) Actor-bluesman-"UFOlogist" Aykroyd reveals himself to be a far-out space nut as he waxes philosophical about all things extraterrestrial in this documentary profile. ¥¥

OCEAN'S TWELVE (2004) The inevitable sequel to *Ocean's Eleven* (2001) forces the story with the return of George Clooney, Brad Pitt, Julia Roberts et al., but Catherine Zeta-Jones shines as a gimlet-eyed Europol detective. ¥¥½

THE THREE STOOGES IN COLOR Some wise guy has gone and colorized four vintage Stooges shorts! We ought to murderize 'im! But wait...the disc also includes the black-and-white originals so purists can avoid the new colorized versions. ¥¥¥

UNFORGIVABLE BLACKNESS: THE RISE AND FALL OF JACK JOHNSON (2005) Documentarian Ken Burns sheds light on brazen boxer Johnson, who broke the color barrier and openly courted white women when such things got you killed. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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dance to the underground

[BLOC ROCKING BEATS]

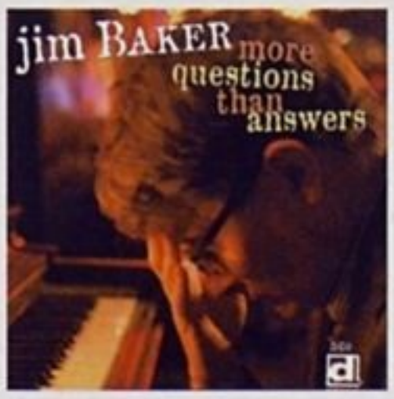
This London quartet's *Silent Alarm* is a loud wake-up call—time to move

Perhaps no band casts as long a shadow on the current indie scene as Gang of Four, the legendarily funky art-punk group that was part of the second wave of British punk in the late 1970s. Franz Ferdinand tempered the Gang of Four sound—maintaining the nervous-tic guitars that made the Gang so danceable but discarding the angry sloganeering. Bloc Party hews even closer to the Gang's 1979 masterpiece, *Entertainment!* Catch Bloc Party live and marvel at the blazing intensity. The band's relentless punk-funk shows—machine-gun drumming, jumpy guitars and vein-popping vocals—translate well to wax. But on this accomplished debut album, Bloc Party, like Franz before it, also taps into some wonderfully catchy melodies—particularly impressive is "This Modern Love." (*Vice*) ¥¥¥½ *—Tim Mohr*

NEW ORDER • Waiting for the Sirens' Call
The best revenge for a group that has been heavily plagiarized by hip young bands for more than 20 years is to return and make one of the best albums of its career. New Order did just that with 2001's *Get Ready* (even if it went relatively unnoticed in the U.S.). On this follow-up the group is just as smart. It doles out DJ-booth wisdom to young clubgoers, tosses heavy dub sounds into the mix and comes off like the hippest set of middle-agers on the dance floor. (*Warner Bros.*) ¥¥¥½ *—Jason Buhrmester*

THE BRAVERY • The Bravery
The award for 2005's most infectious rock album goes to New York City's latest buzz band, the Bravery. True to their name, the cocksure new wavers are fearlessly flashy (calling to mind the Killers, the Cure and vintage New Order) and not afraid to spew politically incorrect musings ("You put the *art* in retarded"). Instead of waiting to be discovered by a label, the band built a rabid fan base by posting bedroom-recorded MP3s online. Clearly, if you upload it, they will come. (*Island*) ¥¥¥ *—Alison Prato*

JIM BAKER • More Questions Than Answers
With rare exceptions, the art of solo jazz piano ended with the death of Bill Evans in 1980. Baker, who has worked with a variety of players while maintaining his distinctive solo voice, is one of those rare exceptions. His piano work here, occasionally augmented by analog synthesizer, owes less to Oscar Peterson than it does to Ornette. The discontinuous beauty of Baker's slurred but intelligent playing suggests that jazz piano isn't dead after all. (*Delmark*) ¥¥¥ *—Leopold Froehlich*



LOST CITY ANGELS • Broken World
Despite the dark themes of their tunes, Lost City Angels have too much muscle to qualify as Goth. On its second album the Boston band hammers out meat-and-potatoes punk that's more Misfits than Fields of the Nephilim. It rips through the double-time stomp of "Faithless on the Floor" and easily shifts into the jittery, offbeat rhythm of "Broken World" without ever losing the melody. This album is sure to rank among the most exciting releases of the entire summer. (*Stay Gold*) ¥¥¥¥ *—J.B.*

stayin' alive

[BRING THE NOISE]

Napoleon said an army travels on its stomach. But in modern warfare an army travels on its ears

War is hell, but at least with personal stereos and iPods soldiers needn't be further tormented by official radio—these days soldiers can choose the soundtracks of their lives. This has been true since Vietnam, a war that, more than any previous military conflict, was defined by its music. Troops could play tapes of Jimi Hendrix or the Doors rather than Armed Forces Radio. The accessibility of such transparently rebellious music altered the course of the war. Or perhaps the in-country popularity of such music simply reflected the defiant attitude of Vietnam draftees. In Iraq and Afghanistan troops are once

again setting their own musical agenda. The Army & Air Force Exchange Service produces a weekly top 10 list of the CDs soldiers purchase in shops on forward bases. Here's a recent weekly tally of what soldiers stationed in the Middle East are buying:

1. JOHN LEGEND *GET LIFTED*
2. EMINEM *ENCORE*
3. LUDACRIS *THE RED LIGHT DISTRICT*
4. 2PAC *LOYAL TO THE GAME*
5. THE GAME *THE DOCUMENTARY*
6. MARIO *TURNING POINT*
7. T.I. *URBAN LEGEND*
8. KENNY CHESNEY *BE AS YOU ARE*
9. GEORGE STRAIT *50 NUMBER ONES*
10. SNOOP DOGG *R&G*

What's significant about this list is what isn't on it: no chart pop, no Maroon 5, not much country. This is the sound of men and women at war: urban, straight-ahead rebel music. You can make a contribution to Gifts From the Homefront in $10 or $20 denominations. Money is then turned into gift certificates that soldiers can use to buy chopped and screwed CDs. For more information go to aafes.com, or call 887-770-4438.

FLESH FOR FANTASY!

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A. NEW! All lined up for love. Pink lace panels with ribbons attached grace the front of this black sheer mesh cami with ruffle trim. Matching boy short has detachable garters. S (1-3), M (5-7), L (9-11), XL (13).
10004 Pink Panels Cami Set **$49**
9222 Black Sheer Thigh-High Stockings **$9**

B. NEW! Put as little between you and her as possible. This light and airy, 100% silk chiffon chemise in angelic white is as close as you'll get to skin-on-skin contact. V-front. Adjustable straps. Imported. S (2-4), M (6–8), L (10–12).
10000 Sheer Silk Chemise **$34**

C. NEW! It's better in Brazil. This sheer stretch mesh bra and thong subscribe to the South American fashion attitude that women should display as much of their bodily charm as possible. Bra sizes: S/M (1-5), M/L (7-11). Thong is one size (fits up to size 12).
10135 Brazilian T-Bra **$24**
10136 Brazilian Thong **$16**

D. NEW! Her hemline goes down, your temperature goes up. This chemise's asymmetrical bottom drapes delicately from her right hip to her left thigh. Includes matching thong. One size (fits up to size 12).
10133 Spliced Chemise **$29**

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showdown of the month

[IT'S A BRAND-NEW BALL GAME]

Gaming's heaviest hitters go head-to-head in our first annual wired World Series

By Scott Steinberg

MVP BASEBALL 2005 (*Electronic Arts,* GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox) EA's seemingly unstoppable dynasty (see *Madden, FIFA,* etc.) springs a leak this season. The marginal improvements to hitting and fielding controls can't overcome the stiff presentation and simplistic pitching interface of this uninspired follow-up to last year's winner. It's the gaming equivalent of vanilla ice cream: There's nothing really wrong with it; you just know it could be so much more. ¥¥½

7	**REALISM**	7
Flashing lights, Day-Glo colors. Who spiked the punch?		Crosshairs, batting aids. Who stole the soul?
7	**HANDLING**	8
Precision controls to appeal to the purist in you.		Arcade-style interface for easy pick-up-and-play.
6	**PRESENTATION**	9
Passable player models, unremarkable arenas, cardboard-cutout crowds.		Authentic athlete scans, chic stadiums, hordes of hecklers.
7	**EXTRAS**	9
Minigames, scenario editor, venue-creation tools.		Trivia, video clips, air hockey, shuffleboard.
8	**MULTIPLAYER**	8
Online gaming over PC, PS2 and Xbox.		Online gaming over PS2 and Xbox.
7	**FOUL BALL**	10
Electronic Arts attempts a steal, swiping Take-Two's ESPN license deal.		Take-Two throws EA out, landing an exclusive MLB license that starts next year.
42/60	**OVERALL**	51/60
Slacking off at training camp really shows. Stick with last year's model.		The franchise to beat: We'll see how long it, like Boston, can hold the title.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL 2K5 (*Take-Two,* PS2, Xbox) Everyone's favorite benchwarmer belts one out of the park. The broadcast-style presentation is the MVP here, drawing on the talents of Karl Ravech, Jon Miller and Joe Morgan to imbue each contest with drama. Sniper-style pitching and showstopping plays round out the action, with riveting recaps (complete with foam-finger-waving fans) as ample reward. Not perfect but as close as you'll come this year. ¥¥¥½

TOM CLANCY'S SPLINTER CELL: CHAOS THEORY (*Ubisoft,* GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox) The stealth game to beat is back as you once again strap into the boots of black-ops master Sam Fisher to take on international terrorism. A gaggle of new or improved weapons, ammo and gadgets assists your extreme sneakiness and enhanced moves. Plus there's a new cooperative mode that complements the stunning head-to-head mercenaries-versus-spies multiplayer missions. ¥¥¥½

—Marc Saltzman

DOOM 3 (*id Software,* PC, Xbox) When a studio pioneers an entire genre of video game (the first-person shooter), then follows it up with nothing but blockbusters (the *Doom, Quake* and *Wolfenstein* series), it's not such a surprise when it turns out an unambiguously amazing (and disturbing) game. The PC version hit last summer; now it's the Xbox's turn. This version adds co-op play and Xbox Live support and retains the 5.1 sound that made the original so creepy. ¥¥¥¥

—Scott Alexander

DEVIL MAY CRY 3: DANTE'S AWAKENING (*Capcom,* PS2) The first *Devil May Cry* broke new ground with its blend of swordplay and shooting; the second was a derivative water treader. This third effort is a return to form, with acrobatic brawling added to the mix and a more subtle and customized ability-enhancement system. The plot explores the backstory of Dante, the game's demon-hunting protagonist, and will have you slaying hell spawn deep into the night. ¥¥¥

—John Gaudiosi

NARC (*Midway,* PS2, Xbox) Some game developers seem to relish feeding parents' worst fears about their products. In *Narc* you play a cop collaring crooks in an open-ended urban setting. The problem? All the drugs you seize can be ingested to enhance your crime-solving skills (pot slows down time, speed makes you go fast, and so on). Using drugs worsens your health and can be addictive, but solving the game without using is near impossible. Entertainingly immoral. ¥¥¥

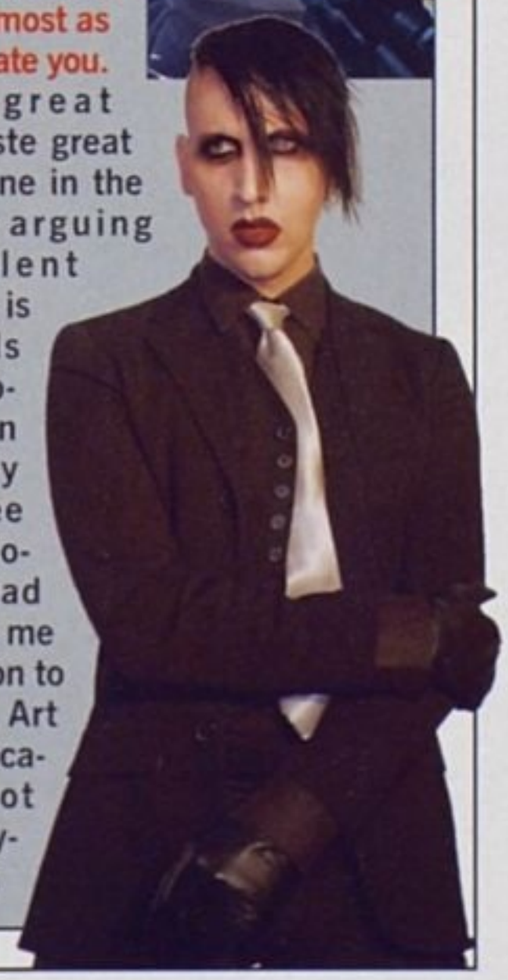
—M.S.

game scene

[SEVERE ALIENATION]

Marilyn Manson's turn as a disgruntled alien in *Area-51* is eerily convincing

Did you feel an affinity for this character?
Edgar guides you but mocks you and ultimately makes things harder. He hates the bulk of humanity and wants it destroyed as soon as possible. So yeah, I can relate.
Moralists seem to hate video games almost as much as they hate you.
We're two great tastes that taste great together. Anyone in the government arguing against violent entertainment is stupid. If kids want to be violent they can join the Army and get a free platform for violence. That sad irony just gives me more of a reason to do what I do. Art has to be provocative or it's not really doing anything. —S.A.



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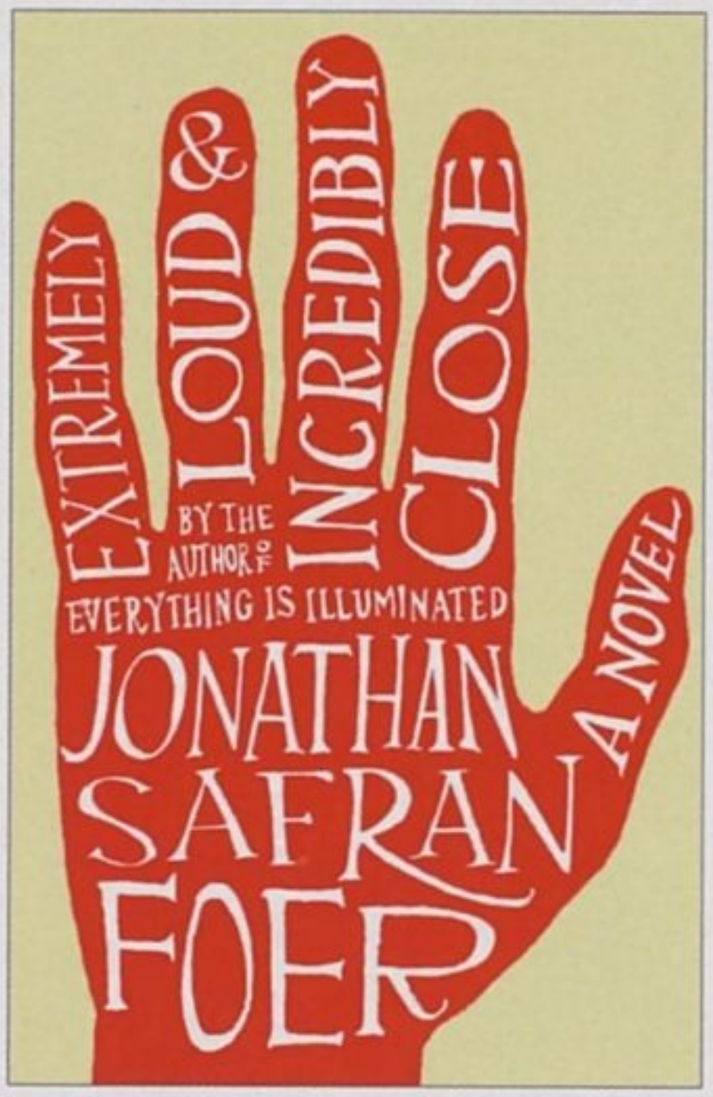
novel of the month

[EXTREMELY LOUD AND INCREDIBLY CLOSE]

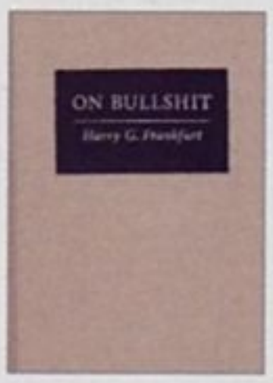
Jonathan Safran Foer hits the streets with his latest

This sophomore effort is even better than Foer's 2002 debut, *Everything Is Illuminated.* September 11 has been the subject of much recent fiction, but Foer may be the first to address the emotional quandaries caused by the devastating attacks. Rather than explain the day's effect on a global scale, the author delineates the impact on a particular family. Nine-year-old Oskar Schell is a pacifist and Shakespearean actor who travels the five boroughs of New York City to solve the mystery of a key found in a vase in his closet. He believes the key belonged to his father, who died in the World Trade Center collapse. Along the way he meets a variety of peculiar characters whose lives have also been altered by tragedy. Foer pursues an elaborate game of literary leapfrog, but unlike the schoolyard version this one has no winners. As this book shows, September 11 continues to shape Foer's generation. (*Houghton Mifflin*) ¥¥¥¥ *—Jennifer Jaroneczyk Hawthorne*

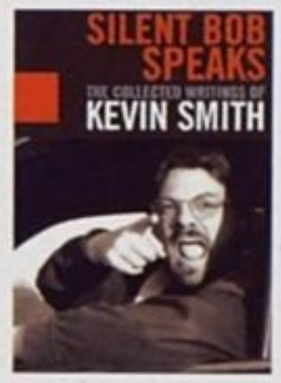


OLD MR. FLOOD • Joseph Mitchell
In the 1940s one of the century's best reporters prowled the Fulton Fish Market to find a story. He came up with Hugh Flood, who spends his time eating clams, drinking scotch and cheating death. An amazing portrait of a New York long since paved over. (*MacAdam*) ¥¥¥¥ *—Leopold Froehlich*

ON BULLSHIT • Harry G. Frankfurt
This is what the world has long needed: a concise (and droll) treatise on *stercus taurinum,* in this case written by an emeritus professor of philosophy at Princeton. Bullshit is now such a dominant feature of our culture that most of us are confident we can recognize and rebuff it. But Frankfurt shows the reader just how insidious (and destructive) it can be. "The essence of bullshit," he writes, "is not that it is *false* but that it is *phony.*" This book will change your life. (*Princeton*) ¥¥¥½ *—L.F.*

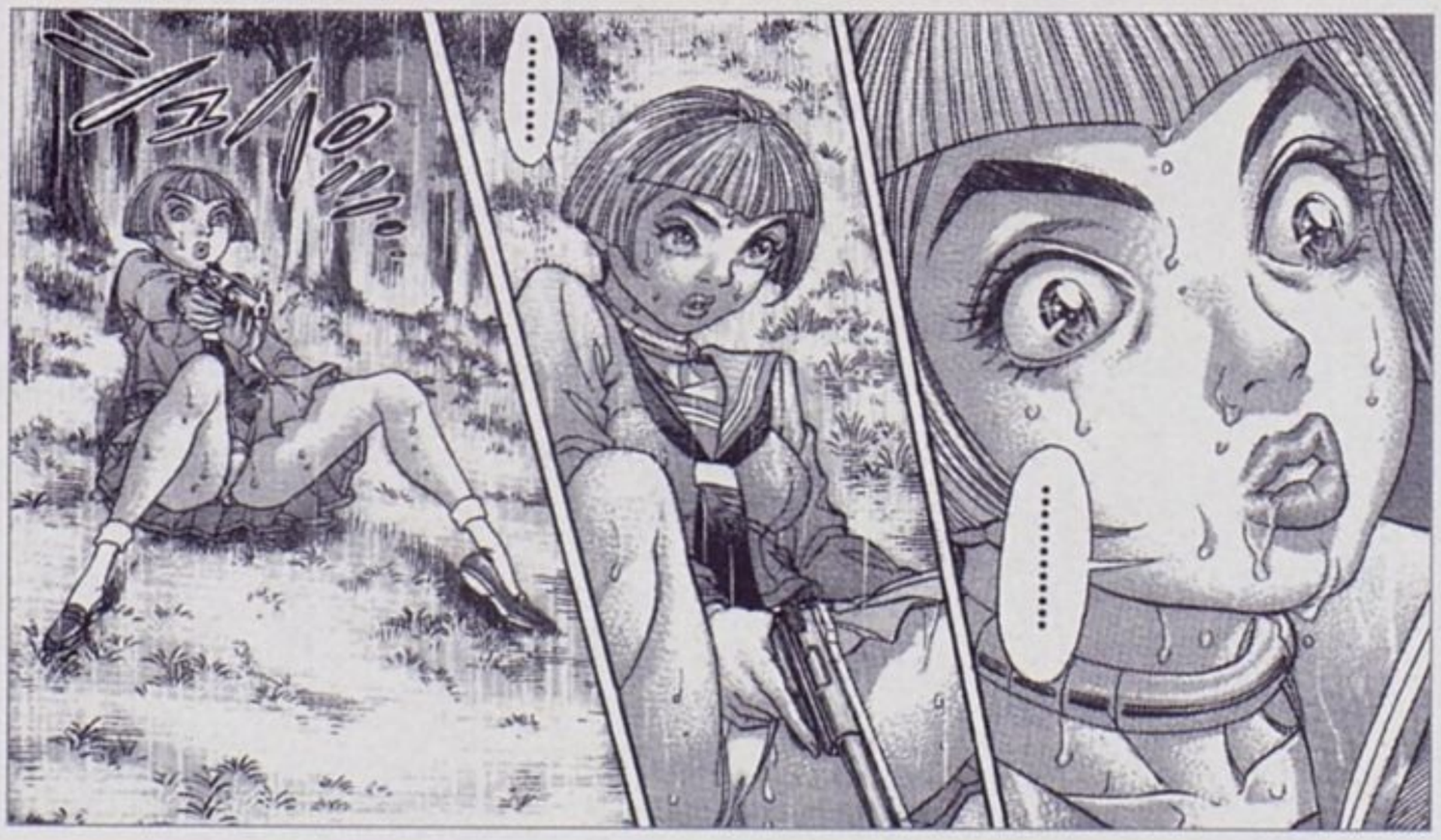


SILENT BOB SPEAKS • Kevin Smith
The director who inspired legions of fans with such indie classics as *Clerks* and *Dogma* displays his keen wit in this collection of essays. Be forewarned that Smith sometimes bombs on the page just as he does on the screen (remember *Jersey Girl*?). But considering that these days even tabloids refrain from talking trash about celebrities, it's refreshing to hear Smith's reasons for wanting to pelt "Greasy" Reese Witherspoon's house with eggs. (*Miramax*) ¥¥½ *—Patty Lamberti*



HEART OF THE GAME • Andy Jurinko
Before steroids and skyboxes there was simply the game of baseball. Probably no other period added more to the lore of our national pastime than the "golden age" of the American League—the 15 years between the end of World War II and the first wave of expansion. With statistics, original midcentury articles from *Sport* magazine and—above all else—hundreds of full-color prints of paintings by renowned sports artist Andy Jurinko, this book celebrates the era of Ted Williams and Harmon Killebrew. Jurinko's work hangs in the Baseball Hall of Fame, as well as in Mickey Mantle's restaurant. Now it's yours. Fans of the National League, a volume for you arrives this Christmas. (*Sport Classic*) ¥¥¥ *—Tim Mohr*

manga mania



BATTLE ROYALE
Koushun Takami and Masayuki Taguchi
Manga, or Japanese comics, have been considered an art form in Asia since World War II. But 2005 is manga's year stateside. If you're interested in cultivating a fairly inexpensive addiction, we recommend starting with this graphic novel, which follows a class of students sent to a deserted island and forced to fight one another to the death. (What a novel way to curb school violence!) Tip: The books are read from right to left. (*Tokyopop*) ¥¥¥¥ *—Jessica Riddle*

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- Melinda M., Lost 12 lbs.*

* Results not typical

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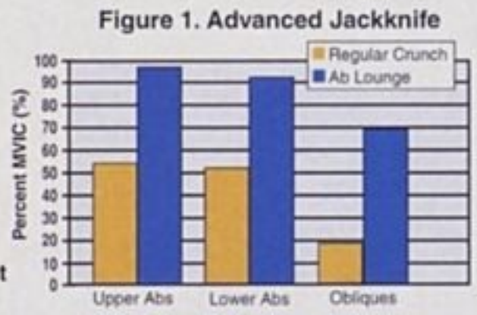

University testing proves that the Ab Lounge™ Jackknife is better for your body. When compared to a standard crunch, the advanced Ab Lounge™ Jackknife elicits up to 75% more muscle activity in the upper and lower abdominals...and an amazing 268% more in the love handle obliques.

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One Night in Monaco

Fast times at the world's most exclusive road race, casino and nightclub

YOU WAKE TO THE SOUND of 600-horsepower Formula One engines revving outside your hotel window, blasting away the fuzziness left from last night's madness. Minutes later you and your French kiss are sipping coffee on the balcony and watching the world's most skilled drivers maneuver the fastest cars ever made through the most seductive town on earth. This is the true breakfast of champions. This month the 76th Monaco Grand Prix will lure racers, celebs and European royalty to Monte Carlo. And though the race itself is compelling, the festivities get hotter after the checkered flag waves. Think Vegas without the Gouda. Begin the evening with a stroll by the harbor, where you can admire the yachts and Lamborghinis. Then hit the Casino de Monte Carlo for drinks and blackjack. Once you've got your buzz on, cab it to Amber Lounge (above), a nightclub-restaurant housed inside a glass dome on the Mediterranean. This landmark is open only one weekend a year, during the Grand Prix (May 20 to 22 this year). If you showed up in 2004 you would have seen Naomi Campbell, Heidi Klum, Elle Macpherson and Helena Christensen looking slinky on the dance floor. Book a Cristal table for eight of your friends (for only $10,000) and you'll have unlimited bubbly and drinks until the party ends at five A.M. Tables are going faster than Michael Schumacher's F1 Ferrari, so register now at amber-lounge.com.

Circuit City

(A) The best place to take in the Grand Prix is on the deck of a yacht in Monte Carlo's harbor—if you can get an invitation. (B) Prince Rainier III's palace. Go ahead and stop by; tell him we sent you. (C) The Casino de Monte Carlo is the most famous building on the Riviera. The parking lot looks like a Ferrari showroom. (D) The five-star Hotel de Paris, where you'll want to book your room (from $755 a night, montecarloresort.com). Don't miss Alain Ducasse's sensational restaurant Louis XV. (E) Amber Lounge (pictured above), where supermodels are on the menu.

About Time: the Richard Mille RM008 Tourbillon

Watchmaker Richard Mille calls this little demon the Formula One of the watch industry. Don't worry, it doesn't run fast. It's all about a sleek body and a relentless engine. Each tick involves 267 mechanical components. Bonus: a torque indicator, which tells you how wound up the thing is. On sale at westimewatches.com for a mere $450,000.

Smoke on the Water

High design meets high performance—at a cool 50 miles an hour

IMAGINE SLICING a wake into a mirror-topped Italian lake in a 1954 Ferrari GT. Since that's an experiment sure to end in tears, we'll recommend the next best thing: the Mas 28 ($250,000, mas-yacht.com). Crafted in a village on Lake Como in northern Italy, the 28-footer makes its U.S. debut in time for this summer's cruising season. With its retro styling, sleek body, teak trim and sunbathing deck (on the bow), it harkens back to a time when boating was more about form than function. Of course, with a 6.2-liter V8 MerCruiser stern drive and a cabin with a fridge, a head and fresh running water, you'll have all the function you'll ever need.

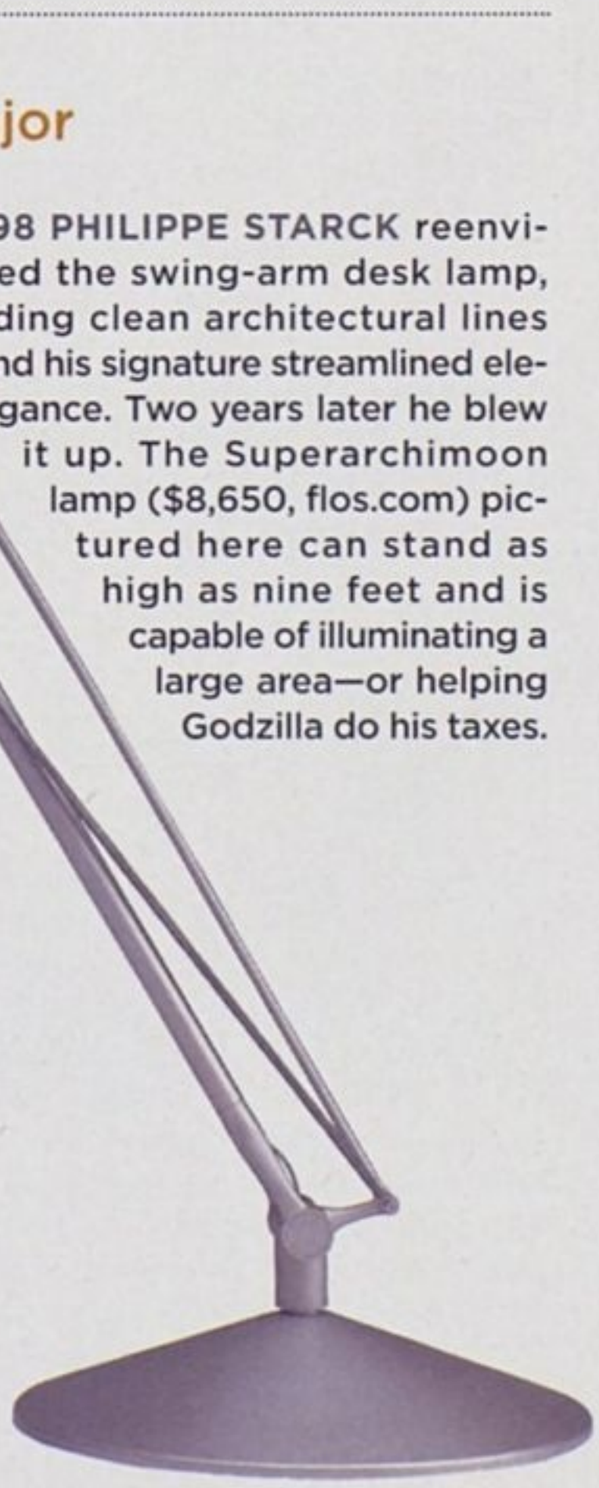
Best Day of Your Life:
Jay Mohr

Twenty-four hours in heaven with the *King's Ransom* co-star

"MY PERFECT DAY would start on the beach in Sandy Hook, New Jersey. I'd be lying on a hammock with Serena Williams on one side of me and Nikki Cox on the other. I'd wear the most comfortable clothes I could find: Adidas sneakers, Gap camouflage pants, a shirt that reads THE MORE YOU DRINK THE BETTER I LOOK and Ray-Bans to keep all that sun out. In the afternoon I'd fly to Cat Island in the Bahamas, pick up Jessica Simpson in an S500 Mercedes-Benz and take her out for a private dolphin encounter. After that I'd share some fish tacos with Bono and just listen to him, learning. I'd end the day back in the hammock with *Hef's Little Black Book.* It's never too late to get some tips from the master."

Lit Major

IN 1998 PHILIPPE STARCK reenvisioned the swing-arm desk lamp, adding clean architectural lines and his signature streamlined elegance. Two years later he blew it up. The Superarchimoon lamp ($8,650, flos.com) pictured here can stand as high as nine feet and is capable of illuminating a large area—or helping Godzilla do his taxes.



"My Boyfriend's SECRET ... for Amazing SEX!"

As a faithful reader of your magazine, I just had to tell your readers about a recent experience I had with my boyfriend.

First, let me just say he is a great guy. But, after dating for six months, it seemed he was having confidence issues in AND out of bed. It was having a real negative effect on his sexual prowess and let's face it, with any new relationship, it usually doesn't last very long without a real strong sexual connection. My dilemma was that I really liked the guy.

Thankfully, I didn't have to make a difficult decision because everything changed a few days ago. I came home from work and he basically tore my clothes off before I even made it through the door. Right there on the stairs he practically pounced on me. Confident, aggressive, he made all the right moves. I definitely felt sensations I'd never felt before … in places I forgot existed. We made love for what seemed like an eternity. I never knew what some of my friends meant when they said the earth moved from having sex - I do now. **"I can honestly say it was the best sex I've ever had in my entire life!"**

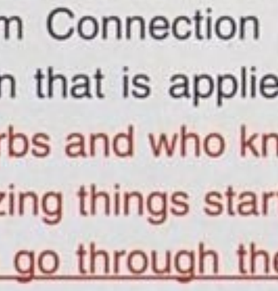
When I asked him what was going on - what brought about the change - he wouldn't answer me. So I did what any red-blooded American woman would do, I started snooping. It didn't take me long to figure out his secret. In his underwear drawer under the "men's magazines," was a tube of Maxoderm Connection. After reading the fine print and finding the website, I went online to maxodermct.com to discover more about this magic in a tube.

Maxoderm Connection (of which I'm having my boyfriend buy a lifetime supply) is a lotion that is applied topically to either the clitoris or the penis. An all natural mix of herbs and who knows what, brings blood flow straight to the source - that's when amazing things start to happen. He achieves harder, stronger erections and my orgasms go through the roof! We aren't into taking pills of any kind - not even aspirin - so I was relieved to find he was using something topical without any systemic side effects. Unless you want to think of great sex as a side effect, because that's definitely what's going on at our place - ALL the time!

So ... please print this letter. Anyone who wants to experience mind-blowing intimacy has to try Maxoderm Connection. They need to tell their boyfriends, husbands or partners about this product. Or just "accidentally" leave a tube lying around for them to "accidentally" find. I really want to thank the woman who developed Maxoderm Connection - only a woman could design something that feels this good.

T.J.

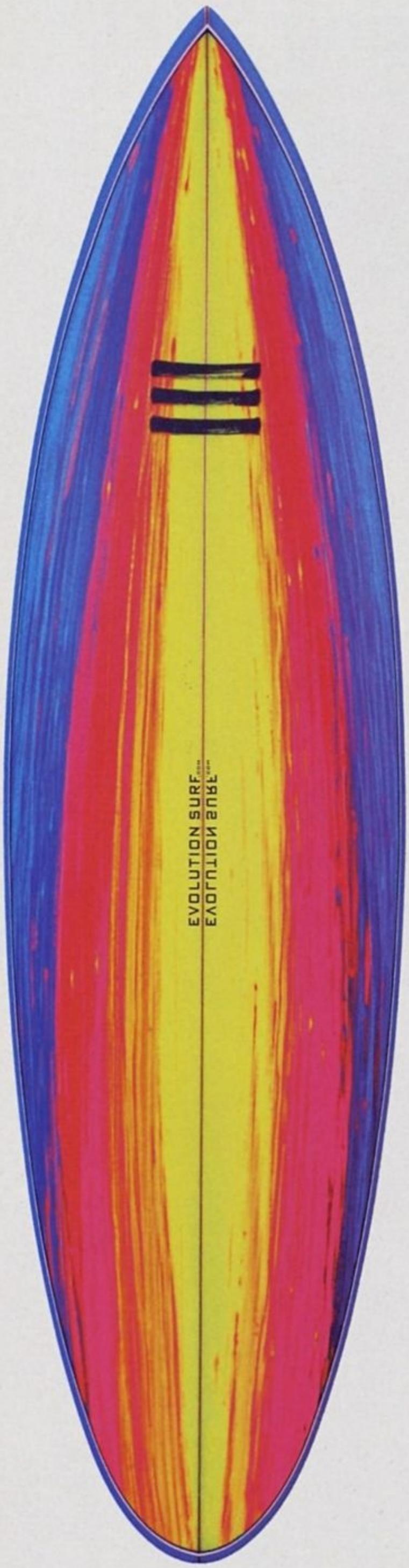
T.J.
Phoenix, AZ



P.S., Let your readers know I'm pretty sure they can still get a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** of Maxoderm Connection with their order by calling 1-800-206-4436 or by visiting their website at www.maxodermct.com. Oh and even better, their product is backed by a 90 day full money back guarantee.

"I felt sensations I'd never felt before … in places I forgot existed."

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.



Sonic Boom

HOME THEATERS used to have six speakers. Then they had seven. Now eight. Why not just jump ahead and use 42? Each of those circles on the Yamaha YSP-1 Digital Sound Projector ($1,500, yamaha.com) is a separate speaker driver. Together they produce a serious piece of techno-magic, generating surround sound out of a single box. Plug the appropriate cables into the YSP-1 and it uses concentrated beams of sound and subtle shifts in timing and direction to create an immersive 3-D aural environment for your movies, music and video games. (For added kick a subwoofer is also available.) No more speaker wire running across your carpet, no more dirty looks from the womenfolk.

Say You Want an Evolution

AMONG THE FANS of Evolution Surf's custom boards: Cameron Diaz, Carmen Electra and Hugh M. Hefner. Now *that*'s a surfing team. To make the LSD-inspired acid-splash line, designers hand-carve the boards and mix the paint colors themselves. Pictured: Tequila Sunrise ($2,800, evolutionsurf.com). Handcrafted mother-of-pearl fins are an extra $600.

Keyed Up

BE CAREFUL: Thinking about the electric piano may trigger a bad prog-rock flashback. But don't fear the beeper. Suzuki's amazing HG-550ex ($12,000, suzukimusic.com) sounds and feels nearly identical to its string-and-hammer grand piano forebears—until you flick a switch and unleash trumpets, bassoons, guitars and drumbeats. You can also import music tracks to play along with, plug in a mike to sing through the built-in speakers and record up to 16 tracks on the sequencer. Then save them all to a disk and mail them right to David Geffen.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

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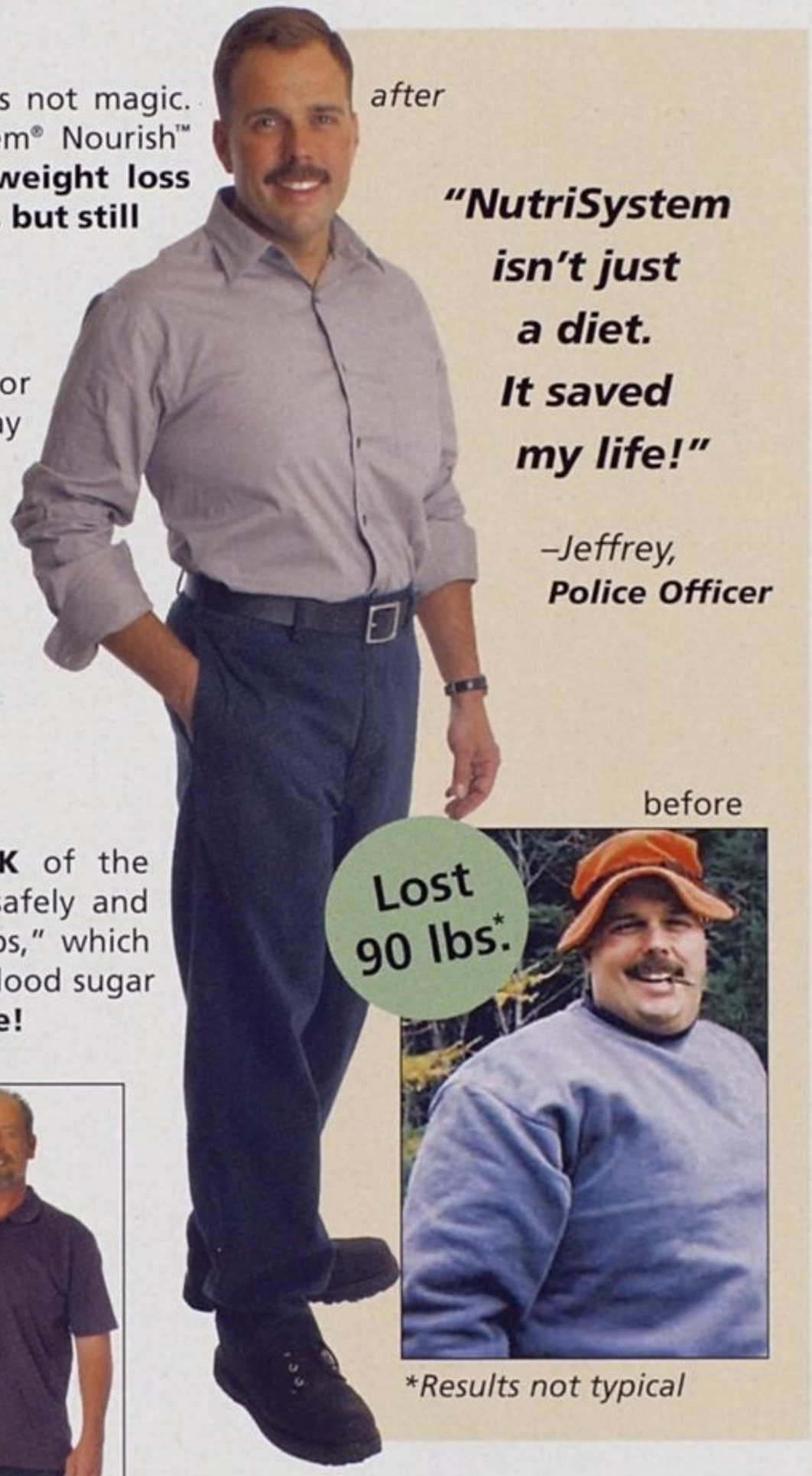

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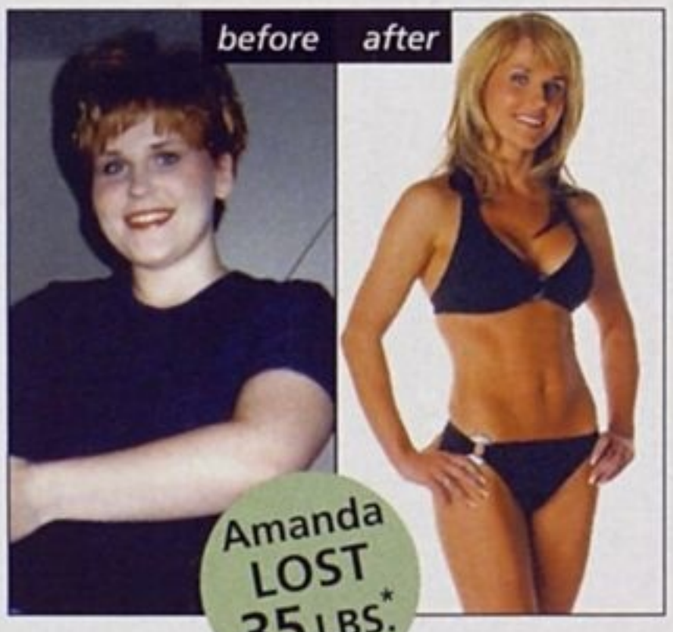

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The Playboy Advisor

I wore my wedding ring for a few weeks after the ceremony but then stopped. When my wife asked me why I put it on only for family events (to avoid a confrontation with my mother-in-law, although I've stopped doing even that), I told her the truth: I have never worn jewelry, not even a watch, so I find the ring distracting and uncomfortable. I also found that it snagged on everything, and whenever I washed my hands the design would catch all the soap. We have a truce now (if you call not bringing it up a truce), so my only question is, Why does a wife consider it such a big deal if her husband doesn't wear a ring?—J.N., Seattle, Washington

Your wife is disappointed, as most women would be, because the wedding band is a recognized and powerful symbol that you showed up for the ceremony. Practically, she knows the ring doesn't mean a thing if you're having a fling. But she also wonders if you don't mind that people don't know you're married or, more specifically, that she exists. We're sure that isn't the case—when a cute woman flirts with you, you eventually mention your wife, right? You've already made many small sacrifices for your marriage; this is another one. In the spirit of compromise, visit a jeweler. If you get a band that looks good and fits well, you may find it enjoyable to wear. And you'll save single women some time at parties.

Is there any way to make my 5.1 surround sound system wireless? I'm tired of tripping over speaker wires.—A.S., Indianapolis, Indiana

Yes, but the technology is still hit-and-miss, so you may want to wait a year. Current wireless systems, most of which run on the 900 megahertz or 2.4 gigahertz standards, can suffer from weak signals and interference from cordless phones, wireless Internet and microwaves. Much depends on the room, the placement and your expectations. To lose the wires, many people are willing to sacrifice sound quality. You can avoid interference by buying infrared speakers, but they require a clear path to the transmitter. That won't work for a party, but if you position them correctly and use them primarily when you're not moving around, like while watching movies, they get the job done. Sony's latest IR speakers use two sensors, the idea being that if one is blocked, the other will pick up the slack. We may soon see systems in which the signal is transmitted through existing electrical lines so that you'd need only to plug in your speakers anywhere in your place to have sound. Or you might someday own a Hypersonic Sound system that sends a narrow beam of sound against the back wall, where it disperses and creates the illusion of a rear speaker.

I want to spoil my husband but am not sure how to go about it. Pink lacy panties, ass fucking, role playing, strip joints—they're all getting old. What I have in mind is getting a five-star hotel room on the Vegas Strip and hiring three call girls to be there for us. I don't want sloppy women; I want servants who will wait on my husband from the moment we arrive. I want them to pour him drinks, bathe him, massage him and so on. I'll slip out and come back later so we can all fuck. How much would a night like that cost—$10,000? That may be a lot to spend on sex, but material items can be overrated, and experiences are forever. Can you help me put this together?—S.R., Las Vegas, Nevada

Let's see: Five-star suite: $1,000. Champagne and room service for five: $500. Ten-pack of condoms: $13.99. Trio of escorts for a four-hour shift: $5,000. Coordinating three concubines and wife for "spontaneous" spa treatment and orgy: expensive, complicated and likely disappointing. Although prostitution is legal only in certain Nevada counties outside of Las Vegas, finding escorts for a party is easy. A number of online guides include reviews, prices and contact info. But locating three strangers who are instantly comfortable with you, your husband and one another will be difficult. Your best bet would be to hire one experienced escort and ask her to bring two friends. The problem there is that you're not choosing them, she is, and there's no guarantee you'll find them attractive. That's one reason the call girls we asked didn't like the idea of hiring three women, especially for your first time. Having four women in the room puts a lot of pressure on your husband to perform, and most men want their wife involved from the beginning (three women giving him a bath is hot, but three women giving him a bath while his wife supervises is hotter). Based on their experiences with couples, our sources suggest you experiment with a threesome. If that works, then try adding a fourth.

Have any of the *Brady Bunch* girls ever appeared nude in PLAYBOY or elsewhere?—J.K., Allentown, Pennsylvania

Maureen McCormick, who played Marcia, briefly appeared topless in the 1981 film Texas Lightning—this according to Jim McBride of MrSkin.com, which archives and reviews nude scenes. In fact, McCormick's breasts inspired him to start the site, which today employs 34 people, including eight who work full-time capturing stills and clips. "When I first bought a VCR in 1981, Texas Lightning was on cable, and I taped it because it had Marcia smoking and drinking and, 64 minutes in, flashing her breasts," says McBride, whose friends call him Skin. "That made me wonder which other actresses had done nudity." McBride's new Skincyclopedia lists nude scenes involving 2,005 actresses. We tested his knowledge by asking him to list nine other TV actresses who later appeared nude in film. He reeled them off: Susan Dey of The Partridge Family, Alyssa Milano of Who's the Boss?, Tina Louise of Gilligan's Island, Adrienne Barbeau of Maude, Elizabeth Berkley of Saved by the Bell, Lisa Bonet of The Cosby Show, Elizabeth Montgomery of Bewitched, Marilu Henner of Taxi and Justine Bateman of Family Ties. Not bad, but how could Mr. Big Nudie Expert forget the oldest sister from Eight Is Enough? Skin looked peeved. "You mean Lani O'Grady? She appeared nude in Massacre at Central High in 1976—before the TV show," he said. "You asked for actresses who appeared nude after their shows." Damn. This guy is good.

I have started taking showers in the guest bath because I got tired of stepping over the 10 bottles of shampoo and eight conditioners my wife keeps in the master. She insists she has to alternate products to prevent buildup. Is that true? I'd like my shower back.—H.L., Syracuse, New York

According to the many hair chemists we consulted, the idea that you have to change brands to avoid buildup is a myth. In fact, your wife needs only one conditioner and one nonresidue shampoo. The latter will remove the silicone oils left on her hair by the conditioner, which is what makes hair feel heavy. You won't have much luck convincing her of this, so look on the bright side: no waiting.

When I was younger I made a decision not to have sex with anyone I didn't love. I felt sex was a spiritual matter and also feared catching a disease. As I have grown older I have refined my criteria. Perhaps I would have sex with a friend. Here's the punch line: I am a 52-year-old virgin. A co-worker considers me a

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

trusted friend, though I don't think she finds me attractive. Should I share this with her? I wouldn't want it to affect our friendship, but I get the sense she is highly sexual, and I wonder if it would matter to her.—J.R., Oakland, California

This is more information than she needs to know. The problem is that you're falling for someone who isn't interested. Contrary to your expectations, sharing this secret won't make the relationship more intimate. And even on the remote chance your co-worker agrees to a mercy fuck, you'd still be lonely afterward—perhaps lonelier. The problem with being a virgin into your 40s or 50s is that it becomes such a distraction. Every potential relationship is approached as the "last best chance" to end the drought, and getting laid becomes a mystical, life-changing event. This leads to a vicious cycle: You can't get sex because you're needy because you can't get sex. That's why you might benefit from Intercourse 101 with a sensitive professional. It won't be the sex you imagined, but at this point it's an experience you should have, and deserve to have, and enjoy. Then you'll no longer have to think of yourself as a 52-year-old virgin—you'll be just another guy searching for love.

When greeting a female friend, are you supposed to kiss her cheek or just brush against it?—T.R., Indianapolis, Indiana

When did they start doing that in Indiana? Let the woman do the kissing and brushing. Your only job is to lean forward if she starts to pucker. You don't have to kiss or brush in return. Besides, it might get you in trouble, especially at work. Remember President Bush's lip smack last year on his new education secretary? Supposedly she turned her head at the last minute and caught him by surprise. He should have waited for her to make the first move.

Can you tell me the best way to find out my credit score? I'm uncomfortable entering all the vital info they ask for online.—B.K., St. Louis, Missouri

You're not revealing anything credit bureaus don't already know, and they need more than a name and an address to find the right report. Here's some good news on this front: A new federal law requires each of the three major bureaus to provide consumers with a free report each year. The fulfillment system is already in place in Western and Midwestern states and rolls out June 1 in the South and September 1 in Eastern states and U.S. territories. Direct your browser to www.annualcreditreport.com or call 877-322-8228. It's estimated that as many as one third of reports have errors serious enough to affect your credit rating, which could affect your ability to get a loan, an apartment or a job. And that could mean you don't get laid. See how it's all connected?

In February the Advisor wrote, "Given the boob jobs we've seen in test shots, her tits probably look better in her shirt." That comment is funny coming from a magazine that shows hardly anything but implants. Next you'll try to tell us you don't airbrush. You would have been better off saying that boob jobs are better to look at than touch. They're generally stiff.—J.T., El Paso, Texas

We have never made a secret of our love of natural breasts, even if many beautiful women who pose for us show up with implants (the best ones leave you guessing). We see thousands of nude young women each year who did not benefit from the operation, usually because they went too big or they hired a hack, of which there are many. About 70 percent of the women who submit photos are rejected out of hand because of bad boob jobs. As for "airbrushing," of course we digitally remove cosmetic imperfections such as scars and blemishes—we're creating fantasies. We hope this doesn't ruin the fun, but the Playmates also wear lots of makeup, and they're well lit.

Is it acceptable to ask a woman out by e-mail? If she says no, I don't want her to see my disappointment.—F.L., Boston, Massachusetts

It's best to ask in person. If she declines, it's okay to be disappointed.

I've been married about a year, and I blow my husband nearly every day. But I developed a pimple on the center of my chin that wouldn't go away. It finally cleared up when he went on a trip for a few days. Could blow jobs be giving me acne?—J.C., Bloomingdale, Indiana

You could get us in a lot of trouble with millions of teenage boys. Thankfully it's not your BJs that caused the pimple, at least not directly. Instead it was likely your husband's semen, which contains a number of potential irritants such as enzymes and prostaglandins. The obvious solution is to deep throat him as he comes, or at least stop drooling so much. It could be worse: Some women appear to be allergic to their partner's semen. (If that were happening here, your lips and tongue would probably swell.) Known as human seminal plasma hypersensitivity, the condition has been found to cause burning, itching, pain, blisters, congestion, shortness of breath, dizziness, nausea, diarrhea and, in extreme cases, loss of consciousness. According to Dr. Jonathan Bernstein of the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine, who has studied the phenomenon, it's possible that some women are reacting not to the semen but to foods or drugs passed through their partner's body. The immediate remedy is to use a condom and otherwise avoid contact with the semen. Some women have also had immunotherapy with proteins isolated from their lover's seminal plasma. Another solution, less popular, is to change partners, although even that doesn't always work.

About a year ago my friends and I started a weekly poker game. For the past few months I've won every time we've played. I worry that my winning is going to break up the game. Should I lose on purpose to keep things going?—J.H., New Orleans, Louisiana

That's no fun, and your friends would feel insulted if they found out. A better strategy is to invest your winnings in the game. Rather than having the host rake the pot, offer to pay for the food and booze yourself. Contribute a bottle of premium whiskey (in our poker feature last month we recommended a $200 bottle of 25-year-old Talisker single malt) as well as cigars (we suggested Zino Platinum Scepter Grand Masters, at $156 a tin). The game may also benefit from a set of all-clay chips. If a good percentage of your winnings never leaves the room, your friends won't mind losing nearly as much.

My daughter from my first marriage is getting hitched. I haven't spoken to her mother in years, though we do e-mail once in a while about family business. Since we'll be forced together in photos and at dinner, how do I relate to her in the presence of my new wife? I don't want to upset anyone by not acknowledging her as the mother of the bride.—G.P., Highlands, North Carolina

Why wouldn't you acknowledge her as the mother of the bride? That's the safest way to introduce her, in a toast or otherwise. Treat your ex as you would any old acquaintance, and don't worry about how things will go. The focus will be on your daughter, and she should have plans to make everyone more comfortable, such as sitting you and her mother at separate tables and including her stepmother in a few formal photos. We've been surprised by how civil and pleasant proud parents can be, regardless of their personal circumstances.

I consider myself a lucky little man. I'm small enough (five-foot-five) and light enough (138 pounds) to have kinky fun with my six-foot girlfriend. If I fall asleep on the couch, she'll carry me to bed. If I can't reach something at the supermarket, she'll lift me from under my arms. She does this at home so often that I've put away our step stool. Is there a name for this?—A.F., Salisbury, Maryland

Dependence? There's no particular name for this—you just have a thing for tall, strong, dominant women known in the fetish community as amazons. (For the record, your preference needs to be distinguished from men who fantasize about giantesses, pretend they're infants, lust after female wrestlers or chase female bodybuilders.) Amazons are appealing to the smaller man because, as one discussion board puts it, they can be either your "ultimate fantasy or worst nightmare." The eroticism lies in that dichotomy. You two should open a painting business.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

PARANORMAL PENTAGON

PROGRAMS TO CREATE PSYCHIC WEAPONS AND SUPER-SOLDIERS ARE MAINSTREAM IDEAS IN THE WAR ON TERROR

BY JON RONSON

CHRIS RYNIAK

It was 1983. Major General Albert Stubblebine III, commander of military intelligence, stared at his wall in Arlington, Virginia and decided to do it. As frightening as the prospect was, he was going into the next office. He stood up and moved out from behind his desk.

"What is the atom mostly made of?" he thought. "Space!"

He started walking.

"What am I mostly made of? Atoms!"

He quickened his pace, almost to a jog now.

"What is the wall mostly made of? Atoms! All I have to do is merge the spaces." Then Stubblebine banged his nose hard on the wall of his office. Stubblebine, who commanded 16,000 soldiers, was confounded by his continual failure to walk through the wall. He had no doubt this ability would one day be a common tool in the intelligence-gathering arsenal. And was he naive to believe it would herald the dawning of a world without war? Who would screw with an army that could do that? The general, like many of his colleagues, was still damaged by his memories of Vietnam.

One of the most whacked-out conspiracy theories is the idea of a powerful cabal, high up in the intelligence services, covertly harnessing the power of the occult in order to control the people. Well, I am here to say it's basically true. But it's true in a human way, and it manifests itself in generals bonking their noses and Special Forces soldiers failing to kill goats just by staring at them. And the man at the heart of the story—the man who inspired the whole paranormal endeavor and whose idea led Stubblebine to attempt to walk through a wall—has been brought back from retirement to help with the war on terror. His name is Jim Channon.

BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE

Channon's story began in Vietnam, where he came to realize that his men were being killed because they were guileless and kindhearted and spontaneously fired high, missing the enemy. They weren't the killing machines their commanders wanted them to be. When Channon returned from the war he wrote to the Pentagon: The Army needs to be more cunning. He wanted to go on a fact-finding mission. The Pentagon agreed to pay Channon's salary and expenses for the duration of the journey. So Channon got into his car and dropped in on 150 New Age organizations. He encountered Reichian rebirthing, primal arm wrestling and, at the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California, naked hot tub sessions.

Channon returned from his two-year odyssey in 1979 and wrote a confidential paper for his superiors. The first line read, "The U.S. Army doesn't really have any serious alternative than to be wonderful." This was the First Earth Battalion manual, a 125-page redesign of every aspect of military life. The new battlefield uniform would include pouches for ginseng regulators, divining tools, foodstuffs to enhance night vision and a loudspeaker that would automatically emit "indigenous music and words of peace." Soldiers would carry baby lambs into hostile countries, gently place them on the ground and give the enemy an "automatic hug."

There was, Channon accepted, a possibility that these measures might not be enough to pacify an enemy. In that eventuality the loudspeakers attached to the uniforms would be switched to broadcast discordant sounds. If that didn't work, new types of weapons—nonlethal, or "psycho-electronic"—would be developed, including a machine that could direct positive energy into hostile crowds.

LOOKS THAT KILL

Army leaders, bruised as Channon was by Vietnam, were so taken with his ideas that they offered him the opportunity to create and command a real First Earth Battalion, but he turned them down. Channon was rational enough to realize that walking through walls might be a good idea on paper but wasn't necessarily an achievable skill in real life. Channon's superiors were literal-minded men (hence

General Stubblebine's many subsequent determined efforts to walk through the wall) and would have demanded measurable results. But Channon's actual vision was more nuanced. He hoped his fellow soldiers might find a higher spiritual plane by reaching for the impossible. He wanted his ideas to float out there. The First Earth Battalion would exist wherever someone read the manual and became inspired to implement its contents as he chose. And so it was, within weeks of publication, that soldiers throughout the Army seriously began to give it a go.

Which is how the goat staring came to be. It was undertaken by a secret First Earth Battalion–inspired Special Forces unit at Fort Bragg, North Carolina known as Project Jedi, and it was revealed to me by one of the members, Sergeant Glenn Wheaton, who now lives near Honolulu.

"In Project Jedi," I asked, "what was the top level of achievement?"

"We had a master sergeant who could stop the heart of a goat just by wanting the goat's heart to stop. He did it at least once, but it's not really an area you want to go to, because as it turned out he actually did some damage to himself as well."

"Are goats being stared at once again post-9/11?" I asked.

"This is black-op stuff," he said.

"Where can I go from here?"

"Nowhere," said Wheaton. "Forget I ever said anything about goats."

But I couldn't forget, and finally, after months of searching, I managed to track down the fabled goat starer; a colonel named John Alexander, who is among Al Gore's oldest friends, revealed the name to me. The goat starer is Guy Savelli.

Savelli now runs a dance and martial arts studio in a Cleveland suburb. When I telephoned him he confirmed that he did once "drop a goat" at Fort Bragg. He also said he still practices the technique.

"Last week," he said, "I killed my hamster."

Savelli is a grandfather but is still jumpy and full of energy, moving around his dance studio as if possessed. He said his story began with a telephone call he received, out of the blue, from Special Forces in 1983. They knew that Savelli's brand of martial arts—kun tao—had a uniquely paranormal dimension, and they asked if he could demonstrate the technique on a goat. He obliged, he says, felling a goat chosen from a pen of 30. And that, he said, was that.

Except for one thing: On July 15, 2004 Savelli received another call from Fort Bragg. Could he get down there right away to demonstrate his powers to a new commanding general who "sees the spiritual side"?

"Did you take an animal with you?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"A hamster?"

"I can't tell you," said Savelli.

"Are we talking about a small animal, cheap to purchase?"

"Correct," confirmed Savelli.

RETURN OF THE JEDI

According to Savelli a team of Special Forces soldiers was staring at a hamster inside Fort Bragg. I wondered,

Clockwise from top left: Sergeant Glenn Wheaton, Guy Savelli, Major General Albert Stubblebine and Peter Brusso.

now that Savelli and his hamster had been reactivated, if other chunks of Channon's First Earth Battalion were also floating around the war on terror, if one knew where to look.

I called Channon. He revealed that he'd been privately meeting with General Pete Schoomaker, the chief of staff of the Army. Channon had been lured out of retirement, he explained, "because Rumsfeld has now openly asked for creative input on the war on terrorism. The Army has requested my services to teach the most highly selected majors. The First Earth Battalion is the teaching exemplar of choice. I have done that in the presence of General Schoomaker. I am in contact with players who are or have recently been in Afghanistan and Iraq. Remember, the battalion mythology operates like folklore. It is passed in stories, not real-world artifacts. The results are ubiquitous but are not archived well."

Although Channon professed no interest in the "real-world artifacts," I became somewhat obsessed with identifying them.

BARNEY THE DINOSAUR, AGENT OF TORTURE

In January 2004 the think tank Globalsecurity.org revealed that George W. Bush's government had filtered more money into its black budget than any other administration in American history. The amount of money an administration spends on its black budget can be seen as a barometer of its proclivity toward weirdness. Black budgets fund black ops—highly sensitive and shady projects, such as assassination squads, that remain secret to protect not only the black operators but also the sensibilities of the public, which generally doesn't want to think about such things. But black budgets also fund schemes so bizarre that their disclosure might lead voters to believe their leaders have taken leave of their senses. By January 2004, the Bush administration had channeled approximately $30 billion into the black budget, to be spent on God knows what.

A clue can be found in a U.S. Air Force document titled "Nonlethal Weapons: Terms and References." One of Channon's most fruitful ideas was that military scientists should pursue new "nonlethal" weapons. The Air Force document details technologies in development, including the race-specific stink bomb and the prophet hologram, basically of Allah, that would appear above Basra and declare, "The Americans are not, after all, the great Satan." Neither of these has gotten off the ground. But then there are the acoustic weapons, which have been a success. Prisoners at Guantánamo Bay and Abu Ghraib are currently bombarded with distorted renditions of the *Barney* and *Sesame Street* theme songs. Mixed into the tunes are various high- and low-frequency screeches designed to soften the inmates for interrogation. A number of Channon fans confirmed to me that this technique was popularized and perfected within the U.S. military as a result of his manual.

THE DARK SIDE

In the years that followed the official acceptance of Channon's ideas, the Army recovered its strength and saw

that some of the ideas contained within Channon's manual could be used to shatter people rather than heal them. Those are the ideas that live on in the war on terror. Perhaps Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo Bay should be thought of as experimental labs, golden opportunities for the military to put all those crazy theoretical ideas into practice.

A few months ago I traveled to Camp Pendleton, the U.S. Marine Corps training headquarters in San Diego. I met Master Peter Brusso, the in-house martial arts trainer. Brusso is a great fan of Channon's First Earth Battalion manual, but he's a pragmatist. He's taken it upon himself to adapt Channon's ideas into practical applications for the battlefield marine. I asked Brusso to give me an example of a practical application.

"Okay," he said. "There's a gang of insurgents standing in front of you. You're alone. You want to dissuade them from attacking you. What do you do?"

The answer, he said, lies in the psychic realm, specifically the use of visual aesthetics to instill psychically in the enemy a disincentive to attack.

"Can you be more explicit?" I asked.

"What you do is grab one of them, rip out his eyeballs, stab him in the neck so that blood squirts out like a fountain—really, a fountain—and get the blood to spurt over his friends. Just punish the bejesus out of him, right there in front of his friends. Or go for the lungs. Create a gaping chest wound. What you'll have then is lots of sucking in air and lots of frothing. Or here's a clever thing: Get your knife inside the clavicle. That's the collarbone. Once you're in there you can scrape most of the tissue from that side of the neck. Separate his brain stem from the back of his neck. Doesn't take much movement." Brusso paused. "What I'm doing, you see, is creating a powerful visual psychic disincentive for the other insurgents to attack me."

"If you don't mind my saying," I said, "that's a somewhat broad interpretation of Channon's ideals."

Brusso shrugged.

PHILLY IN FLAMES: A GOVERNMENT RAID REVISITED

Twenty years ago this month, America watched on countless TV screens as a helicopter flew low over a residential city block, dropped a bomb and sped off as a huge explosion demolished a row house from within. The scene wasn't a newsreel from a distant war or a made-for-TV blow-'em-up—it was the national news, live from Philadelphia, May 13, 1985. Among colossal and deadly government screwups, the bombing of the headquarters of the back-to-nature group called MOVE is arguably the worst. The body count—five children, six adults—surpasses that of the Ruby Ridge incident, in which U.S. marshals and the FBI killed the wife and son of white supremacist Randy Weaver. And unlike the assault on the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas, in which 80 cult members perished, the collateral damage in Philadelphia was severe: By the end of the day an entire city block lay in ruins, and 250 residents unaffiliated with MOVE were homeless.

A communal group that married hippie naturism and Black Panther–style militancy, MOVE had been in trouble almost from its founding by John Africa in the early 1970s. In a previous building, the group had spurned garbage collection and plumbing; its backyard was a field of rotting food and excrement, attracting rats, cockroaches and stray cats and dogs. Complaining of harassment and unwarranted beatings at the hands of police, MOVE stockpiled weapons and erected a barricade around its house. On August 8, 1978, police arrived to serve bench warrants for several group members; a shoot-out ensued in which officer James Ramp took a bullet in the back of the neck and died. At the trial Judge Edwin Malmed's bizarre ruling sent a "family" of nine MOVE members to jail for 30 to 100 years, despite the likelihood that Ramp was the victim of friendly fire. Galvanized by a cause—"Free the MOVE Nine"—remaining members moved into a row house at 6221 Osage Avenue in west Philadelphia. Day and night, using bullhorns, members raged against the city in profanity-laden diatribes. Again sanitation and vermin were issues, again the police came to oust the group, and again, on that May day 20 years ago, things went horribly wrong. Still, the MOVE story will never make civil libertarians' A-list of government atrocities. Race is the easy explanation for the incident—but it's not the main one. In an urban environment, the group's aberrant sanitation policies and ranting made it a menace to those unfortunate enough to live nearby. MOVE ruined the quality of life of those around it. For libertarians, that's an unforgivable sin.

MARGINALIA

A RECIPE from *The Convict Cookbook*, created by inmates at the Washington State Penitentiary to benefit the Children's Museum of Walla Walla: "Dope Fiend Sandwich, by Donald Dunn: Smash half a Snickers bar and place it between two Grandma's brand peanut-butter cookies. Wrap cookie sandwich and place between two books. Put books on floor and stand on them. Take cookies out of wrapper and eat! These cookies are so named because heroin addicts often come to prison craving sweets. Thousands of Washington prisoners have partaken in this delight."

FROM A LAWSUIT filed in Salt Lake City: "The plaintiffs were members of the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. A central tenet is the practice of polygamy. In order to foster this unlawful activity, the church and its leaders assign underage female members as wives to older males. The practice of church leaders having multiple wives has caused soaring demand for brides. To foster this the church established the secret, cruel and unlawful practice of systematic excommunication of young males. Being condemned to eternal damnation caused these 'lost boys' to suffer emotional and psychological injuries and entitles them to exemplary damages."

FROM A CATALOG of concept cars at fordvehicles.com: "As the population shifts back to cities, you'll need a rolling urban command center. Enter the synUS, a mobile techno-sanctuary sculpted in urban armor. Short and slim for easy maneuvering, it looks bank-vault tough. When parked and placed in secure mode, synUS deploys protective shutters over the windshield and side glass. Small windows on the flanks and roof are nonopening and bullet-resistant. The synUS signals security through its use of a driver's-side, dial-operated combination lock. Flat glass in a slightly raked windshield furthers the armored-car look. Bold wheel arches make a statement as well as accommodate the vehicle's exceptionally wide track."

TV DIALOGUE that the FCC this year ruled not to be indecent after complaints from the Parents Television Council: "I got this black eye because of you, dick."—*Everwood.* "In my next life I'm coming back as a pair of pliers and pull off your nut sack."—*Fastlane.* A woman listens to a message in which a male caller makes reference to "growing a pair."—*Gilmore Girls.* A male studying to be a nurse says he's taken his own blood pressure many times, to which a friend replies, "Yeah, and how many times on your arm?"—*Will & Grace.* A woman asks a man if "he's

(continued on page 53)

READER RESPONSE

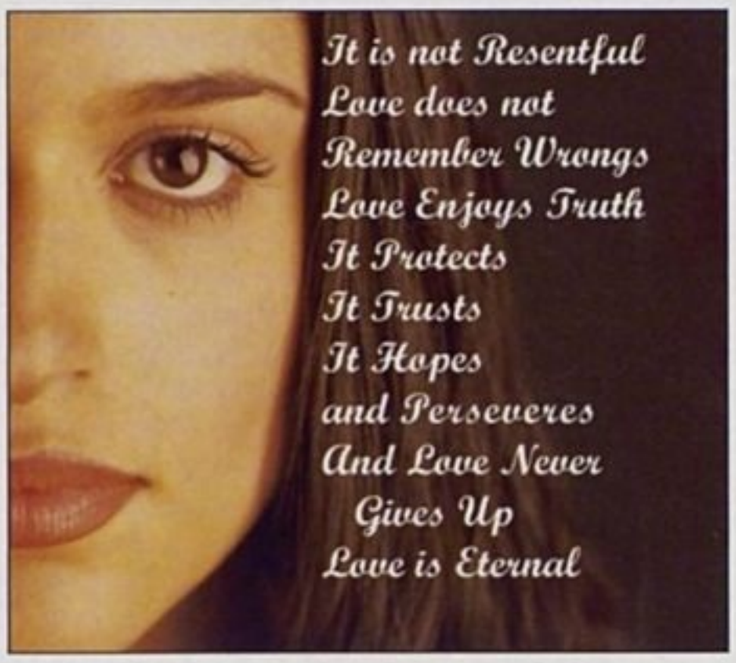
TEENAGERS IN LUST

A friend sent me "Welcome to Virginland" (February) because so many parents here in DeKalb County, Georgia are battling the same ignorance Daniel Radosh encountered at the convention of the National Abstinence Clearinghouse. Earlier this year the school district that includes my child's middle school adopted an abstinence-only program called Choosing the Best. The president and co-founder of the publishing company that created and distributes this program, Bruce Cook, also happens to chair the DeKalb County Department of Human Resources (he sees no conflict). CTB has received $2.4 million in federal funds to distribute its propaganda free to eight Georgia school districts.

I was far from the only parent to challenge CTB at a presentation Cook gave during a PTA meeting with district officials present. About 50 others joined me, many of them employed by Emory University and the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. While it's common sense to say that abstinence is the

only surefire method to avoid pregnancy and disease, CTB and similar programs misinform kids about condoms; in his book *Parents, Teens and Sex,* Cook writes, "Does condom use provide protection against STDs? The answer is obvious—no!" The parents, some of whom specialize in treating STDs, challenged the accuracy of his data and the fuzzy research he cited. When I asked him why CTB's research is not peer reviewed—an important scientific criterion—he replied, "We're working on that."

One parent noted that since the state of Georgia has banned gay marriage, abstinence until marriage isn't an option for everyone. When asked what CTB recommends for gay students, Cook replied, "We don't deal with that." One fact Cook didn't share: A Columbia University study last year found that 88



percent of teens who pledge not to have premarital sex break their promise. More important, when they do start having sex, these young people are less likely than their peers to use condoms.

We succeeded in getting the school board to remove Choosing the Best, in large part because it had never voted to approve it. Parents need to challenge abstinence-only education in public schools. Moralizing will not protect our children from reality.

Tanya Cassingham
Decatur, Georgia

I began talking to my daughters about the importance of condoms as soon as they entered middle school. But sex ed should start when kids are toddlers by teaching them to use the proper names of their anatomy.

Patty Smith
Beloit, Wisconsin

I'd like to ask the members of the National Abstinence Clearinghouse, "Were you a virgin when you married?" Unless the answer is yes, they are hypocrites, and hypocrites make for bad educators. This organization sounds like a terrible waste of tax dollars.

H.A. Thompson
Charlotte, North Carolina

Abstinence until marriage is a respectable moral standard, but how did marriage get mixed up in this mess? Married people should have as much sex as possible, of course, but abstinence education gives sex more weight than it deserves when considering what ultimately makes a marriage work.

Jay Hubbard
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

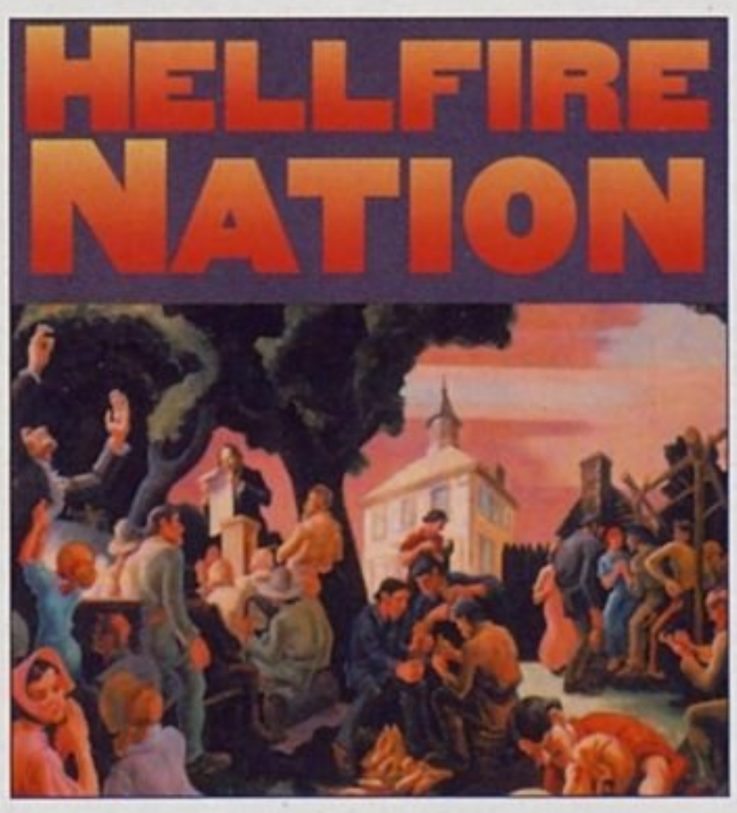
REVISITING THE PHILOSOPHY

Sometime in 1965, while I was a law student in South Africa, I saw my first issue of PLAYBOY. It contained one of Hugh Hefner's editorials on American puritanism. After that I managed to read only the odd copy smuggled into the country—usually by a friend brave enough to charade past Customs at Johannesburg Airport after an overseas trip. I became a subscriber in 1983 after leaving South Africa, but that first editorial formed the foundation of my philosophy on sex and tolerance. I cannot describe the impact the magazine had on me, living as I was in a unique puritanical society that had an ethos emanating from a mixture of Calvinism and Lutheranism (with inevitable algolagnic consequences) independent of apartheid. The system itself was in many ways fostered by the puritanism that helped sustain its day-to-day brutality.

Barry Ebedes
Perth, Australia

SIN: OUR NATIONAL PASTIME

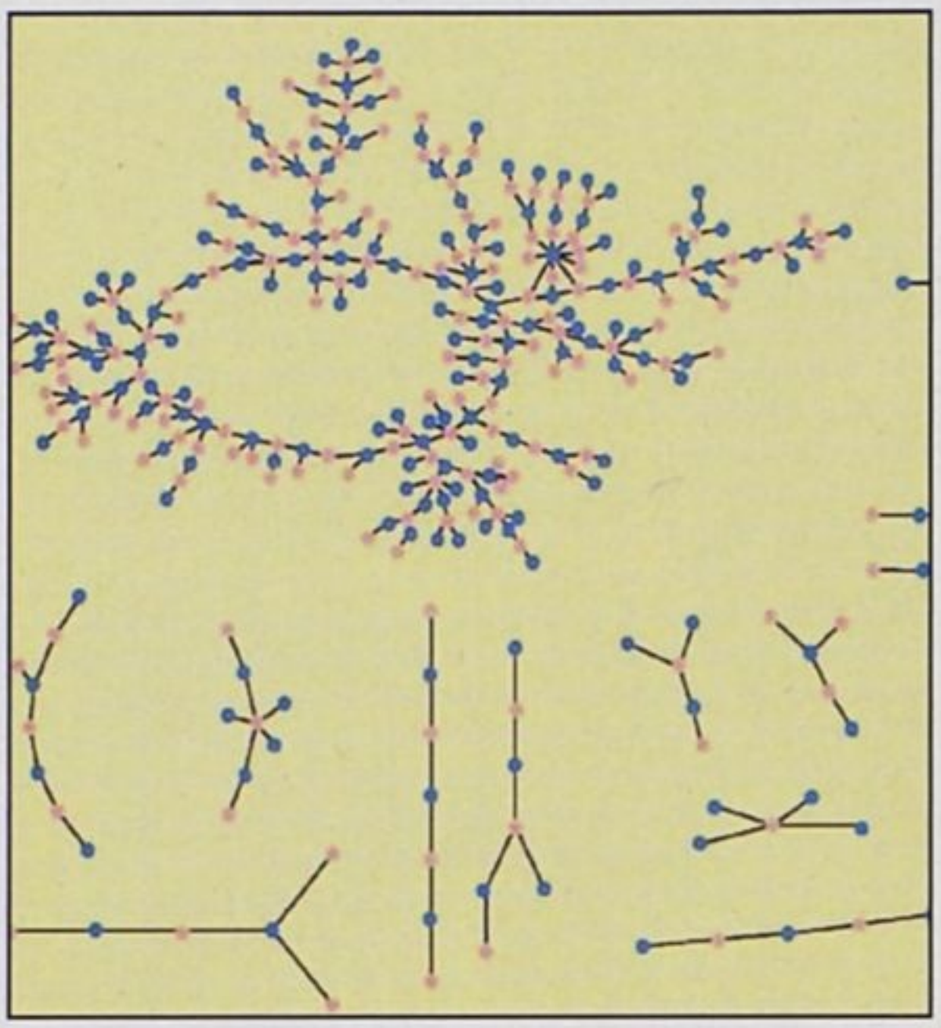
I enjoyed your interview with James Morone, author of *Hellfire Nation: The Politics of Sin in American History* (February). As an Army reservist who served a stint in Iraq and might be called back, I resent the efforts of the religious right to impose a "moral" dictatorship in the



U.S. As much as it despises Muslim extremists, the Christian right has more in common with them and Adolf Hitler (who wrote in *Mein Kampf* that "public life must be freed from the asphyxiating perfume of our modern eroticism") than they care to admit.

Jonathan Decker
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

NEWSFRONT



Daisy-Chain High

COLUMBUS, OHIO—For the first time, researchers have created a detailed map of the sexual interactions of students at an American high school. The team from Ohio State expected to find a core group of promiscuous teens. Instead, after analyzing 832 surveys from students at an unnamed public school in the Midwest, they found that the mostly white respondents connected over the course of 18 months in long chains, including one that contained 288 people. The students rarely shared partners, and they even avoided lovers who had connections to their exes. For example, a girl wouldn't date the ex-boyfriend of her ex-boyfriend's girlfriend. Among adults, core groups of sexually active people tend to account for the spread of sexual diseases. But the OSU study suggests that this isn't the case with teens.

One Small Step for Smut

PITTSBURGH—In 2003 U.S. Attorney Mary Beth Buchanan indicted the owners of a California production company for selling three allegedly obscene videos, one of which includes simulated rape. The Bush administration hoped the case would become the first in a series of high-profile convictions, but a federal judge threw out the charges. He ruled that the federal ban on distributing obscenity violates an individual's constitutional right to "possess, read, observe and think about what he chooses in the privacy of his own home."

Road Range

ROME, NEW YORK—Police wanted to track a lawyer suspected of transporting drugs, so they secretly placed a battery-powered GPS unit on his car. After his arrest the lawyer argued that the officers had not obtained a warrant, making the device the equivalent of an illegal search. A federal judge disagreed, writing that the lawyer "had no expectation of privacy in the whereabouts of his vehicle on a public roadway." In an earlier case a federal court ruled that police didn't need a warrant to place a GPS unit on the underside of a suspect's truck because it did not "pry into a hidden or enclosed area."

Pledge a Protester

WACO, TEXAS—In an effort to discourage protesters, abortion clinics in at least nine states ask supporters to pledge 25 cents to $1 for each picketer who shows up each day. Organizers for Planned Parenthood of Central Texas, which has raised nearly $23,000 over the past three years, say picketers at first didn't realize why the staff kept track of their numbers. They would taunt staff members by shouting "Count me! Count me!" The gimmick has been used for years by clinics around the country, but protesters insist they are not deterred.

Drug Market Theory

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Bureaucrats at the Pentagon have $780 million to spend this year destroying the Afghani opium industry, and they're raring to go. Generals on the ground, however, prefer to let the poppies grow because of the economic stability they provide. "If you pull at the thread of counternarcotics the wrong way, because of the sheer proportion of the gross domestic product wrapped up in this business, you should be careful of unintended consequences," said General James Jones, supreme commander of NATO.

Career Opportunities

BERLIN—Three years ago, when the German government legalized prostitution, brothel owners began submitting payroll taxes and providing health insurance. Now they want something in return—they are asking unemployment offices to help them find new girls. The government says it would never force anyone to become a hooker, but welfare reforms require women who have been unemployed for at least a year to take any available job or lose their benefits.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 51)

decent," and he replies, "I'm buttered from the waist down."—*A.U.S.A.*

"Did he ever dangle anything in front of you at the sleepovers? Say, his happy man-loaf?"—Dana Carvey, on *Night of Too Many Stars.* A woman puts her lips to a hose inserted into a gas tank, and another woman quips, "Had a lot of practice?"—*One Tree Hill.* A man says a woman has "huge cans."—*Scrubs.* "This story has a happy ending after all. Just like my last massage."—*The Simpsons.* A cartoon boy is about to enter a communal shower when a voice asks, "Is that a pimple or another nipple?" Cartoon boy's towel falls, and his butt is revealed.—*King of the Hill.*

FROM A LIST compiled by *Legal Times* of the average annual recusals by Supreme Court justices during their tenure. The justices do not have to provide a reason for recusing from a case, but it is generally done to avoid the appearance of a conflict of interest: Breyer 42, Souter 32, O'Connor 31, Stevens 17, Thomas 17, Kennedy 12, Scalia 12, Ginsburg 7, Rehnquist 7.

FROM A LIST of "embarrassing Bible questions" in *Ken's Guide to the Bible:* "(1) Do you really believe that Noah was 500 years old when he fathered his first child? (Genesis 5:32) (2) Why was it okay for God to destroy the sinful city of Sodom but not okay to destroy Lot's daughters when they had sex with him? (Genesis 19:30–36) (3) Do you really believe that anyone who works on a religious day of rest should be killed? (Exodus 31:15) (4) Do you believe children should be put to death for the sins of their parents? (II Samuel 2:2–4, 14–27; 12:9–19) (5) How come God rewarded Abraham and Lot with earthly riches but Jesus said that wealth is a one-way ticket to hell? (Genesis 24:34–35, Job 42:10–12, Matthew 19:24) (6) Do you believe in slavery? Then why do the apostles Paul and Peter encourage slaves to be obedient? (Ephesians 6:5–7; I Peter 2:18)."

A DISCLAIMER given to diners who ordered a $22 gourmet steak burger cooked rare or medium rare at a five-star London hotel: "Although we are happy to accommodate the request for the cooking of your burger, we would like to advise that while following the Food Safety Act of 1990, and striving to maintain due diligence, Marriott West India Quay and its associates can take no responsibility for minced beef products cooked in this manner and would advise of cooking the minced beef products medium or above."

THE BLAMELESS SOCIETY

OUR LATEST REVIEW OF WHINERS, GRIPERS AND FINGER-POINTERS

It's time again for a look at our no-fault culture. In his book *Evil: An Investigation,* Lance Morrow notes that "evil portrays itself, almost without exception, as injured innocence, fighting back." If that's true, we're surrounded. And yet amid the charges and countercharges we always find a few stories that suggest we should be more optimistic. Here are two: (1) A study in the *Michigan Law Review* found that the percentage of people willing to settle in a hypothetical personal-injury lawsuit jumped from 52 percent to 73 percent when the only change in the offer was an apology, and (2) Andrew Wilson of Branson, Missouri legally changed his name to They because, he says, he heard so many people claiming "They did this" or "They did that," he felt someone had to take responsibility. They—you the man.

PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

THE BLAMELESS	THE PROBLEM	WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK	INSTEAD, BLAME...
Louis Barone	Shot another restaurant patron dead after argument over lounge singer.	Okay, okay, she doesn't suck.	Jitters over terrorism. Claims he had gun only because of orange alert.
Jack Straw	British foreign secretary shook hands with Zimbabwe dictator.	Major political faux pas.	Bad lighting. Says he didn't recognize black strongman in dark corner.
David Shuey	Assaulted woman sunbathing topless on isolated beach.	Probably not the first time.	"Beach rage." Says he was overcome by indignation at woman's nudity.
John Kincannon	Electrocuted while knocking frond from power line with pool skimmer.	Tragic moment of carelessness.	Pool supply store, because pole did not have warning label. Widow sues.
Russell Bass	Port Authority cop caught videotaping 11-year-old girl taking a shower.	Broken trust.	Stress from 9/11 attack.
Marcy Noriega	Cop mistook revolver for stun gun and killed suspect in squad car.	Serious lack of training by Madera, California police force.	Taser. Cop and city sue firm, saying stun gun looks too much like a gun.
Jacqueline Chester	Air Force captain faced court martial after testing positive for drugs.	That's a problem.	Crazy sex. Husband says he's to blame; he put coke on his erection.
Michael Marks	Savagely beat girlfriend and threw her infant son against a wall.	Fiend.	PCP dust that floated down from a hotel balcony onto Marks's head.
Shelly Moore	Left smoldering cigarette in car; toddler severely burned in fire.	Be careful with lit cigarettes.	Philip Morris, which made the cigarette. Company pays $2 million.
Robert Levin	Climbed onto garbage truck at WTC, then fell when it pulled away.	That's what garbage trucks at cleanup sites tend to do.	Garbage firm, for "failing to respect my rights as a pedestrian." Levin sues.
Michael Cammarota	Investment counselor ripped off up to 53 people for a total of $7.3 million.	Get a real job.	"Money addiction." Cammarota asks judge for counseling instead of jail.
Derrick Thomas	NFL player, speeding in SUV without seat belt on icy road, died in rollover.	That's enough risk factors for three accidents.	GM, for not making extra-strong roof. Family sues for $75 million.
Isaac Bynum	African American whipped and beat his two-year-old son to death.	Monster.	"Post-traumatic slave syndrome."
Angel Jones	Bit off an inch of his girlfriend's nose during assault.	Brutal.	Weight-loss medicine, which Jones claims caused nose to "pop off."
Ronald Boyer	Pedophile accused of twice grabbing co-worker's ass at homeless shelter.	Some people never learn.	"Involuntary muscle spasm."
Tom Zaratti	Police find 61 child-porn movies and 90 photos on lawyer's hard drive.	This excuse should be good.	Mysterious child-porn virus that infected computer—twice.
LaTonya Finney	Became pregnant by boyfriend while both were doing time in county jail.	Jail needs less space between bars.	Sheriff, for not preventing sex. Family asks county for child support.
Elijah Keller	Careless teen fell into gorge; retrieved in dramatic rescue but injuries fatal.	It's amazing how firefighters risked their lives over 300-foot gorge.	Firefighters, for allegedly not securing his head properly. Parents sue.
John Horace	Nursing-home aide raped and impregnated comatose patient.	Sick, sick, sick.	Humanitarianism. Says he wanted only to shock victim out of coma.

BY CHIP ROWE

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES SPADER

A candid conversation with Boston Legal's press-shy star about pushing sexual boundaries, his bizarre characters and why journalists annoy him

It's only fitting that one of the quirkiest shows on television, Boston Legal, stars James Spader, one of the quirkiest actors in show business. Created by David E. Kelley—the man behind The Practice, Picket Fences, Ally McBeal and other offbeat shows—Boston Legal confounds audiences, who can never be quite sure if they're watching a drama or a comedy. And with Spader playing lead character Alan Shore, there's even more confusion: Is Shore a hero, a smarmy jerk, a con artist or a sentimentalist?

Critics aren't confused. They love the show's inventive plotlines, ethical brainteasers, clever dialogue and unpredictable characters. The program has been a top 25 hit with viewers, but it lingers in the shadow of the ABC show that airs before it—Desperate Housewives, the second most watched drama on TV. Even if it's not as popular as the women of Wisteria Lane, Boston Legal is, as Newsday says, "very nearly irresistible—the perfect complement to Desperate Housewives." The Washington Post adds, "The principal reason the show sparks and sizzles is Spader."

Spader, 45, is a relative newcomer to series TV, better known for his work in eccentric independent movies. Many of these have featured overt and often obsessive sex, beginning with Sex, Lies and Videotape, which won him the best actor award at Cannes in 1989.

Spader has always pushed boundaries. In Secretary he plays a lawyer who has a sadomasochistic relationship with Maggie Gyllenhaal. In Crash, directed by David Cronenberg, his character and one played by Holly Hunter survive an automobile accident that awakens bizarre erotic emotions in both of them. The movie follows their exploration of other accident scenes as they go deeper and deeper into the bizarre world that connects eroticism and car crashes.

Spader has also played bad boys, yuppie scum, sympathetic deviants, a doctor, a gambler, a killer and an archaeologist in a wide range of films, including Bad Influence, White Palace, True Colors, Storyville, Wolf and Stargate. He has also appeared in TV movies and on Seinfeld. But with the iconoclastic, egocentric ladies' man civil litigator in Boston Legal, Spader has reached his largest audience.

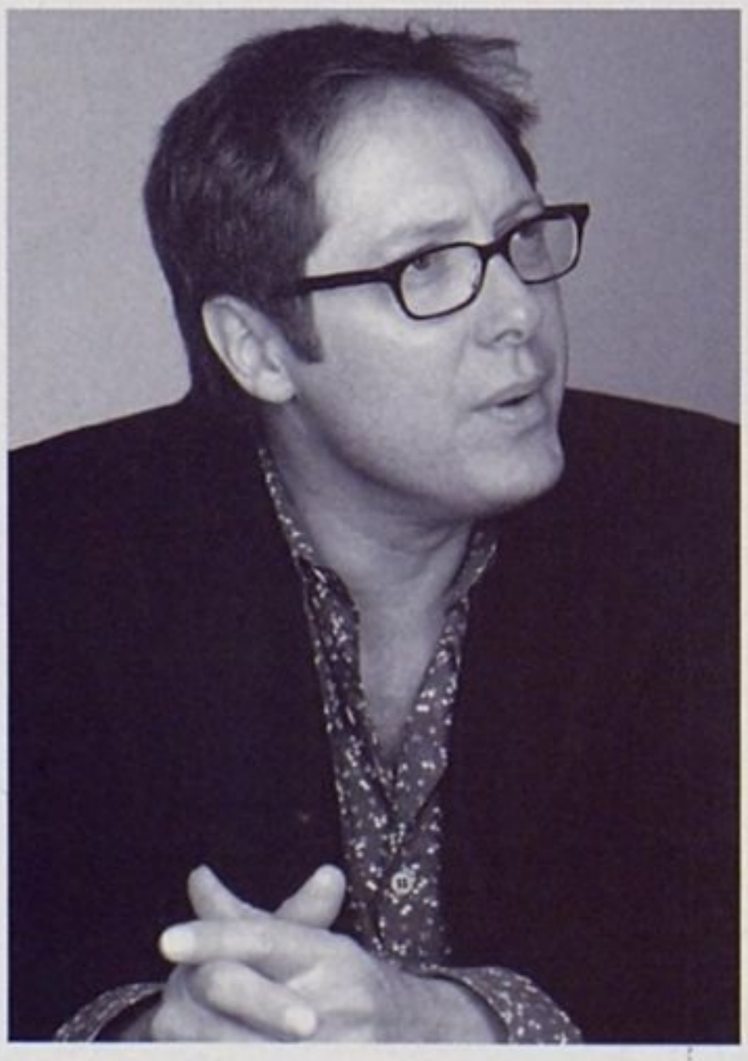
Brought in to create havoc and buoy up the sinking law firm in the final year of The Practice (for which he won an Emmy), Spader then moved on to the show's spin-off, Boston Legal, once again playing Alan Shore. The character is not beneath lying, cheating or deception as he prepares his cases. When he and the firm's most colorful partner, played by William Shatner, put their heads together, the results are twisted and funny. The show is like no other on TV.

Spader's upbringing prepared him for the unusual. He grew up near Cape Cod, Massachusetts, where his parents were schoolteachers. That didn't deter him from dropping out of Phillips Academy Andover in his junior year of high school. Spader moved to New York City, where he worked numerous odd jobs while attending acting classes. Currently separated from his wife, he keeps a low social profile in Hollywood, preferring to spend his free time with his two teenage sons.

PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel,** *who last interviewed Kiefer Sutherland for the magazine, to talk to the notoriously press-shy actor. Grobel reports, "Every time I came across one of his fellow actors talking about him, whether Shatner or Camryn Manheim, words like 'weird' and 'scary' were used. I figured I was at the least in for a verbal adventure. Spader didn't disappoint. One of the first things he told me was, 'I'm a bad interview.' Fortunately that wasn't true, but he did prove much of what I'd heard: He's protective of his family and privacy, he doesn't much like journalists, and yes, he is a bit weird and scary."*

PLAYBOY: According to many articles about you, you're uncomfortable talking to journalists.

SPADER: That's the reason I do as little of this as possible.



"Love is the one emotion actors allow themselves to believe. That's why they all get into such fucked-up relationships. They'll play a killer but won't believe they're a killer. They don't see that it's the same thing."

"The quarterback is in the locker room with a bunch of guys. Football is played in the afternoon. You need a shower afterward. Come on, that doesn't get you laid. If you want to be with girls, go into theater."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"It's not just that I dislike being interviewed. I don't have a problem sitting and talking. I'm just not comfortable talking about myself. It's a dilemma. I'm a bad interview. I don't take pride in it. I don't like the spotlight."

PLAYBOY: What do you have against doing interviews?

SPADER: I hear people say, "I hate publicity," but they're saying it to a journalist, so I don't believe it. When I see someone getting into fights with photographers or talking about how much he hates to be photographed, to me it's bullshit. I've never been a great believer in what people say, as opposed to what they do. They're two different things and often contradictory. I believe what they do. Besides, I don't like talking about myself.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you agree to this interview?

SPADER: Because my income now depends on my ability to do interviews. For years I failed to see the connection. It's not just that I dislike being interviewed. I don't have a problem sitting and talking. I'm just not comfortable talking about myself. It's a dilemma for me. I'm a bad interview. I don't take pride in it.

PLAYBOY: Yet here we are. And now that you're on a hit TV show, you must be required to deal with the media more than ever before.

SPADER: There's a thin line I try to walk. I do enough to keep working but not so much that I have no private life or call too much attention to myself. I don't like the spotlight.

PLAYBOY: You're an actor. If you don't like the spotlight, why did you sign up for *The Practice* last season?

SPADER: What interested me was the unique opportunity of the situation. Usually if you're going to do a television show, you do a pilot and then maybe six episodes. If it takes off, you have to commit to, like, five years. But all I had to do was commit to a year, and they were going to commit to a year. It sounded like great fun to spend a year as this character. I'd never done that before. The longest I'd ever worked on a character was four months.

PLAYBOY: Now you've moved on to *Boston Legal*. William Shatner, your co-star, has said he wasn't sure if *Boston Legal* would last more than a few episodes. He said he couldn't tell if it was supposed to be a drama or a comedy.

SPADER: A TV series is different from a film in that it's liquid; it shifts and changes from week to week. I'll do an episode that's dead-on straight drama one week, and the next week it's fun and games. *Boston Legal* is still figuring out its tone.

PLAYBOY: Shatner has said you're as recalcitrant as a donkey until you can find the right way to deliver a line. He also thinks you're a little weird.

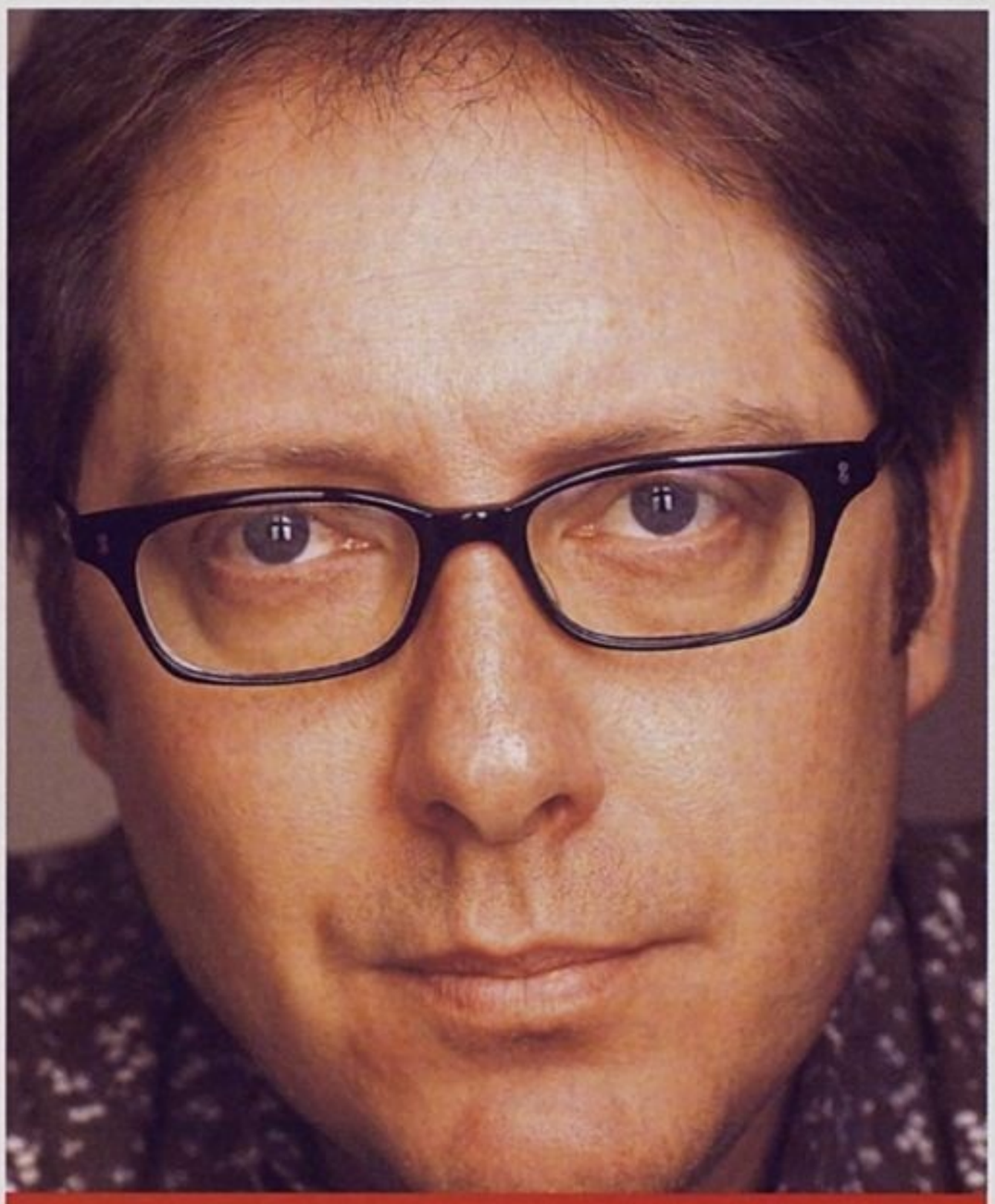
SPADER: I will take responsibility for any given behavior at any given time.

PLAYBOY: What's he like to work with?

SPADER: I have great fun doing scenes with him. My favorite people are always eccentrics, and Bill is one. When Bill is at his most eccentric, I admire him the most.

PLAYBOY: When you first joined *The Practice* Camryn Manheim said she was afraid of you. She said, "He's weird and strange and eccentric." That's two people who have called you weird. Do you take it as a compliment?

SPADER: It is, I guess. At times it could be an attribute, at other times a fault. It depends on the circumstances. She could be lying, too, you know. She doesn't seem like a very scared person.



The thing I envy most about women is their ability to have one orgasm right after another.

PLAYBOY: Do people often feel trepidation around you?

SPADER: I notice that people tend to treat me with a healthy amount of distance.

PLAYBOY: Was there additional tension on the set of *The Practice* because you came on knowing that most of the existing cast was being fired?

SPADER: If there was a feeling of tension at the beginning of the season, it was because there had been blood on the floor. Six characters had been removed from the show. I was hired after they were fired.

PLAYBOY: Did any of the remaining actors feel animosity toward you?

SPADER: None. They couldn't have been more hospitable and wonderful.

PLAYBOY: Alan Shore, your character on *The Practice* and again on *Boston Legal*, has been described as childish, confrontational, antiauthority, repellent and compelling. How would you describe him?

SPADER: He's a rascal. He's a troublemaker. He has tremendous appetites. I haven't yet found what he's scared of, except maybe complacency. That would probably scare the hell out of him.

PLAYBOY: You've also said he has a strong value system. What are his values, and do they jibe with yours?

SPADER: Not always. He cares for people, but he feels that respect must be earned. Until that point there's fair play. He values truth, even in its most embarrassing, destructive form.

PLAYBOY: How much credit can you take for the nuances and behavior of the character, and how much can be credited to David Kelley?

SPADER: It's hard to tell. David doesn't write a tremendous amount on the page. He writes dialogue. How it's performed is up to you. I've been able to play Alan only because I like things that don't fit very well, that are contrary. And Alan is that. That's one of the most important things David wanted to bring to the show: humor. My character was going to be the vehicle for that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've helped change the nature of the show?

SPADER: David is responsible for keeping the show going. He had this idea of how to keep *The Practice* running for another year. People had lost interest in it, and he had lost interest in it too. He was looking for something that would make him excited about writing it for another year, and he did. It turned into a big car wreck, and people came to watch the wreck.

PLAYBOY: Kelley told you he wanted Alan to be a disruptive force. What else did he tell you?

SPADER: He said Alan was going to be someone who is alone in his life at the moment and has a tremendous appreciation for women, and his lifestyle reflects that. He has many relationships, but he is alone. He is disruptive, self-destructive and funny, and he's a misfit. David wanted him to provoke by bringing tremendous conflict in how to respond to him. He wanted not only the characters within the firm but the people he encounters, and therefore the audience, to be absolutely conflicted about their feelings toward him. And he wanted to be able to sustain that. David wanted Alan to be somebody who draws this tremendously complex, conflicting response all the time. He said, "I like that you don't know how you feel about him."

PLAYBOY: How do you keep a character fresh after an audience gets used to him?
SPADER: I'll tell you exactly how. You put him in a set of circumstances, you think about what he might do, and you do the opposite.
PLAYBOY: Would you agree with the TV critic who wrote that if Tony Soprano ever needed a lawyer he should hire Alan Shore?
SPADER: I've never seen that show.
PLAYBOY: You've never seen *The Sopranos*? James Gandolfini, who plays Tony Soprano, was a fellow nominee for the 2004 Emmy, as were Martin Sheen, Kiefer Sutherland and Anthony LaPaglia. Pretty stiff competition.
SPADER: I had never seen any of their shows, so it was blissful ignorance for me. Their reputations precede them, so I admired that, but I didn't give a lot of thought to the competition. I've got a friend who likes to handicap horses, so when the nominations were announced he checked the Vegas line on it. The odds were against me. I was the long shot.
PLAYBOY: When you won you congratulated the women in the audience on their taste in shoes. Was that a prepared speech, or were you winging it?
SPADER: The best way to deal with something like that is to go in cold. I'm not naturally afraid of things that come at me as a surprise. I choose to face things that way. Thinking about winning or losing and making a speech—that creates discomfort. I've spent my life ill prepared. But I was tremendously pleased and humbled.
PLAYBOY: Which means more to you, the Emmy or the Golden Globe?
SPADER: I have no idea. I don't know enough about them. I do know that the Hollywood Foreign Press Association, which decides the Golden Globes, is made up of people you actually meet. You know who they are. I have no idea who decides the Emmys.
PLAYBOY: Getting back to your shoe remark at the Emmys——
SPADER: Shoes and dresses. The women looked great; they were working hard to look nice. If you're at a loss for something to say or trying to engage a woman in a room, that seems like the best way.
PLAYBOY: In the roles you play you don't have much trouble engaging women. Is that acting or who you really are?
SPADER: The first perk of theater is the girls. Working at night, staying up late, being with girls—it's that forever.
PLAYBOY: Was that how you first experienced sex, through acting?
SPADER: Yes.
PLAYBOY: Should a high school student who wants to get girls go into acting or become quarterback of the football team?
SPADER: Quarterback? He's in the locker room with a bunch of guys. He doesn't get laid at all. Football is played in the afternoon. You need a shower afterward. Come on, that doesn't get you laid. If you want to be with girls, go into theater. You're there at night, after school, and it's dark.
PLAYBOY: Have you had a sexual experience that competes with the ones you've performed in your films?
SPADER: Without question. The sexual experiences I've had have far surpassed any sexual experience I've had on-screen.
PLAYBOY: If you get any letters from women who have read this interview, will you respond?
SPADER: I don't read those letters. If I don't recognize the name on the envelope, I throw it out.
PLAYBOY: Do you envy anything about women?
SPADER: The thing I envy most is their ability to have one orgasm right after another. Women are absolutely beautiful, perfect sexual creatures. They are divine. I live my life in awe of the beauty of women. The smell of women is just intoxicating. I wonder whether men have that sort of effect on women. I can't imagine they do.
PLAYBOY: When you were a kid, did you look at nude photographs of women?
SPADER: I had *National Geographic* my whole life, so I saw naked women. But I was also surrounded by naked women. I grew up in a household with women

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running around naked all the time, and they had friends over who were naked all the time, so I didn't have to look far.

PLAYBOY: Including when you were going through puberty?

SPADER: Yeah. I saw my sisters, their friends and my mother naked from when I was a baby. All the time. We grew up in a very open household.

PLAYBOY: While on-screen nudity isn't a problem for you, you went to far more exotic realms with *Crash* and *Secretary*. What intrigued you about the S&M relationship between your character and Maggie Gyllenhaal's in *Secretary*?

SPADER: I hadn't ever read anything like it. It was funny and sweet, yet it had this other element that was unusual.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a similar relationship or fantasized about one?

SPADER: I certainly understand the relationship between pleasure and pain, the practice of the behavior. To the exclusion of other forms of sexuality? That I'm not familiar with. That's what was unique to me, that this form of sexuality excluded other forms. I prefer to incorporate the relationship between pleasure and pain with everything else in the sexual soup.

PLAYBOY: Does a woman want a man to be dominant in a relationship?

SPADER: Some. Some women don't at all. Some women want to be the dominant one entirely.

PLAYBOY: Does sex intrigue you more than other subjects?

SPADER: That's what the world seems to be about to me. Once animals figure out how to survive, the next thing they do is fuck. People have tried to evolve—they're so sophisticated, yet they're not at all. They have sex subverting them all the time. [*laughs*] I'm reckoning with it at all times of the day and night.

PLAYBOY: How many times in your life have you experienced real love?

SPADER: It would be an indiscretion to talk about it, but I have experienced it.

PLAYBOY: Are love stories difficult to make?

SPADER: Yes. You're supposed to fall in love with somebody. That's your job. But what if you do? It's a tricky emotion to play around with. It's so seductive. That's the problem—love is the one emotion actors allow themselves to believe. Again and again. That's why they all get into such fucked-up relationships. They'll go off and play a killer but won't allow themselves to believe they're a killer. They don't see that it's the same thing.

PLAYBOY: You've done numerous sex scenes. How do you handle them?

SPADER: A sex scene is often treated as a stunt in a film, and then it's hard to do and generally doesn't meld well with the rest of the film. I try to treat it as just another scene. You come in, communicate what's going on and be as comfortable as you can be.

PLAYBOY: Who are the scenes tougher for, men or women?

SPADER: I can't speak for other men, except for Elias Koteas, who played Vaughan in *Crash*, because he's the only man I've had a sex scene with. My sex scenes with women have always gone well. Much of it depends on how much experience you have doing scenes of an intimate and graphic sexual nature. I'm not uncomfortable with it at all, and I try to make the person I'm working with as comfortable as possible so they'll feel free to be able to do what they need to do for the scene.

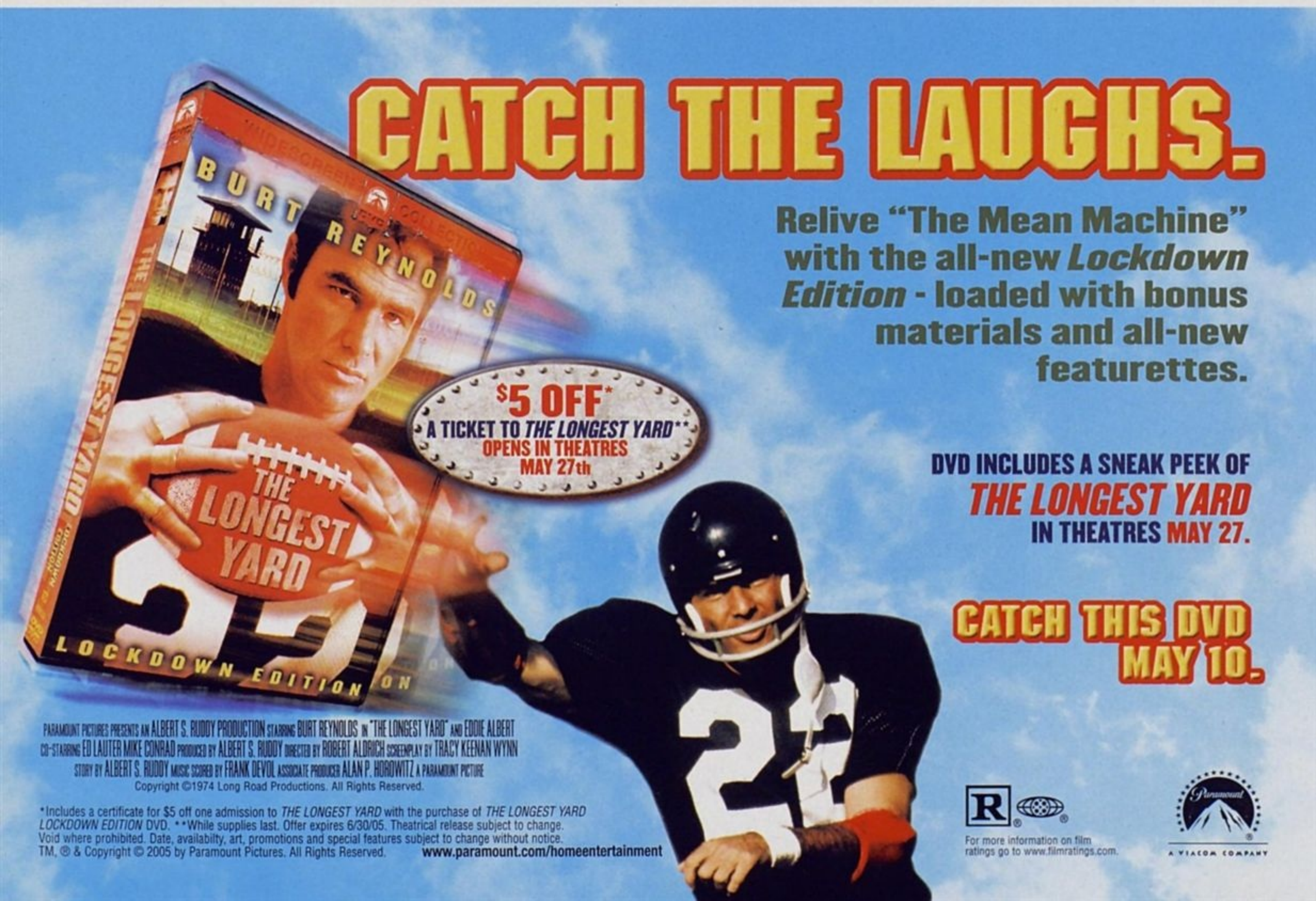
PLAYBOY: According to director Steven Shainberg, during one rehearsal for *Secretary* you asked Gyllenhaal if she masturbated often and then told her you did as often as you could. Is that accurate?

SPADER: I have no memory of it. I might have said it.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember how you first learned about masturbation?

SPADER: Yes. I learned about it the way every boy learns about it. You discover that rubbing your cock against something creates arousal.

PLAYBOY: You spanked Gyllenhaal in the movie. She said she didn't wear a pad, forgetting that a scene like that might require a number of takes. Apparently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there were 15 takes, and her ass was bruised and needed body makeup for later scenes.

SPADER: That's her story, her business. You're asking me to report on something that's entirely about someone else.

PLAYBOY: You were there. You did the spanking.

SPADER: It's her business.

PLAYBOY: Gyllenhaal said she felt you and she didn't get to know each other as human beings very well. Did you feel that way as well?

SPADER: We got to know each other within the context of who the characters were. That was the extent of it. That's generally what I'm doing when I'm on the set. I'm not looking to make friends.

PLAYBOY: Is *Crash* the most controversial film you've made?

SPADER: Without question.

PLAYBOY: The screening at Cannes was booed. The film was also booed when it was awarded a runner-up jury prize.

SPADER: The screening I was at went extremely well. It was a completely divisive film in terms of its reaction at Cannes. From reports I heard of the press screenings, people were either walking out or giving it a standing ovation.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever be reluctant to do another film like *Crash*?

SPADER: Films like *Crash* and *Secretary* satisfied a certain curiosity about something I didn't understand. Whenever I find something I don't understand, I'm curious about it.

PLAYBOY: Did you understand S&M or how car wrecks could be erotic after you made those films?

SPADER: Better. And that's a reason to do the films.

PLAYBOY: Did you incorporate what you learned into your private life?

SPADER: Sure.

PLAYBOY: If we could unlock your private life, would it be a Pandora's box?

SPADER: It just might be.

PLAYBOY: Was it always that way? What was growing up near Cape Cod like?

SPADER: I grew up on a boarding school campus, Brooks School, north of Boston. It was a very rural setting. My father taught English at Brooks. My mother taught at a grammar school in the next town. I went to Phillips Andover.

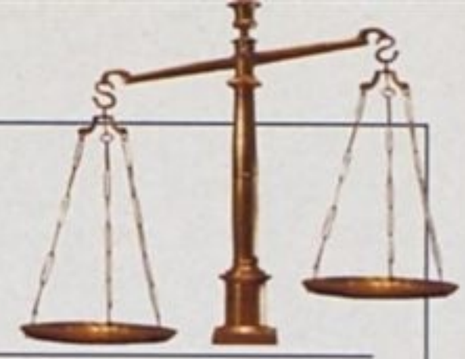
PLAYBOY: What was your life like?

SPADER: I spent all my time on a bicycle, either in the woods or by the lake or the ocean, climbing trees, damming up streams, having snowball fights, making jumps with my bike. Because both my parents were teachers, we also spent a tremendous amount of time traveling. They took sabbaticals, and we traveled to Europe a lot. During the first sabbatical we spent a year there, and during the second we took half a year. I was 11. We drove all over—France, England, Italy, Yugoslavia.

PLAYBOY: As a child, did you know what you wanted to be when you grew up?

Order in the Court

James Spader isn't TV's only lawyer, just its craziest

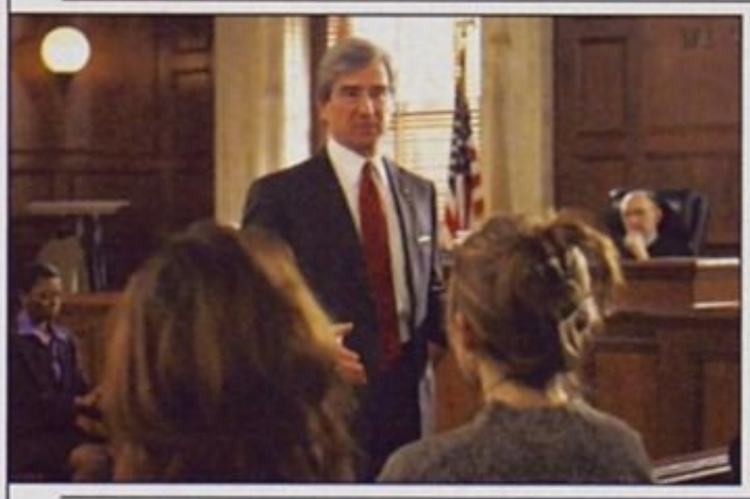


Perry Mason Raymond Burr as Perry Mason. **Days in court:** 1957 to 1993, including TV movies. **Specialty act:** This stolid, all-knowing defense attorney never failed to win a case, usually during a "surprise ending" when the actual culprit confessed on the stand. **Verdict:** Still TV's longest-running attorney, Mason made justice seem fair and made lawyers look like latter-day Sherlock Holmeses.

The Defenders E.G. Marshall as Lawrence Preston. **Days in court:** 1961 to 1965. **Specialty act:** Marshall's majestic, impassioned attorney tackled controversial cases that other lawyers—and most TV shows at the time—wouldn't touch, involving civil rights, abortion and euthanasia, often swaying public attitudes. **Verdict:** He's TV's answer to Atticus Finch in *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

The Paper Chase John Houseman as Professor Charles W. Kingsfield Jr. **Days in court:** 1978 to 1986. **Specialty act:** Houseman towered as a blisteringly tough-minded, tyrannical professor who intimidated and inspired his young law students. He won an Oscar for the 1973 movie version. **Verdict:** He epitomized the kind of scary, brilliant professor few of us are ever lucky enough to have.

L.A. Law Corbin Bernsen as Arnie Becker. **Days in court:** 1986 to 1994. **Specialty act:** This seedy divorce lawyer thought nothing of indulging in ethics-bending practices such as bedding his female clients. **Verdict:** Bernsen blazed the trail for other screen attorneys who can't keep it zipped up. Thanks to him, lawyers were no longer seen as heroes; they were slime.



Law & Order Sam Waterston as Jack McCoy. **Days in court:** 1994 to the present. **Specialty act:** With his hangdog Abe Lincoln looks, Waterston has earned three Emmy nominations as the quietly charismatic but flawed assistant district attorney. **Verdict:** Waterston proves lawyers can be ruthless and eloquent without resorting to the melodrama that affects too many TV courtrooms.

Murder One Daniel Benzali as Theodore Hoffman. **Days in court:** 1995 to 1996. **Specialty act:** In 23 riveting episodes that charted a single case from the murder of a 15-year-old to the aftermath of the trial, Benzali electrified TV as one of its all-time great lawyers. **Verdict:** The offbeat Benzali was way too smart for the room. The show was a hit in Europe but died here. *—Stephen Rebello*

SPADER: Yeah, I wanted to be a bank robber, gangster, cop, cowboy, Indian or spy.
PLAYBOY: Did you ever take any classes your parents taught?
SPADER: I had two years of nursery school and a year of kindergarten with my mother. I can still picture it today—making trouble and having her kick me out of the room, then peering through the little window by the door as class continued.
PLAYBOY: Did you get into much trouble as a kid?
SPADER: I got into trouble a lot, but it was always of a disruptive, playful nature. I would go on a sleepover at some kid's house. We'd be up late laughing and goofing off. After the first night I spent over at my best friend Will's house, his mother said to him, "That boy's never coming back to spend another night at our house." And of course we became best friends. I was always getting into trouble in school, disrupting class, getting kicked out of class. But it was all just fun. I've never been particularly good with authority, rules or sacred cows of any kind. I'm the kid who's going to make noise during the sermon.
PLAYBOY: Considering that your parents were teachers, how did they handle your dropping out of Phillips Academy in your junior year?
SPADER: It crept up on everybody and happened rather amicably. There was no dramatic change. I wasn't in disciplinary trouble at school. Andover said to me when I was going to leave, "Go away. Take a break. If you want to come back at any time, we'll welcome you back. Maybe you need a break. Whatever you want to do, go and do." My parents were part of this. So I went down to New York. Right when I got my driver's license I was gone. I had spent every vacation working since I was 12. As soon as I was able to fill out a W-4 form I was employed. My sisters were at Wellesley and Wesleyan at the time. I was very independent. I never said to myself, "Well, that's it. I'm done with schoolwork." But I guess I was.
PLAYBOY: During the five years prior to making the 1997 medical drama *Critical Care*, you spent a lot of time in hospitals for the births of your children and visiting your parents, who were ill.
SPADER: Yeah, my father more than my mother. My father passed away three weeks before I started shooting that film. It was very difficult.
PLAYBOY: You chose to bring your father home rather than have him stay in the hospital. Were you with him at the end?
SPADER: Yes. He'd had tremendous difficulty communicating for several years, so it was hard to decipher what he did and didn't know. I felt there was communication between us, but it could have just been my projecting. He said "I love you" to me before he died, though he also could have said something else and I might have thought he said that or wanted him to have said that. He had severe aphasia at the time.
PLAYBOY: You have said you've seen death happen in many different ways. How many deaths have you seen?
SPADER: I've seen animals die—I've shot animals. I've seen my father die. I've had many friends die from AIDS, age, suicide and homicide.
PLAYBOY: What is the most shocking death you've experienced?
SPADER: Suicide. But that may have been the timing and my age. A close friend of mine committed suicide when I was 17. That upset me.
PLAYBOY: At what time were you shooting animals?
SPADER: I stopped shooting animals at an early age, and then I stopped having anything to do with guns when I was in my 30s.
PLAYBOY: A profile of you in this magazine 15 years ago mentioned that you had weapons in the trunk of your car: a crossbow, a lance, a 12-inch knife and a whip. Why were you driving around with an arsenal?

I was always getting into trouble. I've never been particularly good with authority, rules or sacred cows. I'm the kid who's going to make noise during the sermon.

SPADER: I grew up with weaponry of all kinds. I was given a BB gun and a .22 rifle. I had air-gun pistols and slingshots. I've carried a knife on me since I was 10. [*pulls out a large pocketknife and opens the blade*]
PLAYBOY: Do you ever forget to take that out of your pocket at the airport?
SPADER: It doesn't go with me to the airport. It goes in a suitcase. When I get to wherever, I take it out of the suitcase.
PLAYBOY: Do you carry that knife with you all the time, or do you have a collection from which to choose?
SPADER: I've got a bunch of knives. For the past six months I've been carrying this because it seems to be the most efficient. It's an excellent knife. I had my knives taken away once. When we were 10 or 11 a friend and I put on a performance of *Robin Hood* for our parents as a way to make candy money. Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham meet in Sherwood Forest and get into a fight—that was the whole play. Our parents came. My friend came into the forest, and I leapt out and whipped out my Boy Scout knife. The parents were horrified, the play came to a halt, and the knife was taken away. It sat on my father's desk for a long time after that. Anyway, at the time that PLAYBOY piece was written I was shooting a film in Florida, where I bought the crossbow. I hooked up with one of the stunt guys and went to a knife and gun show, or maybe I had a catalog and ordered a crossbow. I still have it somewhere. I doubt I had a lance in my car. That sounds a little odd to me. That seems like something you'd leave at home.
PLAYBOY: Why did you stop collecting weapons?
SPADER: I lost interest in firearms because we had a dog that was scared to death of the sound of a rifle shot. Shooting the gun in the backyard or backwoods seemed like a terrible thing to do because the dog always came with us. I didn't have a taste for killing animals. I just shot a couple of squirrels, skinned them and ate them. I really had more of an interest in drying the skins out and seeing if I could make a hat out of them.
PLAYBOY: How does squirrel taste?
SPADER: Like tough, rubbery chicken. Everything seems to taste like chicken.
PLAYBOY: Has anyone ever pointed a gun at you?
SPADER: The only person to point a gun at me with aggression was a police officer. He was arresting somebody who was right next to me in New York City, right near Central Park. We were sitting on a park bench, and the officer wanted to arrest him. By association I got the gun pointed at me as well.
PLAYBOY: The police thought you were with him, but you weren't?
SPADER: I was with him, but the police weren't interested in me.
PLAYBOY: Was it a drug bust?
SPADER: Um....
PLAYBOY: Were you too stoned to be afraid?
SPADER: No. I wasn't stoned at all, and it wasn't that terrifying. It was surprising. It happened rather quickly.
PLAYBOY: Did they arrest your friend?
SPADER: He wasn't a friend. I didn't know the guy. Yeah, they threw him in the car. They couldn't have given a shit about me. They said, "What's that in your hand?" And I went [*demonstrates a dropping motion*], "Nothing." [*laughs*] It was New York in the 1970s, a very different time.
PLAYBOY: You played a drug dealer and pimp in *Less Than Zero*. Did you use drugs then?
SPADER: I didn't.
PLAYBOY: Did you ever take anything harder than LSD?
SPADER: No.
PLAYBOY: You did take LSD?
SPADER: Yes.
PLAYBOY: Was it scary?
SPADER: No.
PLAYBOY: Pleasurable?
SPADER: Yes.

(concluded on page 150)

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THE MEANING OF IT ALL

TRYING TO ANSWER THE BIG QUESTIONS

Who hasn't at some point contemplated what the poet Shelley called the "palace-roof of cloudless nights"? For centuries humans have stared into the sky and tried to figure out how it (and they) got where they are. Myths have given way to science, yet, as recent school board battles over Darwin show, rationality is often confounded by parochialism. No wonder. Evolution challenges religious beliefs, and cosmology—with its cold, indifferent universe—forces us to alter how we think about life. With our traditional sense of order called into doubt, what can take its place? We asked some of the world's best modern thinkers what science can tell us, including Simon Singh, author of the best-seller *Big Bang*, who starts us off with the origins of the universe, and Julia Sweeney, the former *Saturday Night Live* star who has turned her quest for knowledge into a trilogy of highly regarded one-woman shows (*God Said, Ha!*, *The Family Way* and *Letting Go of God*).

PAINTING BY SCOTT ANDERSON

in the beginning

Ten reasons to believe in the big bang

By Simon Singh

Once upon a time there was a big bang. All matter emerged from a hot, dense, compact state, and the universe expanded and evolved over the course of several billion years into the universe we see today. And everybody lived happily ever after. It sounds like a fairy tale, but it's true. For thousands of years civilizations have fabricated myths and theories to describe the history and origin of the universe. We are among the first generation of humans to have a consistent and compelling explanation—yet lots of people seem unable to accept this.

I recently spent a month traveling across North America, lecturing about cosmology. I have received all sorts of whimsical, insightful, witty and downright bizarre comments and questions, and I have enjoyed wrestling with all of them except one. Nothing frustrates me more than the claim that the big bang is "just a theory."

Why should I get so upset by a seemingly innocuous statement? The "just a theory" comment is often a slur intended to devalue and undermine what I perceive to be one of the pinnacles of human achievement. It's a comment typically leveled by individuals with an antiscientific agenda, whose sympathies lie with a cosmology based on scripture rather than a more rational approach. In other words, it's part of the same line of absurd thinking that says evolution should be excluded from the classroom because it's just a theory. The implication is that the hand of God is required to explain our universe.

"It is almost irresistible for humans to believe we have some special relationship to the universe, that human life is not just a more or less farcical outcome of a chain of accidents but that we were somehow built in from the beginning. It is hard to realize that this all is just a tiny part of an overwhelmingly hostile universe."

—Steven Weinberg, *The First Three Minutes*

It is fatuous to claim that the big bang (or evolution) is just a theory, because any scientific theory is just a theory, from the notion that the earth is round to the existence of superstrings. The important issue is how much evidence can be found in favor of or against a theory. Is it a strong, reliable theory, or is it a weak, fanciful one?

Unfortunately cosmology has a bad reputation for inventing weak, fanciful theories, from parallel universes to time travel. Scientists readily admit that such ideas are highly speculative. But the big bang model is in a different league. It has been checked and rechecked in a multitude of ways, and each time it has proved itself to be a basically accurate description of the universe, its history and origin.

To counter these "just a theory" claims, I'll explain why the big bang model of the universe is so compelling. How do we know there was a *(continued on page 76)*

faith and reason

Religion doesn't have to be opposed to science

By Bishop John Spong

Spong is the retired Episcopal bishop of Newark, New Jersey. His latest book is *The Sins of Scripture: Exposing the Bible's Texts of Hate to Reveal the God of Love.*

Playboy: Why do people still proclaim a biblical view of creation?

Spong: How long did it take the Flat Earth Society to go out of business? The Christian myth is God created the perfect world. Darwin says there never was a perfect creation. Fundamentalists fear that if they lose this battle they'll face a void of meaninglessness. But you can't win when you don't have truth on your side.

Playboy: What about intelligent design?

Spong: This is creationism perfumed to make it more acceptable. Biblical literalists probably like the big bang because they think there has to be somebody behind it. I believe that if an atomic winter were to reduce life to the level of cockroaches, intelligence would once again be present on this planet in about 5 billion years. There's a bias toward life and consciousness built into this universe.

Playboy: Aren't most Christians able to reconcile their faith with science?

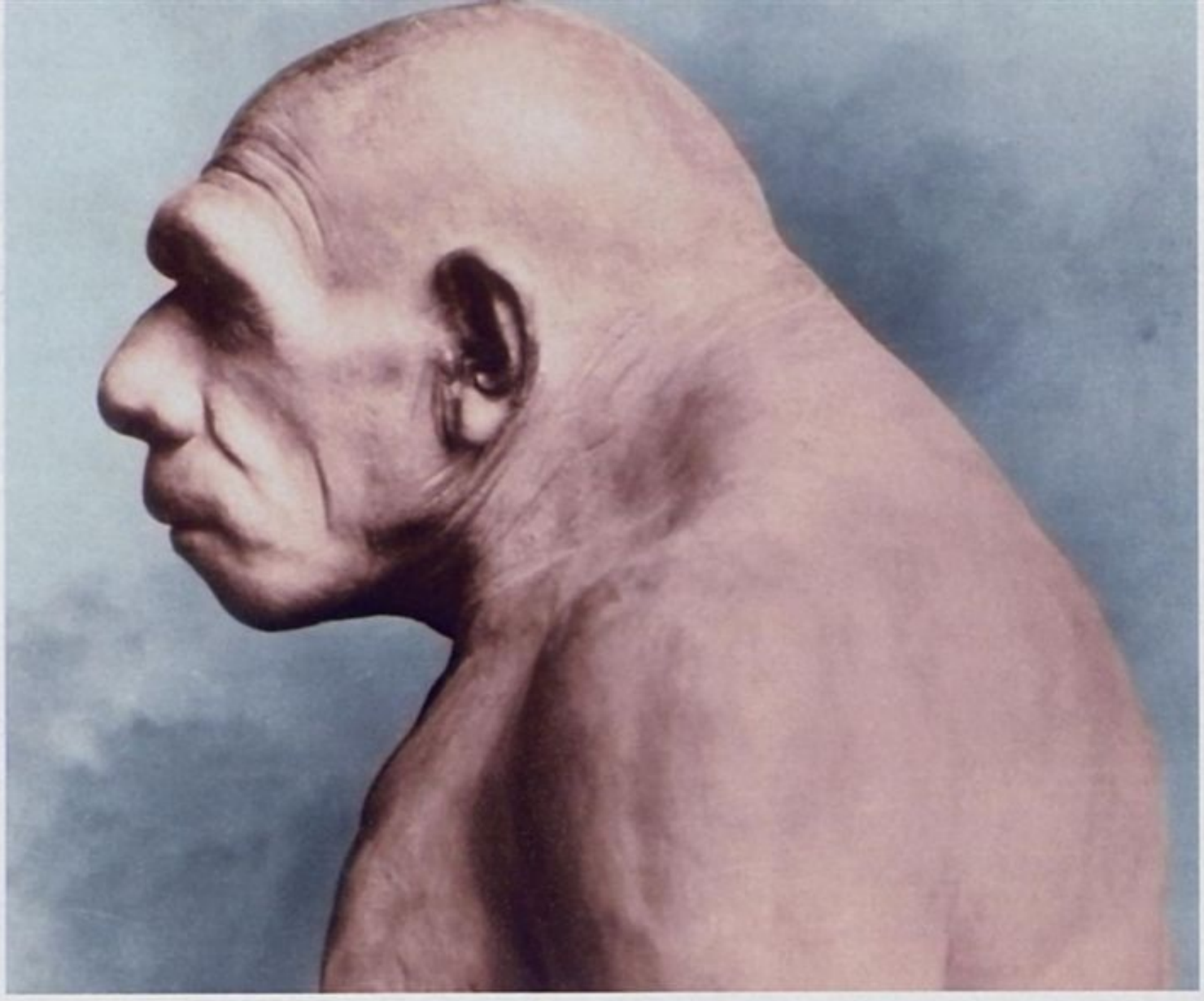
Spong: Terms like *reconcile* and *faith* are giveaways that a person has located Christianity in some articulated past. Religion is a search for security, not a search for truth. We humans are hopelessly religious. The issue is what the shape of that religion will be.

Playboy: Would you advocate a theory of religious evolution?

Spong: There is no such thing as "the faith once delivered to the saints." Every concept of God is a human creation. To be human is to sense there's something beyond you that you can't quite grasp.

Playboy: Do you read the Book of Genesis as myth? As poetry?

Spong: A bunch of it is tribal literature. Every religion starts with a favorite people. God is immoral in Genesis. Later God opens the Red Sea so he can drown Egyptians. God stops the sun in the sky so Joshua can kill more Amorites. That's Osama bin Laden's kind of religion. The prophets are the first people in the biblical tradition to transcend the tribal. Then Jesus, who comes out of that tradition, says, "Love your enemies." When you see God not as an external force but as the power that flows within everything, that's a profound concept.



darwin and divinity

Evolution is still under siege 170 years after the voyage of *The Beagle*

By Richard Dawkins

As holder of the Charles Simonyi chair in the Public Understanding of Science at Oxford University, Dawkins is the world's most eminent evolutionary biologist. His latest book is *The Ancestor's Tale: A Pilgrimage to the Dawn of Evolution.*

Playboy: What is the origin of life?

Dawkins: Nobody was there to see, obviously. That's true of most evolutionary events, but the more recent ones have left plenty of traces to help us make inferences, as a detective does on arrival at a crime scene. More important, all the more recent evolutionary events took place under conditions broadly similar to those that persist today. This makes it easy to test ideas because we know the conditions under which things happened. Unfortunately the origin of life occurred under conditions radically different from today's, largely because of changes wrought by living things themselves. For example, life began in the absence of free oxygen. Our oxygen-rich atmosphere is produced by plants and green bacteria. For all these reasons, nobody knows how life began. It's an area of active research, and several more or less plausible theories have been proposed. So far none of these theories has pulled ahead of the others, but I'm hopeful one will. Another possibility, which I find plausible, is that before long somebody will synthesize a new form of life in the laboratory.

Playboy: Is any of this in question scientifically?

Dawkins: The details of how life began are most certainly in question scientifically. Of course the fact that life originated is not in question, nor is the rough date—more than 3.5 billion years ago.

Playboy: Why has the acceptance of Darwinism waned in the U.S.?

Dawkins: It would be unfair to blame stupidity. The true explanation is more likely massive ignorance and poor schooling. American schools don't teach biology properly, and the cycle is repeated as political pressures born of prejudice against evolution further subvert scientific education.

Playboy: In *River Out of Eden* you write, "The universe we observe has precisely the properties we should expect if there is, at bottom, no design, no purpose, no evil and no good, nothing but blind, pitiless indifference." This isn't what religionists say. How could they come to this theory looking at the same things you see?

Dawkins: Again, ignorance. Tragically few people are educated in evolutionary science. That's demonstrated by the shocking fact that nearly half of all Americans believe an obviously absurd falsehood: that the entire universe began some time after the Middle Stone Age.

Playboy: You've written that atheism might have been logically tenable before Darwin but that he made it possible to be an intellectually fulfilled atheist. If so, why is atheism challenged more today than it was in Darwin's day?

Dawkins: First, religious beliefs are consoling. They *(concluded on page 153)*

the end is near

This is the way the world ends

By John Leslie

Professor emeritus of philosophy at the University of Guelph, Leslie is the author of *The End of the World: The Science and Ethics of Human Extinction.*

Playboy: What is the anthropic principle?

Leslie: It says if you slightly changed any of a large number of basic characteristics of the cosmos, you would get a lifeless universe. These characteristics are such things as the early cosmic smoothness, the expansion rates in the early big bang, the strengths of various forces—such as the relative strengths of electromagnetism, gravity, and the nuclear strong and weak forces—and the relative masses of various particles, such as electrons, protons and neutrons. There are two possible explanations for this fine-tuning. One is that a divine being or some sort of god force selected this universe among a large number of possible universes and decided to create it. The other way of dealing with it is to say there are a large number of universes with different characteristics. If you have a large enough number of these universes and they vary in the characteristics that are supposedly in need of fine-tuning, then sooner or later you'll have at least one universe or possibly quite a few. But in only a small proportion of the total will everything come out suitably for the evolution of living beings.

Observers are able to observe only if their surroundings are life supporting. I could not observe if I were in the center of the sun, unless I were a peculiar sort of being made of plasma. The man chiefly responsible for making the idea of the anthropic principle popular is Brandon Carter. He simply stated in the 1970s the obviously correct fact that the universe we observe is able to support intelligent life, otherwise we wouldn't be here to observe it. Unfortunately he said to an audience of scientists that the universe we observe must be one in which intelligent life is able to evolve. What he meant by that word *must* was that we are obviously in a universe where intelligent life is able to evolve. But a lot of people look at that word *must* and assume he is saying the universe in which we exist *had* to be one in which life would evolve. A lot of people grab the words *anthropic principle* to mean that God specifically designed the universe so everything would come out right for it to be able to support life. That's not what Carter intended. If, early in the big bang, the way the forces of

nature turned out were a matter of apparent chance, this chance would be overruled by some special principle that would ensure the universe came to be one in which life would evolve. This special principle could be a god force. People assumed Carter was trying to say the universe had to be designed specifically for man, but he meant no such thing. He simply meant that intelligent living beings of whatever sort can exist only in a universe in which intelligent living beings could evolve.

Playboy: Let's talk about the doomsday argument, which was also Carter's idea.

Leslie: The anthropic principle could encourage the view that we are in a peculiar situation and the universe in which we exist is a peculiar one. The large majority of universes are ones in which life couldn't evolve. But obviously we're in the sort of universe where life did evolve; otherwise we wouldn't be discussing the subject. The doomsday argument is an application of the anthropic principle, taking into account the fact that, though observers might expect themselves to be in unusual situations, we shouldn't think of ourselves as particularly unusual among observers. My favorite example of this is the case mentioned by Stephen Hawking and Werner Israel, who said that black holes are thought to radiate particles randomly; if you had a large enough number of black holes, one of them would at any moment be radiating somebody just like Charles Darwin—a being whose particles were all exactly situated as Darwin's particles were at a particular moment. It would come flying out of the black hole just by chance. Just as if you had a sufficient number of monkeys—trillions of them—typing on typewriters, one of them would type the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

"The more the universe seems comprehensible, the more it also seems pointless. But if there is no solace in the fruits of our research, there is at least some consolation in the research itself. Men and women are not content to comfort themselves with tales of gods and giants or to confine their thoughts to the daily affairs of life. The effort to understand the universe is one of the very few things that lift human life a little above the level of farce and give it some of the grace of tragedy."

—Steven Weinberg, *The First Three Minutes*

Ours is known to be a very big universe, and maybe at this moment people like Darwin are flying out of black holes. But this would be an unusual situation. Even supporters of the anthropic principle would want to see themselves in the usual situations rather than in less usual ones. If you had forgotten where you were born, you might ask yourself, Was it in Little Puddle, or was it in London? Little Puddle has 15 people, while London has several million. More people are born in London than in Little Puddle, so you should bet you were born in London, given those alternatives.

Playboy: Okay, but how does that apply to the doomsday argument?

Leslie: The argument is controversial, but I think it makes you much more pessimistic about the future of the human race. Certainly you shouldn't be immensely confident that the human race is going to have a long future, because this would be saying you're in the one-in-a-trillion situation instead of in the more normal one. When we come to consider our place in human population history, are we unusually situated in the temporal spread of the human race? Are we likely to be among the first trillion humans who will have existed? Or should we *(concluded on page 157)*

why bother with science?

Your dog could tell you why

By Julia Sweeney

For 40 years I ignored science. I thought science was a set of miscellaneous obscure facts about things like black holes and quarks and ages of places like the universe. All incomprehensible, remote and full of abstract concepts. All things that would be interesting if you were a person who was interested in those things. Which I wasn't.

I tried to be, honest. It was just so...boring. The word *science* conjured images of chemistry experiments and laughing preteen boys using the lab to make things that smelled like someone had passed gas. And scientists made me think of geeky guys in lab coats who couldn't get in touch with their feelings, who needed to be opened up by someone like...me, a person who had free access to her feelings all the time and wasn't afraid to show them.

It took me a while, but I discovered I was wrong. There's something wonderful about learning science, even if you're not a scientist. Here's why: Your life becomes much easier, fuller and less expensive (and I mean expensive in all the ways it can be expensive, not just monetarily), and if you don't bother with science you'll never get the whole experience of being human. On the other hand, I can't say that bothering with science will make you happier or less depressed. Still, there's a lot to be said for science, and besides, I personally think happiness is overrated.

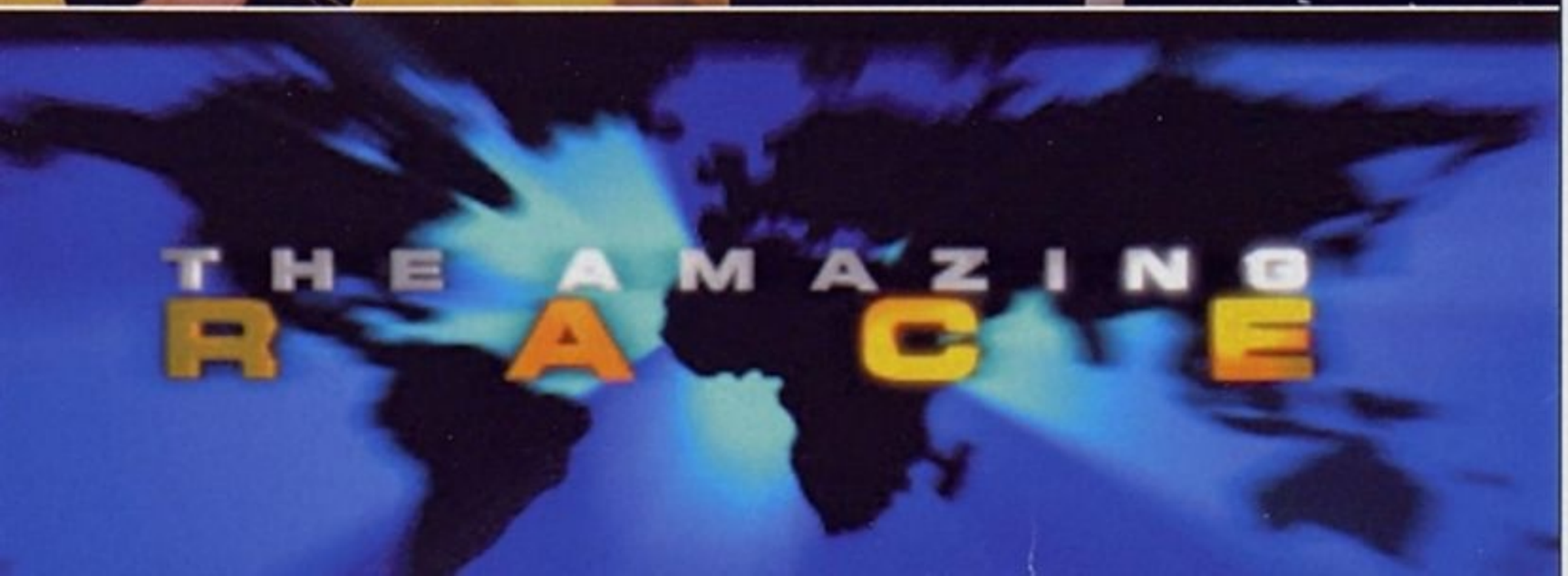
So 500 million protons can fit in the space of a dot the size of the period at the end of this sentence. And the earth is 4.5 billion years old, and black holes may or may not obliterate everything that falls into them, and there's an Oort cloud—like a garbage dump of extra bits and bobbles—surrounding our solar system, composed of leftover debris from when the planets were formed. And why on earth would it make any difference to anyone to know this? Paying attention to science provides you with two great things.

One is all the information we as human beings living at this moment can access, the result of centuries of scientific reasoning and experimentation—huge amounts of information that took people a lot of time, pain, diligence, suffering and *(concluded on page 154)*

"There's nothing to do in this damn town but have sex."

AMAZING VICTORIA

The controversial star of *The Amazing Race* sheds her gear and reflects on her experience



By Michael Schneider

We're used to seeing Playmates become TV stars, from Pam Anderson on *Baywatch* to Jenny McCarthy on *Singled Out,* but one of our favorite Centerfolds, Victoria Fuller, has taken a most unlikely route to becoming a household name. The Playmate turned professional artist joined with her husband, Jonathan, a handsome 42-year-old writer, producer and day-spa owner, to take part in *The Amazing Race 6,* probably the most critically acclaimed reality show on TV. The couple signed on for the adventure and the chance to win $1 million. Instead they became the show's stars—but not necessarily for reasons they would have wanted.

While Victoria's genuine sweetness won over rivals and viewers almost from the outset, the intensely competitive Jonathan was so focused on winning that he was seen as more insistent and overbearing than the other contestants. From the start he was mentioned in the same breath as *Survivor*'s Richard Hatch and *The Apprentice*'s Omarosa Manigault-Stallworth, whose unvarnished personalities had riveted viewers, for better or worse.

But then, in the season's fifth episode, came the moment now known as the Shove. Even in a genre in which extreme behavior is the norm, this act reached new heights. The couple, who were holding on to second place in the show's pressure-filled globe-trotting competition, were about to win the next leg of the race. Mere yards from the finish line in Berlin, Jonathan, in full sprint, shed his backpack in an attempt to gain an edge. Victoria, fearing the pack would be stolen, grabbed it. As she struggled with the extra weight, another couple overtook Victoria and Jonathan and won.

GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Readers who recall Victoria's appearance as Miss January 1996 (below) will be delighted to see that she remains as alluring as ever. Victoria and her husband, Jonathan (opposite page and above, prior to the commencement of the race in Chicago), had high hopes of success when they embarked on *The Amazing Race,* but the pressure of competition and the stress of being constantly on camera, together with Jonathan's competitive nature, proved to be a combustible combination. Though the couple did not win, they managed to strengthen their relationship.

Many of the photos in this pictorial feature Victoria with her art. "I'm inspired by the graphic punch of a Warhol Marilyn or a Peter Max Statue of Liberty," she says. "I love pop art because it makes the viewer question what's real and what's fantasy." Victoria, who has a nonexclusive license to use the Rabbit Head logo and Bunny costume in her paintings, calls her work "a retrospective of being a Playmate."

"We didn't go in thinking we'd be Ozzie and Harriet," says Victoria,
"but we came off like Ozzy and Sharon. We put a lot
of pressure on ourselves to win, and that was our downfall."

At that instant Jonathan lost it. Shouting, "How could you do that?" he shoved Victoria, who stumbled, barely keeping her feet. "Jon, stop it!" she wailed. She left in tears.

The couple had crossed the line a close second, but they'd also crossed the line in another way. Taciturn host Phil Keoghan, who rarely editorializes on the show, told Jonathan, "I think you probably should go and talk to Victoria." Viewers' feelings were as plain as the writing on the TV message boards. They labeled him "a scumbag" and "deplorable" and called for his disqualification. Bertram van Munster, the show's executive producer and creator, lectured Jonathan, something virtually unprecedented in reality-TV land. "I told him his behavior had to stop immediately," Van Munster says.

Acting out on national TV was hardly what Victoria and Jonathan had in mind when they applied to be contestants. The thought of winning the million-dollar grand prize was appealing, but the reason the couple applied, as they wrote on the program's website, was to get their relationship "on track after many grueling discussions about starting a family that have taken a toll on our marriage."

"We didn't go in thinking we'd be Ozzie and Harriet," Victoria says, "but we came off like Ozzy and Sharon. We were mentally and physically ready, but we put a lot of pressure on ourselves to win, and that was our downfall."

For the uninitiated, *The Amazing Race* takes 11 pairs of *(concluded on page 157)*

See Victoria's original Playmate pictorial at cyber.playboy.com.

Singh (continued from page 66)

Simplicity is valued by scientists when it comes to theories, and the big bang model is surprisingly simple.

big bang some 14 billion years ago? How do we know that today's universe expanded from a hot, dense, compact state? Here are 10 cast-iron reasons why cosmologists believe in the big bang.

(1) THE UNIVERSE IS EXPANDING

In 1929 Edwin Hubble at Mount Wilson Observatory in California showed that every distant galaxy was racing away from every other galaxy exactly as you would expect if the universe had started with a big bang. Galaxies fly apart like debris from an explosion. Take note, however, that the galaxies are not flying through space. They are flying along with space because space itself is expanding in the wake of the big bang. How do we know the universe is expanding? Each galaxy emits light with a particular set of wavelengths or colors. The expansion of space stretches the waves so that they're longer than expected, making the galaxies seem redder because red is at the longer end of the wavelength spectrum. This so-called red shift is greater for more distant galaxies because the intervening space between us and them has stretched to a greater extent.

(2) DIFFERENT TYPES OF GALAXIES AT DIFFERENT DISTANCES

The big bang suggests that the universe has evolved from a hot, dense state into today's universe. It would have been populated by different types of galaxies as it matured, starting with fresh-faced baby galaxies and ending with more distinguished, elderly galaxies such as our own Milky Way. Early galaxies would have had a different shape, size and composition compared with later galaxies. The big bang is vindicated because, by looking far away, we still see the young galaxies that populated the earlier universe. These galaxies no longer exist but are visible because it takes billions of years for light from distant galaxies to reach us. In other words, we see distant galaxies as they were billions of years ago. Sure enough, the distant (or early) galaxies look different from our neighboring (or modern) galaxies. For example, quasars are a type of baby galaxy, and they are found only in the most remote parts of the universe.

(3) THE ORIGIN OF HELIUM

The big bang model can suggest how temperature and density developed in the early universe. The first few minutes would have been ideal for nuclear fusion. Indeed, many of the original hydrogen nuclei would have fused into helium, and the big bang model indicates that today's universe should contain hydrogen and helium in the ratio of roughly three to one. When you look at the galaxies, roughly three quarters of the mass is hydrogen and one quarter is helium. This prediction was published in a 1948 paper written by George Gamow and Ralph Alpher, but Gamow added his friend Hans Bethe to the paper's list of authors. He liked the idea of a paper by Alpher, Bethe and Gamow, a pun on the Greek letters alpha, beta and gamma. Although the heat of the big bang was also responsible for synthesizing other light elements, it did not create the heavier elements. These elements were formed by nuclear reactions within various types of stars during different phases of their lives and deaths. When stars die they throw these elements out into space to form new stars, planets and everything else. So we might like to think of ourselves as stardust—or nuclear waste if you're less romantic.

(4) THE AFTERGLOW OF THE BIG BANG

Gamow and Alpher, working alongside Robert Herman, made a second prediction in the late 1940s. They argued that the big bang would have released a blast of radiation and predicted this radiation should still exist today in the form of microwaves throughout the universe. Unfortunately nobody bothered to check this basic test for the big bang model, partly because of limitations in technology and partly because few scientists at the time believed in a moment of creation. In 1964, however, Robert Wilson and Arno Penzias at Bell Labs in New Jersey were pointing a radio detector toward the sky and noted an annoying microwave noise. They suspected it was caused by a "white dielectric material" deposited on the detector by a pair of pigeons, but the microwaves persisted even after a cleaning. In the end they realized they had accidentally discovered the afterglow of the big bang. This is an example of pure serendipity, namely discovering something wonderful by chance. An alternative definition of serendipity is looking for a needle in a haystack and finding the farmer's daughter.

(5) THE BIG BANG IS SIMPLE

This may not seem like the most convincing evidence to support the big bang, but simplicity is valued by scientists when it comes to theories, and the big bang model is surprisingly simple. Simplicity is important because the world appears to operate according to simple rules, such as Einstein's equation $E=mc^2$, which encapsulates the relationship between matter and energy. When models become complicated, they are probably wrong. For example, the Greek astronomer Ptolemy postulated that the sun orbits the earth. His model also involved several fabricated and spurious orbits in order to make sense of the night sky, which made the model inordinately complex. These ad hoc orbits were necessary to patch up a fundamentally flawed model. The importance of simplicity was proposed by William of Occam, a 14th century English theologian who stated the principle of Occam's razor. This argues that if there are two competing theories, with other things being equal, the simpler one is more likely to be correct. Doctors rely on Occam's razor when diagnosing a patient, and medical students are advised, "When you hear hoofbeats, think horses, not zebras."

(6) THE BIG BANG IS BEAUTIFUL

For some reason, beautiful theories are often accurate. Beauty in any context is hard to define, but we all know it when we see it, and there is consensus on the concept of beauty in science. Perhaps it has evolved through experience, so that whatever set of qualities can be ascribed to theories that turn out to be true becomes the definition of beauty and an indicator of truth for new ideas. "When I'm working on a problem," said R. Buckminster Fuller, "I never think about beauty. I think only about how to solve the problem. But when I have finished, if the solution is not beautiful I know it is wrong." Perhaps this is a slight exaggeration, because reality is the ultimate test for a theory, so ugly theories can sometimes be right and beautiful theories can sometimes be wrong. As Thomas Huxley observed, "The great tragedy of science: the slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact."

(7) OLBERS'S PARADOX

In 1823, when many scientists assumed the universe was infinite and eternal, German astronomer Wilhelm Olbers wondered why the night sky was not ablaze with starlight. In essence, an infinite universe would contain an infinite number of stars, and if the universe were infinitely old then this would have allowed enough time for an infinite amount of light to reach us. The obvious lack of this infinite light from space is known as Olbers's paradox. There are

(continued on page 151)

"I'm looking for a body…any body!"

Runway Models

BOEING
BUSINESS
JET

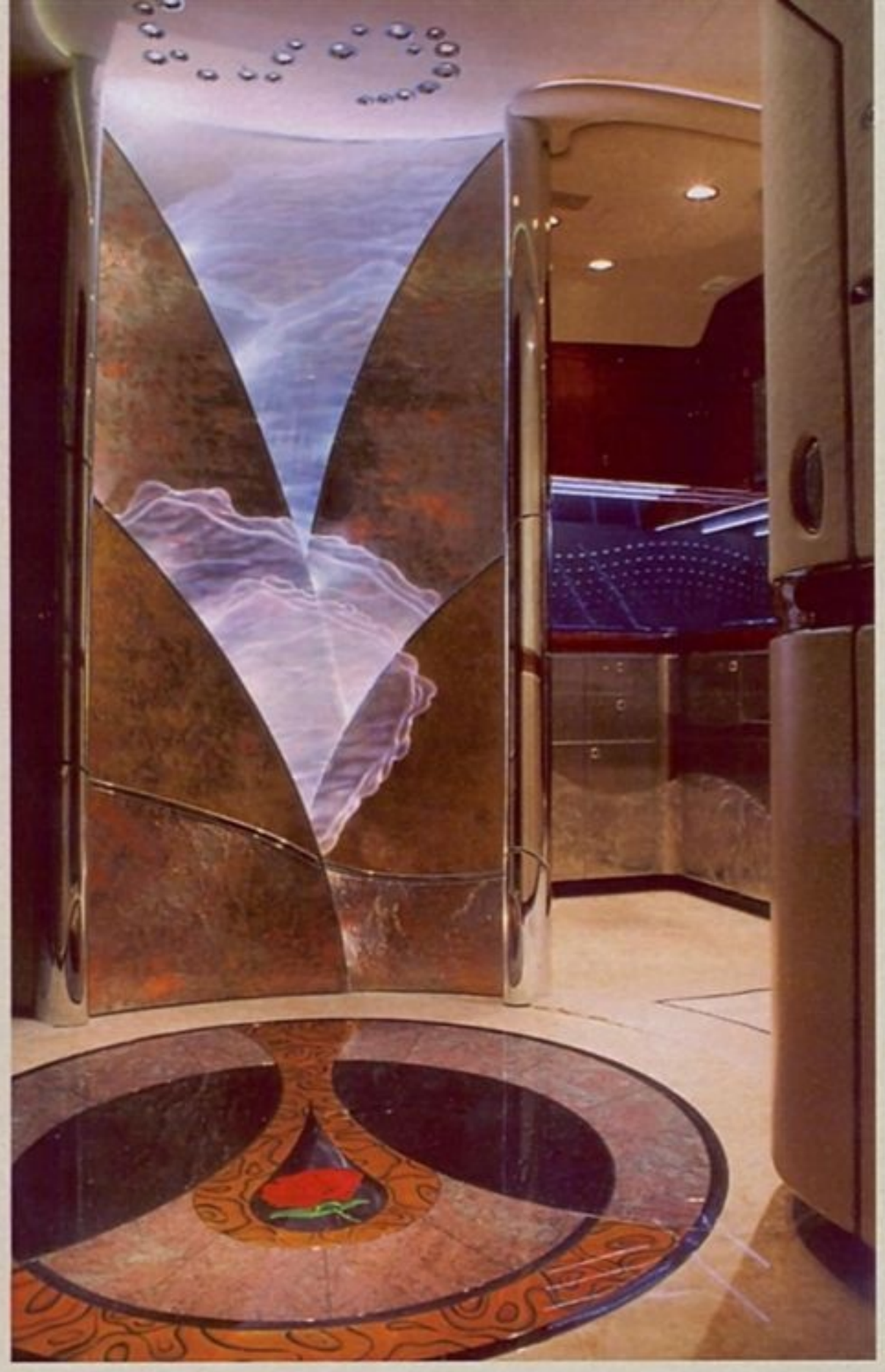
A cloudy Saturday morning. April showers have lingered into May, and your girl is giving you that look—that pouty, sexy, be-my-prince look. No problem. A quick check of the Weather Channel and you're on your way to the airport. You motor directly to the aircraft door and throw your keys to a parking attendant. A movie and a romantic interlude later and Customs is waiting for you on the tarmac. A limo idles nearby. Welcome to Florence. Tonight it's dinner near the Duomo, and tomorrow you'll hit the Italian Riviera for a swim. Her look confirms it: You *are* a prince. • If you've never lost that little-kid fascination with planes and adventure but are sick of the Transportation Security Administration making you take off your shoes, then private jets—to buy or charter—are the answer to the question you never thought to ask. The industry is coming out with a new breed of aircraft that achieves heights, distances and comforts inconceivable a few years ago. King-size bed? Check. Ethernet? Check. Shower? Of course. These yachts of the sky

Now boarding: your very own fully furnished, cutting-edge private jet, bound for whatever destination you choose

By Jason Harper

provide the ultimate in speed and convenience. They save time by allowing you to fly into small airports that cater to guys like you who don't wish to spend half their vacation waiting in lines. They supply a level of in-flight luxury on a par with a night at a four-star hotel. And as for safety, the old adage is true: You're safer flying to Tasmania than you are driving your car to work. The following fleet of jets represents the pinnacle of what's out there now (one is new to market this month). Some are capable of hurtling nonstop from New York to Tokyo or from Los Angeles to Moscow. At 51,000 feet, far above the turbulence and the Travelocity masses, you can actually see the curvature of the earth from the window. Don't have the cash to buy one outright? You can charter a jet for as little as $2,500 an hour (try L.A.-based Petersen Aviation at petersenaviation.com). It's not cheap, but neither is your time. • As morning falls on the historic streets of Florence, your travel companion rolls into your arms, a mischievous grin arching across her face. "You know what I'm in the mood for?" she asks. "Paella."

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD IZUI



the master bedroom with Hermès blankets and pillows. (We photographed Marciano's BBJ, shown on the opening spread and here, with the exception of the shot at top left, which is of another BBJ.) Dreary day in your town? You can charter Marciano's plane for a mere $8,500 an hour (Clay Lacy Aviation, 818-989-2900), then sip caipirinhas with some friends all the way to Rio de Janeiro's Copacabana Palace (it'll take you about 10 hours to get there, nonstop of course). That fee includes a full staff—three flight attendants and three pilots. Order what you want to eat ahead of time and it will be served to you on fine china. Marciano set up his jet to seat nine very comfortable passengers, but depending on the configuration, a BBJ can seat up to 60. "It is the ultimate toy," Marciano says giddily. Coming from a guy who has a fleet of supercars in his garage, that's quite a review.

BOEING BUSINESS JET

The Boeing Business Jet—essentially a private version of a Boeing 737—is the largest luxury jet you can buy or charter, with enough cabin space (807 square feet, to be exact) for a game of touch football. For $44.5 million you get the aircraft without any interior fittings, completely empty. Buyers can then deck it out however they desire. If you're like French fashion magnate Georges Marciano, who founded Guess and designed his BBJ's interior himself, you'll pimp the ride with another $10 million—gorgeous leathers, exotic woods, two sound systems, auto-sliding shades, three 42-inch flat-screen TVs, luxe couches and chairs, two foldout beds and a king in

DASSAULT FALCON 900EX

During spring skiing season, when jumbos are forced to land in Denver, the agile Falcon glides onto the narrow, mountain-ringed runway at Aspen. The 900EX's heritage is the fighter jet; the aircraft are built side by side in France. Although the Falcon is more cramped than the BBJ, a model in Manolos could easily saunter about the cabin without ducking, and everything from the exterior paint to the sink is customizable. With a 4,500-mile range, it'll get you and 10 friends cross-continent or direct to the tiny Caribbean islands where airborne Fat Alberts fear to tread. Elite Aviation charters this bird for $3,900 an hour. Your ship just came in? Buy it new for $34.65 million (falconjet.com).

BOMBARDIER GLOBAL 5000

Go ahead, say it. Slide the short syllables around in your mouth: Mach .89. That's how fast the Global 5000's two Rolls-Royce turbofan engines will thrust this jet through the skies on your way from a boring business meeting in Boston to Amsterdam's beckoning rowdiness. That means you're headed to a party at nearly the speed of sound. Count on arriving early. The Global 5000 represents the latest in technology, design and performance from Bombardier, the Quebec-based aviation powerhouse. The jet's wings-back stance and sharp bullet nose make it look like a 97-foot-long bird of prey, and those wings are specially designed to handle the Flash Gordon speeds. With the plane's impressive range of 4,800 nautical miles while carrying the weight of eight to 19 passengers along with a crew of three, transatlantic nonstop is over before you want it to be. You'll have 294 luxurious square feet to play with (that's more than some Manhattan apartments). Say you have

work to do before you land. You can spread out in the main cabin, which is wired for e-mail or web browsing and has a printer-scanner-fax and just about anything else you'd like to hook up. You'll have four satellite phones at your fingers, enabling you to trade stocks in Boston and make dinner reservations at Amsterdam's Supperclub at the same time. Meanwhile your date for the weekend can sip Veuve Clicquot in a buttery leather seat in the aft galley with her own independent stereo system and temperature control, waiting not entirely patiently for you to initiate her into the mile high club. Congratulations—you have just redefined traveling in style. The price tag on the Global 5000 is a bargain compared with its more expensive competitors. The first planes are just now rolling out of the factory, so they're tough to charter, but you can purchase a new one for $33.5 million (bombardier.com).

GULFSTREAM G550

The American-made Gulfstream is the foremost object of desire among masters of the universe, a superjet with the luxury of a Bentley and the attitude of a Ferrari. Steve Jobs owns a Gulfstream. Mark Cuban does too. Scientists at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration chase down storms in one. It's got goodies your pilot will dig (something about being able to see through clouds), but let's be honest: What you care about is the jealousy of colleagues and the lust of the ladies. The plane has a range of 6,750 miles, a ceiling of 51,000 feet and a coolness rating of 10. You can circumnavigate the globe, stopping only once, and you can do it quickly (top speed: Mach .885). It has the latest entertainment systems, holds up to 19 passengers and is fully customizable, so you can max out the interior with a master bedroom, a shower and a galley. You can charter a G550 for $8,000 an hour at bluestarjets.com or buy one new for $45.75 million (gulfstream.com). Feel free to have your portrait painted on the fuselage.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF PARIS AND NICKY!

J.J. Sedelmaier PRODUCTIONS, INC.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD RUSHFIELD AND ADAM LEFF

DON'T BE FOOLED BY THEIR HEDONISTIC FACADE. THE HILTON SISTERS LIVE A SECRET LIFE – AS **SUPERHEROES!**

POOLSIDE AT THE **HARD ROCK HOTEL**, LAS VEGAS...

WHAT THE HELL? WHERE'S THE **WORM?**

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A SPECIAL REPORT. THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARDS JUST ANNOUNCED THAT THIS YEAR'S LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD WILL GO TO **JESSICA SIMPSON.**

YOU GO, GIRL!

JESSICA'S A WINNER!

A WEEK AGO, I'D NEVER HEARD OF JESSICA SIMPSON. BESIDES, SHE'S ON CABLE! I SMELL A RAT! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE **HILTON SISTERS!**

NICKY HILTON'S BAHAMIAN HONEYMOON SUITE...

YOUR SISTER HAS GOT **SOME** MOVES!

A NEW SEX TAPE? THAT'S A SIGNAL! PARIS NEEDS ME!

MIAMI MOOMBA

AIN'T YOU ON YER HONEYMOON?

I CAN BE MARRIED WHEN I'M DEAD! WE HILTONS DON'T MISS A PARTY!

V.I.P

V.V.I.P.

CODE ORANGE, NICKY. I JUST DNA-TESTED JESSICA SIMPSON'S LOOSE HAIR FOLLICLES –

SO, LIKE, WHAT DOES IT MEAN, PARIS?

DEEP INSIDE CLUB MOOMBA – "LA LAB EXCLUSIVO DE HILTON"

IT MEANS THIS YEAR THE **HILTON SISTERS** ARE, CRASHING THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARDS!

AMERICA NEEDS US!

THIS SIMPSON CHICK MAY BE OUR MOST POWERFUL FOE YET!

HILTONX2

WHEN WE'RE FINISHED, I GET DIBS ON NICK LACHEY.

BACKSTAGE AT THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE...

TONIGHT ALL AMERICA WILL BE WATCHING, AND **YOU** WILL DELIVER THEM TO US!

IT'S A GOOD THING

YOU ARE THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON KNOWN TO MAN...

I **LOVE** YOU, AMERICA!

NOW EVERYONE LOOK **DEEP** INTO MY EYES!

NOT SO FAST, YOU LIP-SYNCHING SLUT!

THOSE HOT HEIRESSES JUST SAVED AMERICA'S YOUTH! **WHO** ARE THEY?

OMIGOD, YOU ARE LIKE SOOO **BUSTED**!

GIRLS, WHERE YOU BEEN AT? YOU MISSED THE **PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARDS**, YO!

NO WAY, P. DIDDY! WHO WON?

THE **HILTON SISTERS**, OF COURSE!

BY JASON BUHRMESTER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVID ROSE

VITALI KLITSCHKO

THE ONLY HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP WITH A PH.D. TALKS ABOUT BRINGING DEMOCRACY TO THE UKRAINE, PONDERS HIS NEXT BOUT AND EXPLAINS WHY BOXING IS LIKE CHESS

Q1

PLAYBOY: Your father was a Soviet helicopter pilot. What was growing up on Soviet military bases like?

KLITSCHKO: It was hard on my mother and father. My father would come home with a new task and tell my mother, "I'll call you in a month and let you know where you need to go." My mother would have to pack all our things and drive us to a new base. But for us children it was easy. There were new bases, new environments, new friends and new schools. One base was in the desert. The next was in the deep forest. One base was close to a Soviet space facility, so we got to watch a lot of the rocket launches. It was always interesting.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Did being the new guy in school lead to many fights?

KLITSCHKO: I changed schools seven times. I'd come home with a bloody nose and black eyes. Then I learned to defend myself. That's not why I went into boxing, though. This was just life. You had to be smart and learn to make connections and friends fast. You had to establish your position quickly.

Q3

PLAYBOY: If you didn't go into boxing to learn to defend yourself, why did you?

KLITSCHKO: I started boxing when I was 12 or 13. Then I went to karate, to kickboxing and back to boxing. The military base I was on when I started was in the desert. There was nothing else to do. There were no toys for children, so the adults kept us busy. Every base had activities. Some had go-karts, some had photography, but every base had boxing.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Do your parents ever watch your fights?

KLITSCHKO: A long time ago they did, but now I forbid it. When I was 21 years old I went to Norwich, England for a kickboxing championship. The guy I fought was from Norwich, and this big arena was full of everyone who knew him. His family—mother, father, wife, children—was in the first row. I knocked him out, and he fell right in front of them. I could see the pain in the eyes of his parents and his wife. I know it's a hard sport, but I never want to bring that pain to my parents. So I told them no one could come to my fights. I don't need that emotional pressure. My wife is the one person who comes. I forbid her to, but she tells me she'll buy a ticket anyway. I can't stop her. I don't stand a chance. It's one fight I always lose.

Q5

PLAYBOY: What did you think of the United States back then?

KLITSCHKO: All the information they gave us on the U.S. was about how it was a bad country with bad people who wanted to kill us. When we were children we watched anti-American cartoons. Most professional boxing was banned in the Soviet Union, but the government would sometimes show Muhammad Ali fights. When Ali protested the war in Vietnam they began allowing information on him—they tried to use his movement for peace as a tool against the U.S. government. We thought it was a horrible country, and we were told to be happy we were lucky enough to be born in the Soviet Union.

Then in 1989, when I was 18, I went to the U.S. for the first time for a kickboxing tournament. I was terrified. I was in Florida. I went to Disney World and stood there with my mouth hanging open. I couldn't understand it. This wasn't the country they'd taught me about. When I got home I told my father, "Nothing is true. All the information on TV and in the newspaper is a lie. We have been brainwashed."

Q6

PLAYBOY: Did you bring anything back from the U.S.? *(continued on page 144)*

Big League Blues

IF YOU LIVE IN A MAJOR MARKET, YOU'RE IN FOR A GREAT SEASON. IF YOU DON'T, NEXT YEAR WON'T BE MUCH BETTER

By Tracy Ringolsby

It was hard enough for George Steinbrenner to stomach the Diamondbacks ending his team's three-year championship run in 2001. But to see his club not even get to the World Series in two of the next three years? To watch the Red Sox not only win the Series—their first title since World War I—but advance with an upset of his Bronx Bombers, who became the first team in baseball history to blow a 3–0 lead in a best-of-seven series?

"Let's just say last October didn't sit well with the Boss," says a Yankees executive. So Steinbrenner did what he does best. He wrote checks. There was, however, a method to King George's madness. The Yankees won in the 1990s with pitching. If they were to win again in the new century, they would need to put pitching back in place. But by the time Steinbrenner had signed pitchers Carl Pavano and Jaret Wright and traded for Randy Johnson, he'd compiled baseball's first $200 million–plus payroll. Hell, the Yankees' payroll tax alone is roughly $30 million—higher than the total 2004 payrolls of Tampa Bay and Milwaukee.

Parity? Not anymore. Yes, small-market Minnesota has won three straight division titles, but the Twins haven't been to a World Series since 1991. This isn't just a financial issue but a geographic one. In the first decade of three-division play, St. Louis was the only NL Central team to make it to the Series. Cleveland got there twice, but no other AL Central team did. Eight of the 10 Series winners came from the East, including the Yankees four times, Florida twice and Boston and Atlanta once apiece. Arizona, in 2001, and Anaheim, in 2002, were the only exceptions. But there's nothing illicit about what teams back east do. They just win, baby—something we expect a team out west, the Giants, to do quite a bit this season as Barry Bonds inches toward Hank Aaron's home run record amid steroid questions that popped up during grand jury testimony about a Bay Area performance-enhancement firm.

There will be plenty to cheer about, particularly in the nation's capital, where baseball is back. After two nomadic seasons the Montreal Expos are no more. They are now the Washington Nationals, a third chance for that city to show it can support a team. Hey, there is hope: At least they're still on the right coast.

The New General Managers

By Chris Kahrl After steroids and salaries, the hot topic in baseball is the number crunchers. Michael Lewis's *Moneyball* kicked off a debate about whether a general manager should evaluate players through traditional scouting or by performance analysis.

On the one hand you have scouts who rely on player-evaluation methods almost as old as Cap Anson. They employ the same standardized grading systems that have been used to evaluate players since the 1960s. On the other hand you have a generation of statheads raised on the theories of statistical heroes such as Bill James and Pete Palmer.

General managers today rely on both approaches. Despite what you hear in the media, there isn't really a debate between these two schools, not in the sense that one side is right and the other is wrong. Any respectable stathead will admit that the numbers can tell you only so much, that data can answer only specific questions. Any scout worth his salt will tell you his methods answer different questions, that players develop in a way no scout can anticipate. Today's smart GMs take basic scouting information about a pitcher's mechanics, a hitter's swing or a player's foot speed and integrate it with whatever insight the data can provide. Statistical analysis isn't about replacing scouting; it's about gaining a competitive advantage over an opponent.

Further evidence that the debate is overdone is that many of the approaches Jamesians take to player analysis echo ideas that John McGraw, Branch Rickey and Earl Weaver used to build winning ball clubs: Score runs by getting people on base; don't overcommit to aging talent; manage the pitching staff effectively.

So which franchises in today's game get a leg up on the competition by doing their homework? Billy Beane's Oakland A's might be the top performance-analysis franchise, and not just because of the facts Lewis presents in his book. Year after year Oakland avoids little ball—the running game, for example, and sacrifice bunting, both of which give the opponent free outs. The workload of starting pitchers is monitored throughout the organization, from the lowest rung of the minors to the majors. *(concluded on page 146)*

'05

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

NL EAST:
BRAVES

NL CENTRAL:
CARDINALS

NL WEST:
GIANTS

NL WILD CARD:
CUBS

NL CHAMPIONS:
GIANTS

AL EAST:
YANKEES

AL CENTRAL:
TWINS

AL WEST:
ANGELS

AL WILD CARD:
WHITE SOX

AL CHAMPIONS:
YANKEES

WORLD CHAMPIONS:
GIANTS

As last season proved, anything can happen. We no longer believe in curses, ghosts or baseball gods. But there are limits (sorry, Cubbies). This year we'll go with the Giants, who are working on a 50-year drought of their own.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

1. New York Yankees

Last season: 101–61. First place, lost to Boston in the ALCS. The Yankees have won at least 100 games in each of the past three seasons but have no championships to show for it. Before that the Yanks won titles in 11 of the 15 seasons in which they hit the century mark.

Off-season focus: Realizing that the common denominator of their championship seasons was a dominant pitching staff, the Yankees used George Steinbrenner's lucre to revamp the rotation. Kevin Brown and Mike Mussina remain, but they'll be joined by newcomers Randy Johnson, Carl Pavano and Jaret Wright.

In-season prognosis: The roster has few obvious holes, but what do you expect from a team with a payroll of more than $200 million? What remains to be seen is how Jason Giambi will come back. If he's healthy, the lineup will be potent. If he doesn't return to form and Bernie Williams winds up as the designated hitter, the Yanks may have to go with Hideki Matsui in center field, which will have them wondering why they unloaded Kenny Lofton so quickly.

Welcome to town: The Big Unit is actually a New York kind of guy. He'll thrive in the spotlight.

2. Boston Red Sox

Last season: 98–64. Second place, three games out of first. The Red Sox earned the AL wild card and won their first World Series since 1918. Boston's 68 stolen bases were the fewest by a title team since Baltimore's 61 in 1983.

Off-season focus: Coming off their first championship in 86 years, the Red Sox revamped their pitching staff, allowing their top two starters, Pedro Martinez and Derek Lowe, to leave as free agents and replacing them with Matt Clement and David Wells. Boston also rolled the dice on the health of oft-ailing starter Wade Miller and reliever Matt Mantei.

In-season prognosis: The Red Sox will be hard-pressed to catch the Yankees over 162 games, though they did give them something to think about by becoming the first team in history to overcome an 0–3 deficit in a best-of-seven series by knocking off New York in the ALCS. They can match up offensively, with the likes of Johnny Damon, Manny Ramirez, David Ortiz, Trot Nixon and newcomer Edgar Renteria, but pitching is what wins short series.

Welcome to town: Wells was once a Red Sox antagonist, having pitched for the Yankees and making no secret of his adoration of Babe Ruth.

RESPECT

Lou Piniella played in four World Series with the Yankees. He managed Cincinnati to a World Series title in 1990 and guided Seattle to its first four postseason appearances. Now he's trying to create a winner in Tampa Bay.

Q: Have two seasons with the Devil Rays tempered your emotions?

A: I've learned to slow down. It's a tougher division, and we have less payroll. It takes more patience.

Q: What's different from Seattle?

A: We had players in Seattle ready for the next step. In Tampa we look at the farm system first. And we have those two Goliaths, the Yankees and the Red Sox, in our division. Last year we were 9–29 against those two, and we were .500 against everyone else.

Q: Any predictions for this year?

A: I made a mistake last year in saying we'd get out of the cellar, but we did it. No predictions this year. We're just going to play hard.

Playboy's All-Star Sleepers

Anybody can tab Barry Bonds and Roger Clemens as All-Stars, but we'll stack this lineup against any in the majors

LF: Adam Dunn, Reds
CF: Vernon Wells, Blue Jays
RF: Brad Wilkerson, Nationals
SS: Carlos Guillen, Tigers
2B: Orlando Hudson, Blue Jays
1B: Justin Morneau, Twins
3B: Melvin Mora, Orioles
SP: Oliver Perez, Pirates
RP: Chad Cordero, Nationals
C: Victor Martinez, Indians
DH: Travis Hafner, Indians

3. Baltimore Orioles

Last season: 78–84. Third place, 23 games out. The O's have gone seven consecutive seasons without a winning record for the first time since they had 14 straight winless campaigns from 1946 through 1959.

Off-season focus: Baltimore swung and missed at free agents Carl Pavano, Richie Sexson and Carlos Delgado, among others, but finally made an offseason splash with the acquisition of Sammy Sosa from the Cubs. Question: How does that help a young pitching staff that couldn't benefit from one of the league's best offenses in 2004?

In-season prognosis: It won't be pretty. The Orioles have no hope of making the playoffs, and owner Peter Angelos isn't happy about the transformation of the Montreal Expos into the Washington Nationals, whom he thinks will infringe on his fan base. That means uneasy times for manager Lee Mazzilli, executive vice president Jim Beattie and vice president Mike Flanagan, each of whom is in the final year of his guaranteed contract.

Welcome to town: Sosa had to go somewhere; he was no longer welcome at Wrigley Field. He will definitely enjoy the power alleys at Camden Yards.

4. Tampa Bay Devil Rays

Last season: 70–91. Fourth place, 30½ games out of first. The Devil Rays climbed out of the basement for the first time in their seven-year history.

Off-season focus: The original plan was to upgrade the rotation, but when free agent prices got out of hand, the Devil Rays, who live on a limited budget, had to scrap that idea. They instead tried to add offense, which became critical when center fielder Rocco Baldelli tore up his knee, requiring surgery that will sideline him until at least midseason. The acquisitions of third baseman Alex Gonzalez, outfielder Danny Bautista and designated hitter Josh Phelps won't make up for the loss.

In-season prognosis: The Devil Rays have no reason to think their fortunes will turn. While the rest of the division spends money, Tampa Bay has limited financial flexibility, and that's not likely to change in the near future.

Welcome to town: The trade with the Mets that netted southpaw Scott Kazmir for sore-armed Victor Zambrano was a steal. Kazmir is rotation ready.

5. Toronto Blue Jays

Last season: 67–94. Last place, 33½ games out. After having five managers in their first 21 seasons, the Blue Jays have had six since Cito Gaston was dumped in the final week of the 1997 season.

Off-season focus: The Jays had money to spend after they bid adieu to Carlos Delgado and his $19 million salary, but other than third baseman Corey Koskie they couldn't lure a prime free agent north of the border. After its purchase of SkyDome, ownership announced in February its plan to spend $210 million on payroll over the next three seasons. The news came too late to make a difference for this year.

In-season prognosis: There's no reason to think the Blue Jays won't finish better than last place. They lost their prime offensive player (Delgado) and didn't do enough to improve their starting pitching or their bullpen. But they'll be strong at the corners. With the additions of Koskie and Shea Hillenbrand the Jays have four similar players—Eric Hinske and Frank Catalanotto are the others—to vie for playing time at first, third and DH.

Welcome to town: Reliever Billy Koch returns to where he began his career, but he's no longer the late-inning cinch he once was.

1. Minnesota Twins

Last season: 92–70. First place, lost to the Yankees in the AL Division Series. They led the major leagues with 28 games won in their final at bat.

Off-season focus: The Twins continued to make difficult decisions in order to balance their checkbook. They passed on re-signing shortstop Cristian Guzman when his price tag got too high and said *hasta la vista* to third baseman Corey Koskie, whose durability was a concern. Michael Cuddyer will take over for Koskie, while rookie Jason Bartlett will get the first chance to replace Guzman at short.

In-season prognosis: They have won three straight division titles and have the pieces in place for a fourth. They were able to keep their outfield intact, have a solid rotation anchored by blossoming lefty Johan Santana and stalwart Brad Radke, and can close out games with Joe Nathan. With pitcher Joe Mays recovering from elbow surgery and catcher Joe Mauer now healthy, the Twins have two major additions from within.

Welcome to town: Bartlett would provide much-needed offense, but he'll have to prove he's at least adequate with the glove or he could lose time to journeyman Juan Castro.

2. Chicago White Sox

Last season: 83–79. Second place, nine games out. The White Sox and Yankees shared the major league lead with 242 homers, but the Sox also gave up an AL-high 224.

Off-season focus: The White Sox decided to convert their homer-or-bust offense into one that manufactures runs, meaning they'll emphasize situational hitting and base running. That played into the off-season addition of speedy center fielder Scott Podsednik from Milwaukee in a trade for slugger Carlos Lee. Juan Uribe will be asked to take over at short, where he can be spectacular, though he suffers from occasional lapses in concentration.

In-season prognosis: They bolstered the pitching staff with Orlando Hernandez, Dustin Hermanson and Luis Vizcaino and should be a legitimate threat to the Twins if the starting rotation doesn't break down. Whether they can make up the ground, however, will ultimately depend on how well Frank Thomas responds to added offensive demands created by the losses of outfielders Lee and Magglio Ordonez.

R E S P E C T

Signed by the Royals as a 10th-round draft choice in 1991, **Mike Sweeney** has evolved into a four-time All-Star. He ranks among the team's career leaders in most offensive categories, but only once in the majors has he played on a team with a winning record.

Q: Is there hope for the Royals?

A: We showed in 2003 we can surprise people. That's what's great about baseball.

Q: But when you look at the Yankees, is there reason for optimism?

A: The payrolls are different, but you have to win your division. If you get to the playoffs, well, strange things can happen.

Q: Has losing become frustrating?

A: Inside, I thank God I play baseball for a living. But the competitor in me gets frustrated that I've never played in the postseason.

Q: Why do you want to stay in Kansas City?

A: I was there when we lost 100 games. I was there when we came up just short of winning the division. It would be sweeter to win in Kansas City, having gone through the tough times.

Welcome to town: Second baseman Tadahito Iguchi, 30, is the White Sox's second Japanese import in as many years. The Sox can only hope Iguchi, who has both power and speed, approaches the contributions of last year's import, reliever Shingo Takatsu, who developed into a much-needed closer.

3. Cleveland Indians

Last season: 80–82. Third place, 12 games out. Seven Indians drove in at least 70 runs, a franchise record.

Off-season focus: The Indians felt they were a starting pitcher and a left-handed reliever away from the postseason, so they gambled on the arms of pitchers Kevin Millwood and Arthur Rhodes. Millwood fills out a rotation that includes Jake Westbrook, C.C. Sabathia, Cliff Lee and Scott Elarton. Rhodes is more comfortable in the setup role the Indians want him to fill than he was as the closer in Oakland.

In-season prognosis: Cleveland will need a few breaks to win the division. Can Millwood stay healthy? Is onetime closer Bob Wickman over the arm problems that have pockmarked his last two seasons? How will rookie Jhonny Peralta handle the pressure of taking over at short for Cleveland icon Omar Vizquel?

Welcome to town: Third baseman Aaron Boone signed with the Indians

last year after injuring his knee in the off-season playing basketball, which prompted the Yankees to void his contract. If Boone is fully recovered, Casey Blake will move to the outfield to replace the departed Matt Lawton.

4. Detroit Tigers

Last season: 72–90. Fourth place, 20 games out. Eleven Tigers hit at least 10 homers, a major league record.

Off-season focus: Owner Mike Ilitch, feeling rich thanks to the NHL strike (in other words, his Red Wings didn't lose millions on the ice), wanted to be a big spender. He was having trouble finding a legit free agent to take his money—striking out on Adrian Beltre, Troy Glaus, Corey Koskie and Steve Finley—before becoming desperate enough to sign the physically suspect Magglio Ordonez to a five-year, $75 million deal.

In-season prognosis: Detroit improved by 29 wins last year but still won only 72 games. The team is primed to regress in 2005. A young pitching staff can't develop with a second-rate defense. It must be frustrating for Alan Trammell, a defensive stalwart as a player, to manage a team that will have the worst fielding percentage in the American League for a third consecutive season.

Welcome to town: Troy Percival is a bona fide closer, but the Tigers already had that in Ugueth Urbina.

5. Kansas City Royals

Last season: 58–104. Last place, 34 games out. The Royals used a franchise-record 58 players, one shy of the major league mark set by Cleveland and San Diego in 2002.

Off-season focus: They splurged on free agents a year ago and went from a contender in 2003 to having the worst record in franchise history. So they regrouped and committed to building from within the farm system.

In-season prognosis: The Royals have the potential to surprise—not by winning the division but by making everyone else uncomfortable. They have young talent and are excited about the potential of third baseman Mark Teahen, who came from Oakland. How much they improve will depend on how well Runelvys Hernandez rebounds from elbow surgery and whether righty Denny Bautista can deliver.

Welcome to town: Outfielder Terrence Long was excess baggage in San Diego, but the Royals see him as a much-needed left-handed bat who will respond to a return to regular duty.

1. Los Angeles Angels

Last season: 92–70. First place, fell to Boston in the ALDS. With starters carrying the load, the bullpen made the fewest appearances in the majors, 343, and inherited just 163 runners, also a major league low.

Off-season focus: A year after owner Arte Moreno made his mark by orchestrating the signing of Vladimir Guerrero, the Angels didn't back down. They upgraded at short and center with Orlando Cabrera and Steve Finley and brought in Cuban first baseman Kendry Morales.

In-season prognosis: A strong roster improved with the additions of Cabrera and Finley. Now the Angels need to shake down the pen in front of Francisco Rodriguez, who will take over as closer for Troy Percival.

Welcome to town: Third baseman Dallas McPherson struck out 169 times in the minors last year, but the Angels decided they would rather gamble on his ability to make contact than on the health of the right shoulder of Troy Glaus, who left as a free agent.

2. Seattle Mariners

Last season: 63–99. Fourth place, 29 games out. The Mariners were last in the league in homers (136) and runs scored (698).

Off-season focus: Never known for its activity in the free agent market, Seattle added two big-time bats—first baseman Richie Sexson and third baseman Adrian Beltre—which was interesting considering the problems hitters have had in pitcher-friendly Safeco Park. Beltre is hitting his stride at the age of 26, but the four-year deal for Sexson, who's returning from shoulder surgery, is a risk.

In-season prognosis: The Mariners' young pitchers stumbled in 2004 but have the ability to dominate hitters. And despite the retirement of Edgar Martinez, they'll benefit from an improved lineup, thanks to the additions of Beltre and Sexson. Felix Hernandez is only 19 but could be the best pitching prospect in baseball. He'll probably open at Class AAA Tacoma.

Welcome to town: Manager Mike Hargrove is being asked to provide clubhouse stability similar to what he gave the Indians in the 1990s.

3. Oakland Athletics

Last season: 91–71. Second place, one game back. The A's have put together five straight seasons of at least 90 wins for the first time since 1971 to 1975.

Off-season focus: Oakland began preparing for the future. What the team had last year wasn't good enough, and the front office didn't have the simoleons to compete with the Angels and Mariners. So GM Billy Beane dealt two of his horses—Mark Mulder to St. Louis and Tim Hudson to Atlanta.

In-season prognosis: It's get-acquainted time. The lineup will feature two new outfielders and a new catcher, Jason Kendall, who finally escaped Pittsburgh. Look for Beane to continue his overhaul of the rotation by moving southpaw Barry Zito.

Welcome to town: New owner Lewis Wolff will want to make his presence felt—all new owners do. But silly spending may be kept in check by Beane, who has shown an ability to stay ahead of the game and keep the A's competitive.

4. Texas Rangers

Last season: 89–73. Third place, three games out. Texas has averaged a major-league-leading 223 home runs over the past five seasons, a third of a homer per game more than helium-ball Colorado.

Off-season focus: In Cleveland, GM John Hart built a champion around a relentless offense, a feat he's trying to duplicate in Texas. Despite having only two set rotation members—Kenny Rogers and Ryan Drese—Hart brought in outfielder Richard Hidalgo with the money that newly fiscally responsible

(continued on page 118)

RESPECT

Pitching coach **Orel Hershiser**'s résumé includes eight postseason wins—seven more than his Rangers have won in the history of the franchise.

Q: Do your pitching credentials help you as a coach?

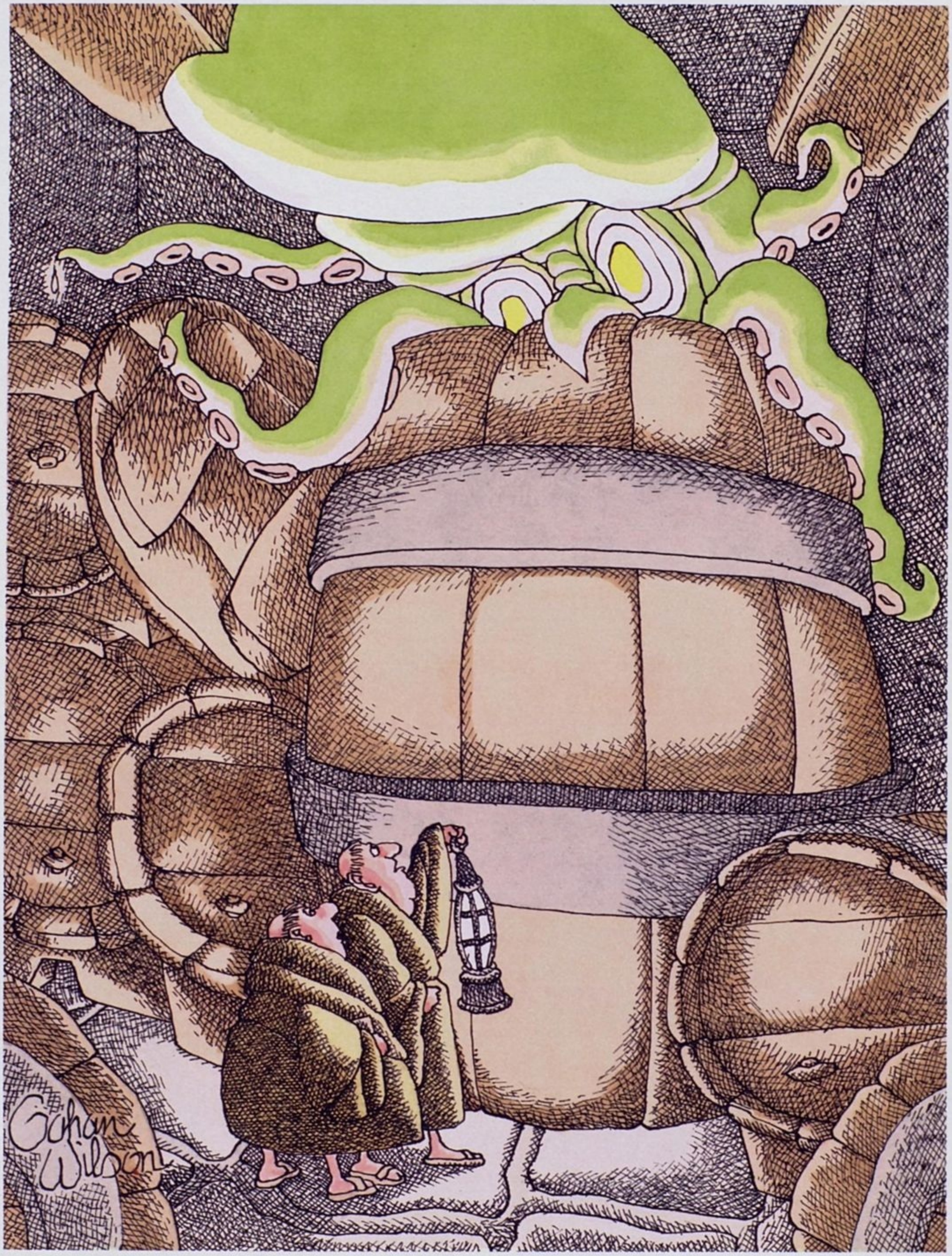
A: Definitely. When I was a player and Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale and Roy Campanella talked to me, it meant a lot more because those guys had walked where I wanted to go.

Q: Why did you decide to get back into uniform?

A: I've taken all the sarcastic shots, like, "You picked a job with security—pitching coach in Texas." I've always loved a challenge.

Q: Can your ballpark be made more pitcher-friendly?

A: We've tried a few things, like growing the grass and having the groundskeepers water the infield so it doesn't get too hard. The jet stream is something we can't do anything about. But if the ball is hit on the ground, the jet stream doesn't have an effect.



"So much for <u>that</u> vintage!"

GIRL WITH A VIEW

Count on a breezy Miss May to provide shelter from the storm

No hurricane is going to frighten Fort Lauderdale native Jamie Westenhiser out of Spring Break City. "With hurricanes you get a warning," she says. "You prepare all the food, put up plywood and bring everything from the backyard into the house." When we ask what's in her emergency kit, the sleepy-eyed 23-year-old smiles. "Lots of candy. I have a major problem with sweets," she says. "I love to lick the bowl of whatever I bake. Disgusting, huh?" Not to us—we're pretty pro-licking here—so we ask the former Body Glove swimwear model what else she'd like to confess. "This is my going-out-of-the-modeling-business shoot," she replies. "Now I'm getting into investment-type real estate." Miss May has some history in that field. "My mom used to own a party business called the Best Little Bounce House in Town. We would blow the house up and invite the neighborhood kids over, and this made me the cool kid on the block." See? From Bounce House to your house.

Jamie says she's always been more comfortable hanging out with guys, something that's given her clear ideas about

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG

men. "I want to be in a relationship with one person," she says with an exaggerated pout. "I'm quiet and shy, so it's hard for me to meet new people. I've had only two boyfriends in my life, and they were both very persistent. It took me a good month to finally go out on a date with them. I just want to make sure somebody's serious before I get serious. I don't want to play games." Okay. Serious guys. Got it. Anything else? "I like really funny guys." Fine. Serious, really funny guys. "Who are good to their mothers." Nice to Mom—noted. Anything else? "They have to be good talkers, because I don't want to sit at dinner in an awkward silence." Is it us, or is she describing the model PLAYBOY reader?

Note that fabulous wealth didn't make Jamie's list of attractive attributes, but Miss May isn't dogmatic about the idea. Though she first says that being forced to rely financially on someone else would be terrible, she soon allows that perhaps it wouldn't be so tragic. "I can imagine waking up in a nice house," Jamie says slyly. "I could be a trophy wife with my business on the side." So she wouldn't hold wealth against a guy if he was a seriously funny, mom-adoring conversationalist. But whatever. "My girlfriends swear that when I meet Mr. Right I'll know. I don't even know what a normal relationship is like, but I'm hopeful."

Hopeful? She's more than that. Miss May has the confidence of someone who rides out hurricanes. Says Jamie, "I like to think I usually get what I want."

"I started modeling, and a photographer asked if he could send the pictures to PLAYBOY. I had never posed nude before, but I thought, How cool would that be? Now here I am."

See more of Miss May at cyber.playboy.com.

OPE
HOUSE

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jamie Westenhiser

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: Nov. 2, 1981 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, FL.

AMBITIONS: To have a successful career in real estate.

TURN-ONS: Honest, secure, good-looking men with confidence, class and $$!

TURNOFFS: LIARS, jealousy, fakes and laziness.

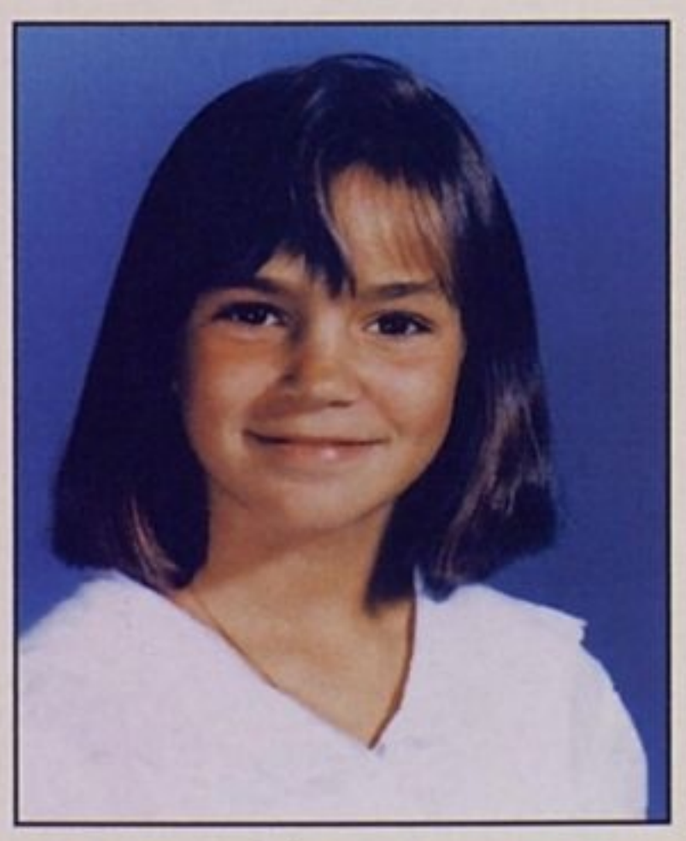
MY FAVORITE SPORTS TO PLAY: Softball and tennis.

JOBS I HAVE HELD: Smoothie maker, Hooters girl and bookkeeper.

PLANS FOR MY PLAYMATE EARNINGS: I want to pay off all of my debt so I can start over with a clean slate.

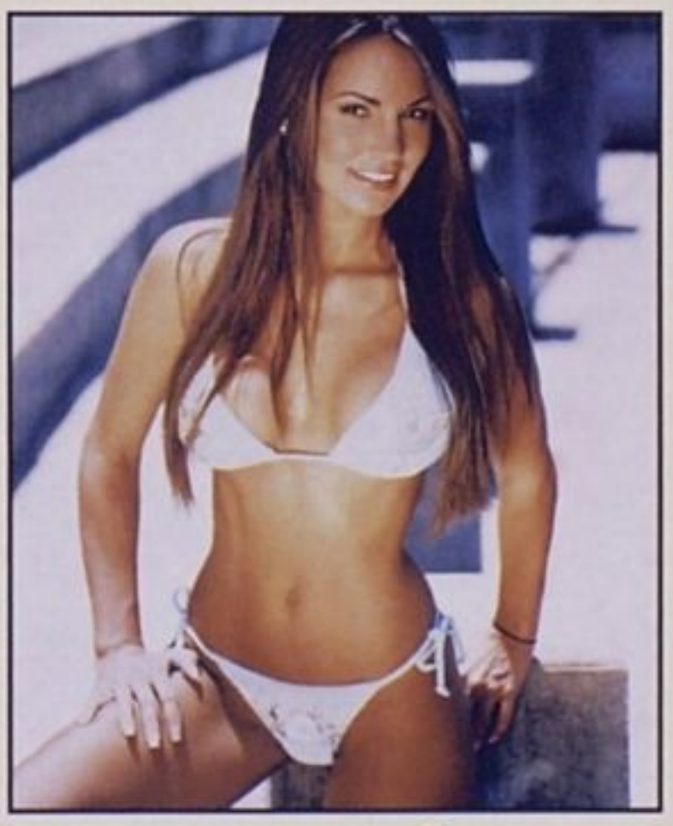
TV SHOWS I CAN'T MISS: Desperate Housewives, The O.C., The Oprah Winfrey Show and Newlyweds.

I'D LIKE TO BE REINCARNATED AS: Ivanka Trump



My 4th grade school picture.

Me in Hawaii last year.



A shot from a calendar shoot.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The U.S. ambassador to France invited Jacques Chirac and his wife over for dinner. As they ate, the ambassador's wife said to Chirac's wife, "I hear you two are going on vacation in the Caribbean. It must be nice to get away."

"Yes, I look forward to a week of a penis," Mrs. Chirac replied.

A hush fell over the table. President Chirac leaned over to his wife and said, "*Ma cherie,* I believe ze Americans pronounce zat word 'appiness.' "

Three Italian nuns died and went to heaven. They were met at the pearly gates by Saint Peter, who said, "Sisters, you have all led such exemplary lives that I'm granting you six more months on earth as anyone you want to be."

The first nun said, "I want to be Sophia Loren," and poof, she was gone.

The second nun said, "I want to be Madonna," and poof, she was gone.

The third said, "I want to be Sara Pipalini."

Saint Peter looked perplexed. "Who?" he asked.

"Sara Pipalini," replied the nun.

Saint Peter shook his head and said, "I'm sorry, but that name isn't familiar to me."

The nun took a newspaper out of her habit and handed it to Saint Peter. He read the paper and began to laugh. Handing it back to her he said, "No, sister, the paper says it was the Sahara pipeline that was laid by 1,400 men in six months."

An ambassador went on a goodwill trip to Papua New Guinea. The tribal chief said, "It is customary that visitors play New Guinea roulette."

"What's that?" the ambassador asked.

The chief pointed toward six beautiful naked women. All were kneeling and licking their lips suggestively. The ambassador unzipped his pants and said, "If this is what I think it is, I'm going to like New Guinea roulette."

"Be careful, ambassador," his bodyguard warned. "It's called roulette because one of them is a cannibal."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: What is the difference between *light* and *hard*?

You can sleep with a light on.

A couple had been married 50 years. The wife asked her husband what he wanted for their anniversary. He replied, "I'd like you to perform oral sex on me. In the 50 years we've been married, you've never given me a blow job."

She said, "It's just that I'm afraid you won't respect me afterward."

He replied, "Won't respect you afterward? We have been married for 50 years. Of course I'll respect you."

"Okay," she said. "I'll do it just this one time."

So she knelt down and gave him oral sex. An hour later the phone rang. The husband answered. "Here, cocksucker," he said. "It's for you."

A newly married man was discussing his honeymoon. He said to his friend, "On the first night I tapped my wife on the shoulder and gave her a wink, and we had ourselves a performance. Then in the middle of the night I rolled over, tapped her on the shoulder and gave her a wink, and we had ourselves a performance. An hour later I woke up, tapped her on the shoulder and gave her a wink, and we had ourselves a rehearsal."

"A rehearsal?" his friend asked. "Don't you mean a performance?"

The man said, "No, a rehearsal. Nobody came."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: Two women, a blonde and a brunette, were eating breakfast. A cell phone rang several times. The brunette asked, "Why don't you answer your phone?"

The blonde said, "It can't be mine. No one knows I'm here."

Two men were sitting at a bar and staring into their drinks. One guy got a curious look on his face and asked his friend, "Have you ever seen an ice cube with a hole in it before?"

The friend said, "Yep. I've been married to one for 15 years."

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected.*

"…And now for the bad news…!"

FOOTWORK

PLEASURE CENTERS, PRESSURE POINTS, POWER.

A DESCENT INTO THE DARK SIDE OF REFLEXOLOGY

FICTION BY

CHUCK PALAHNIUK

Don't laugh, but in aromatherapy they warn you never to light a lemon-cinnamon candle at the same time you light a clove candle and a cedar-nutmeg candle. They just don't tell you why....

In feng shui they say that just by putting a bed in the wrong spot you can focus enough chi to kill a person. You can give a late-term abortion with just acupuncture. You can use crystals or aura work to give people skin cancer.

Don't laugh, but there are back-alley ways you can turn anything New Age into a killing tool.

Your last week in massage school they teach you never to work the transverse reflex zone at the heel of the foot or the arch of the left-foot dorsum. And especially not the outer leftmost aspect. But they don't tell you why. This is the difference between therapists who work the light side versus the dark side of the industry.

You go to school to study reflexology. It's the science of manipulating the human foot to heal or stimulate certain parts of the body. It's based on the idea that your body is divided into 10 different energy meridians. Your big toe, for example, it's connected straight to your head. To cure dandruff you massage the little spot just behind your big toenail. To cure a sore throat you massage the middle joint of the big toe. This isn't the kind of health care covered by any insurance plan. It's like being a doctor but without the income. The kind of people who want the space between each toe rubbed to cure brain cancer, they don't tend to have loads of money. Don't laugh, but even with years of experience manipulating people's feet, you'll still find yourself poor and rubbing the feet of people who never made income their top priority.

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

One day you see a girl you went to massage school with. This girl, she's your age. You wore beads together. You two braided dried sage and burned it to cleanse your energy field. The two of you were tie-dyed and barefoot and young enough to feel noble while you rubbed the feet of dirty homeless people who came into the school's free practice clinic.

That was years and years ago.

You, you're still poor. Your hair has started to break off at the scalp. From poor diet or gravity, people think you're frowning even when you're not.

This girl you went to school with, you see her coming out of a posh midtown hotel. The doorman holds the door open as she sweeps out swinging furs and wearing high heels that no reflexologist would ever strap her feet inside of.

While the doorman is flagging her a cab, you go close enough to say, "Lentil?"

The woman turns. It's her. Real diamonds sparkle at her throat. Her long hair shines, thick, heaving in waves of red and brown. The air around her smells soft as roses and lilac. Her fur coat. Her hands in leather gloves, the leather smooth and pale

and nicer than the skin on your own face. The woman turns and lifts her sunglasses to rest on the crown of her hair. She looks at you and says, "Do I know you?"

You went to school together. When you were young—younger.

The doorman holds the cab's door open. And the woman says that of course she remembers. She looks at a wristwatch, blinding bright with diamonds in the afternoon sun, and says in 20 minutes she needs to be across town. She asks, "Can you ride along?"

YOU WORK THE RIGHT SPOT ON THEIR FEET AND THEY COME HARD AS A SEIZURE.

The two of you get into the back of the cab, and the woman hands the doorman a $20 bill. He touches his cap and says it's always such a pleasure to see her.

The woman tells the cabdriver the next address, a place uptown, and the cab swings into traffic.

Don't laugh, but this woman—Lentil, your old friend—loops one fur-coat arm out of the handle of her purse and snaps the purse open. Inside is stuffed nothing but cash. Layers of $50 and $100 bills. With a gloved hand she digs through these and finds a cell phone.

To you she says, "This won't take a minute."

Next to her your Indian-printed cotton wrap skirt, flip-flop sandals and brass-bell necklace don't look chic and ethnic anymore. The kohl around your eyes and the faded henna designs on the back of your hands, they make you look like you never take a bath. Next to her diamond-stud earrings, your favorite dangling silver earrings could be thrift store Christmas tree ornaments.

Into the cell phone she says, "I'm en route." She says, "I can take the three o'clock but only for half an hour." She says good-bye and hangs up.

She touches your hand with a soft, smooth glove and says you look good. She asks what you're doing lately.

Oh, the same old, same old, you tell her. Manipulating feet. You've built a good list of repeat clients.

Lentil chews her bottom lip, looking at you, and she says, "So you're still into reflexology?"

And you say yeah. You don't see how you'll ever retire, but it pays the bills.

She looks at you as the cab goes a whole city block, not saying a word. Then she asks if you're free for the next hour. She asks if you'd like to make some money, tax free, doing a four-handed foot manipulation for her next client. All you'd have to do is one foot.

You've never done reflexology with a partner, you tell her.

"One hour," she says, "and we get $2,000."

You ask, is this legal?

And Lentil says, "Two thousand, each."

You ask, just for a foot massage?

"Another thing," she says. "Don't call me Lentil." She says, "When we get there my name is Angelique."

Don't laugh, but this is real. The dark side of reflexology. Of course you knew some aspects of it. You knew that by working the plantar surface of the big toe you could make someone constipated. By working the ankle around the top of the foot you could give them diarrhea. By working the inside surface of the heel you could make someone impotent or give them a migraine. But none of this would make you money, so why bother?

The cab pulls up to a carved pile of stone, the embassy of some Middle Eastern oil economy. A uniformed guard opens the door, and Lentil gets out. You get out. Inside the lobby another guard wands you with a metal detector, looking for guns, knives, whatever. Another guard makes a phone call from a desk topped with a smooth slab of white stone. Another guard looks inside Lentil's purse, pushing aside the money to find nothing else.

The doors to an elevator open, and another guard waves you both inside. Lentil says, "Just do what I do." She says, "This is the easiest money you'll ever make."

Don't laugh, but in school you'd hear the rumors. About how a good reflexologist might be lured away to the dark side. To work just certain pleasure centers on the sole of the foot. To give what people only whispered and giggled about—"foot jobs."

The elevator opens onto a long corridor that leads only to one set of double doors. The walls are polished white stone. The floor, stone. The double doors are frosted glass and open to a room where a man sits at a white desk. He and Lentil kiss each other on the cheek.

The man behind the desk, he looks at you but talks only to Lentil. He calls her Angelique. Behind him another set of double doors opens into a bedroom. The man waves the two of you through, but he stays behind, locking the doors. He locks you inside.

Inside the bedroom a man lies face-down on a huge round bed with white silk sheets. He wears shiny blue silk pajamas, and his bare feet hang off one edge of the bed. Angelique tugs off one of her gloves. She takes off the other glove, and you both kneel in the deep carpet and take a foot.

Instead of a face, all you can see is his grease-combed black hair and his big ears, fuzzed with tufts of black hair. The rest of his head has sunk into the white silk pillow.

Don't laugh, but those rumors are true. By pressing where Angelique pressed, by working the genital reflex zone on the plantar side of the heel, she had the man moaning into his pillow. Before your hands are even tired the man is bellowing, soaked in sweat, the blue silk pasted to his back and legs. When he's silent, when you can't tell if he's even breathing, Angelique whispers that it's time to go.

The man at the desk gives you each $2,000, cash.

Outside on the street a guard flags a cab for Angelique.

Getting into the backseat, Angelique hands you a business card. It's the phone number for a holistic healing clinic. Under the number, handwritten, it says, "Ask for Lenny."

The soft leather glove of her hand, the roses of her perfume, the sound of her voice, it all says "Call me."

People have a lot of reasons for getting into giving foot jobs. The idea that you can give your family a better life. You can give your mom and dad a little comfort and security. A car, maybe. A condo on the beach in Florida.

The day you gave your folks the keys to that condo, that was the happiest day of your life. That day they cried and admitted they never thought their baby would ever make a living just rubbing people's stinky feet. That's a day you'll pay for for the rest of your life.

Don't laugh, but it's not illegal. You're doing a simple foot manipulation. Nothing sexual happens except that your clients have an orgasm that leaves them too weak to walk for the next couple of days. Men and women, it doesn't matter. You work the right spot on their feet and they come hard as a seizure. So hard there's a smell when they lose control of their bowels. So hard most clients can only look at you, drool running out of one corner of their mouth, and motion with a trembling finger for you to take the stack of $100 bills on the dresser or the coffee table.

Lenny calls from the clinic, and you get on a chartered jet to London. Lenny calls *(continued on page 142)*

"I haven't had an intimate moment alone with George since we met.
All he wants to do is take me to orgies…!"

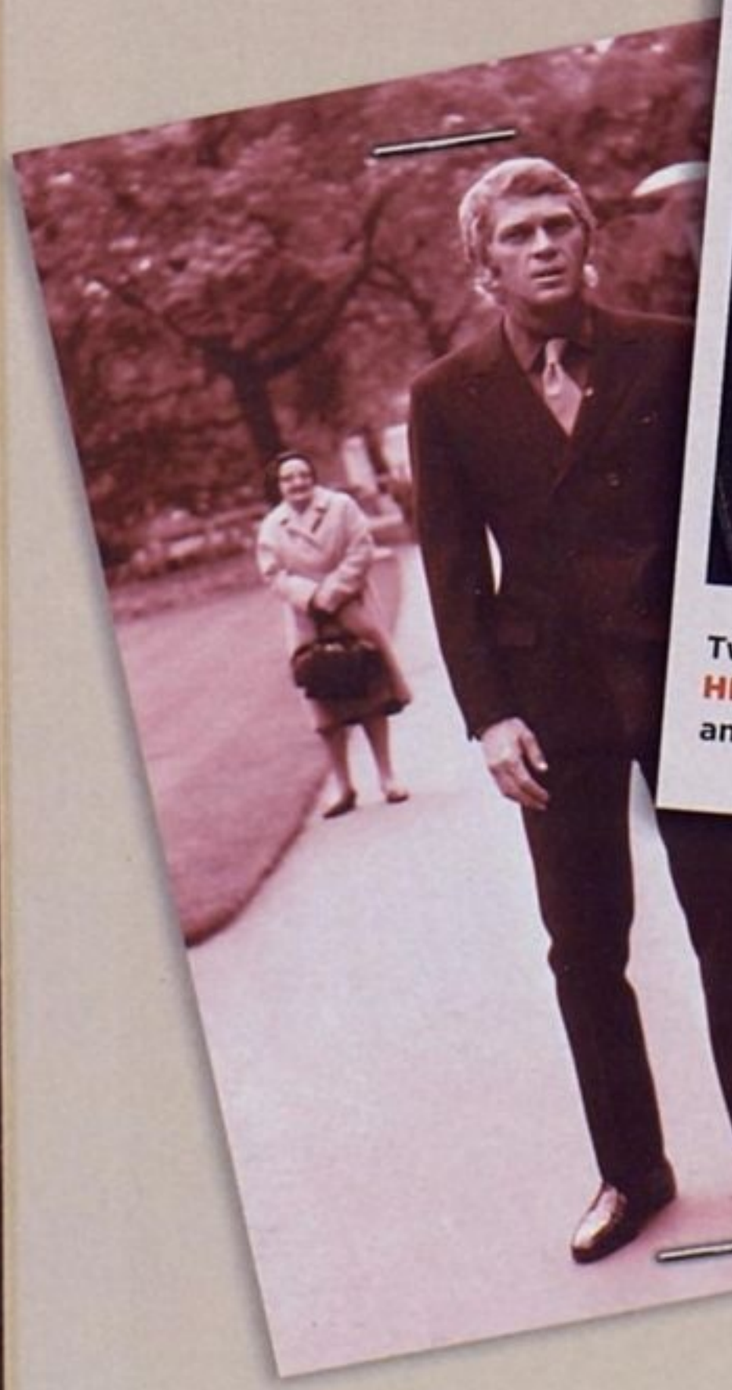
The ties, from left, are by **JOSEPH ABBOUD** ($80), **CHARVET** ($165), **HICKEY FREEMAN** ($95), **ROBERT TALBOTT** ($110) and **GIORGIO ARMANI** ($135). The leather portfolio is by **BERETTA** ($745).

Clockwise from far left: Shaving creams and gels by **DONELL SKIN** ($23), **BAXTER OF CALIFORNIA** ($10), **MENSCIENCE** ($22), **GILLETTE** ($6) and, in the old-school can, **GILLETTE** ($6). The postshave toner, in the amber bottle at the bottom, is by **BULLIE** ($19). The boar's-hair brush ($20) and blue pump bottle of moisturizing lift ($19) are both by **MEN-U.** In the center is a bottle of razor burn aftershave therapy by **LAB SERIES FOR MEN** ($25).

PLAYBOY FASHION

Two-button suit by **JOSEPH ABBOUD** ($895), gingham shirt by **HICKEY FREEMAN** ($135), tie by **ROBERT TALBOTT** ($110) and pocket square by **CHARVET** ($85).

CHARVET makes this bright blue button-front shirt ($315). The striped tie is by **HICKEY FREEMAN** ($95). The watch, with black leather band, is by **ANGULAR MOMENTUM** ($1,250).



The black slip-on at near right is by **EMPORIO ARMANI** ($348), the brown oxford in the middle is by **MEZLAN** ($195), and the black oxford at far right is by **JOHNSTON & MURPHY** ($245). The green belt is by **CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION** ($150); the others are by **TORINO** ($70 each).

Three-piece suit by **SOUTHWICK** ($950), shirt by **HICKEY FREEMAN** ($135), tie by **EMPORIO ARMANI** ($85) and pocket square by **CHARVET** ($60).

WORK

The top and bottom watches are by **TIMEX** ($80 each). The others, from left: round-face watch with stainless bracelet by **OMEGA** ($2,795), steel chronograph by **SWISS ARMY** ($375), chronograph with white face and steel bracelet by **SWISS ARMY** ($395) and blue-face chronograph by **TOURNEAU** ($495).

Fragrances, clockwise from left: **MARC JACOBS** ($65), **JOHN VARVATOS** ($65) and **FRENCH CONNECTION HIM** ($48).

Lounging around? You'll enjoy the comfort and support provided by a pair of boxer briefs by **CALVIN KLEIN** ($20).

SUMMER STYLE DIARY

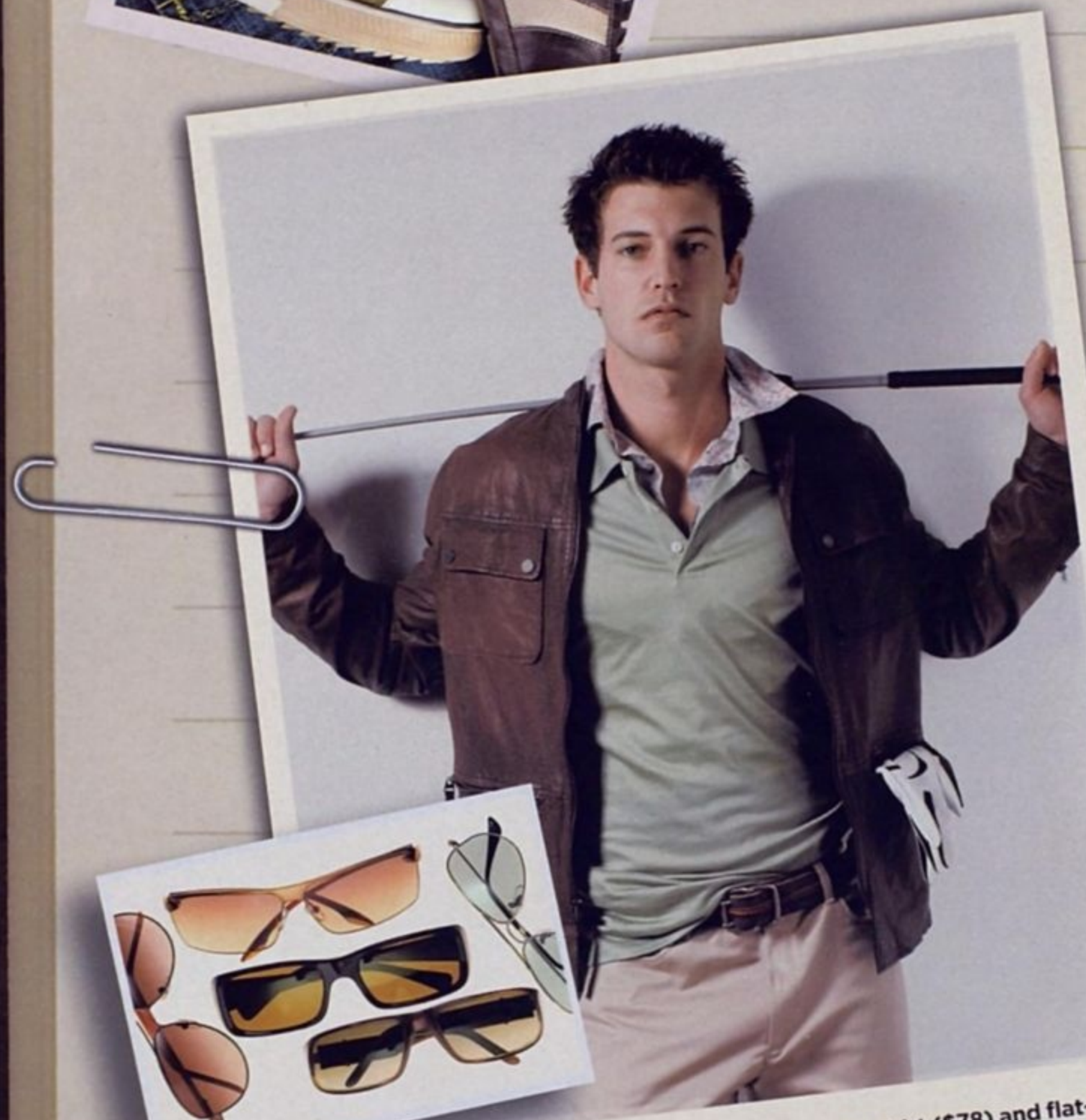
An all-American guide to business, weekend and evening fashion inspired by style icons like McQueen, Sinatra, Dino and the Duke

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK PLATT

PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

LEFT: The green sneaker, with suede detailing, is by **ECKO UNLIMITED** ($85), the red one is by **PRIVO** ($80) and the brown one is by **I.TRAVEL** ($125). Beneath them are dark denim jeans by **CHIP & PEPPER** ($180) and a brown leather belt with orange contrast stitching by **ARMANI JEANS** ($120). RIGHT: The shirt ($140), long-sleeve crewneck ($50) and jeans ($180) are all by **CHIP & PEPPER.**



ABOVE: His leather jacket ($1,300), floral-print shirt ($78) and flat-front khakis ($68) are by **CALVIN KLEIN;** his moss green polo is by **BROOKS BROTHERS** ($65), and his belt is by **ARMANI JEANS** ($120). INSET: The aviators at left are by **ROBERT MARC** ($345). The glasses stacked top to bottom are by **CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION** ($170), **ALAIN MIKLI** ($300) and **ROBERT MARC** ($345). The ones at right are by **RAY-BAN** ($99).

In the blue bottle is the latest fragrance by **ARAMIS** ($39). Since you never know who might be sipping a drink at the 19th hole, consider improving your handicap with the eau de cologne at right, by **KENNETH COLE REACTION** ($55).

This entire outfit—blue polo ($69), green V-neck sweater ($105) and plaid shorts ($75)—is by **ROSASEN.**

The perfect weekender bag, this brown leather duffel has plenty of style—and convenient wheels. It's by **DOONEY & BOURKE** ($650).

WEEKEND

BROOKS makes this sneaker ($90), custom-built for trail running, as well as the running socks ($14) and burnt-red half-zip jacket ($80).

The orange-face watch, with leather-and-textile strap, is by **SWATCH** ($110). The watch with the brown leather strap and white face is by **TIMEX** ($95). **SWISS ARMY** makes the yellow one with the synthetic band ($350).

PIRELLI makes his zip-up sweatshirt jacket ($190), yellow-printed cycle T-shirt ($90) and cotton cargo pants ($280). His sneakers, by **PRIVO** ($80), are leather with metallic accents and make use of three straps instead of laces. The tennis racket is by **WILSON** ($225).

Clockwise from top: a cleansing scrub by **SHISEIDO MEN** ($23), an active treatment scrub by **LAB SERIES FOR MEN** ($14), a scrub mask by **BULLIE** ($36) and a microfine face scrub by **MENSCIENCE** ($26).

From top: The beige sandal with striped elastic strap is by **I.TRAVEL** ($100). An orange insole livens up the gray flip-flop by **PRIVO** ($50). The **BIRKENSTOCK** sandal ($90) is made of supple leather.

LEFT: This striking bottle—the perfect shade for adventures after dark—is filled with Black Code by **ARMANI** ($45). RIGHT: For a dash of vintage cool, slip into these brown evening slippers with gold emblems by **STUBBS AND WOOTTON** ($275). They're the perfect way to show you consider dressing for postwork play a full-time occupation.

LEFT: From far left, a square-face watch with crocodile strap by **TOURNEAU** ($2,495), an elegantly curved watch with black leather band by **TIMEX** ($80) and a stainless watch with python strap by **TAG HEUER** ($2,995). BELOW: **CATHERINE M. ZADEH** makes the tiger eye ($275), woven silver ($190) and horn cuff links ($275). **JAN LESLIE** makes the frog, bumblebee and race car cuff links, as well as the ones in teak, glass (with a fishing fly inside) and blue sodalite ($275 each).

This blue tuxedo jacket ($1,120) and matching pants ($550) are by **DSQUARED,** as is the white shirt ($520). His jewelry—a sterling pendant with black crosshatch detailing on a suede cord ($175)—is by **CATHERINE M. ZADEH.** That gleaming white belt is by **TORINO** ($70). Completing the look is a pocket square by **CHARVET** ($65).

AFTER 5

Put on the Ritz with this top hat by **THE VILLAGE HAT SHOP** ($258). The tux shirt in purple—a traditional color of power ever since the Romans started using porphyry to accent the interiors of their grand temples and imperial buildings—is by **ICEBERG** ($268).

Summer can be tough on your skin. Here, clockwise from left, are ways to keep yourself sufficiently cuddly for the beach babes you bring home: moisturizer for dry or sensitive skin by **BULLIE** ($30), night cream by **BAXTER OF CALIFORNIA** ($22), revitalizer by **SHISEIDO MEN** ($60), facial moisturizer with sunblock from **GILLETTE** ($6), moisturizing emulsion from **SHISEIDO MEN** ($33), moisturizer by **ZIRH** ($29), face lotion by **LAB SERIES FOR MEN** ($28) and facial moisturizer lift by **MEN-U** ($19).

ABOVE: The white one-button jacket in silk and linen ($2,695), black shirt with white stripes ($495) and black wool trousers ($525) are by **GIORGIO ARMANI.** As for the blue silk pocket square, it is by **CHARVET** ($85). LEFT: Perfect to wear with the look above is a pair of patent leather tuxedo shoes by **MEZLAN** ($175).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

Big League Blues (continued from page 92)

The Mets created a new look by hiring GM Omar Minaya and manager Willie Randolph.

owner Tom Hicks allowed him.
In-season prognosis: An exciting homegrown lineup has shown it can handle big league challenges. But do the Rangers have the arms to win a division? Not a chance. The five candidates for three open rotation spots—Chan Ho Park, Chris Young, Joaquin Benoit, Ricardo Rodriguez and Juan Dominguez—were a combined 13–17 in 46 starts last year. Don't be surprised if right-hander Thomas Diamond, the Rangers' number one pick last June, is up by the All-Star break.
Welcome to town: Hidalgo teased scouts five years ago with 44 homers in Houston, but after a few years of regression he was acquired at a bargain price.

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

1. Atlanta Braves

Last season: 96–66. First place, lost to Houston in the NL Division Series. The Braves led the bigs in ERA for a sixth time in the past eight seasons.
Off-season focus: GM John Schuerholz no longer enjoys the largesse of Ted Turner. AOL Time Warner has reduced the payroll to $80 million, which presents a new challenge. The cost cutting included letting go of J.D. Drew after he enjoyed the first healthy season of his career and gambling that bargains Raul Mondesi and Brian Jordan can fill that void. Schuerholz was able to strengthen the starting pitching, acquiring Tim Hudson from Oakland and putting John Smoltz back into the rotation, a move made easier with the acquisition of closer Dan Kolb from Milwaukee.
In-season prognosis: The Braves have won a pro-sports-record 13 consecutive division titles. They aren't always the most talented team, but they know how to win, and with the beefed-up rotation they'll likely add to the streak.
Welcome to town: Hudson was an outfielder as well as a pitcher in college and will swing the bat well in the NL.

2. Florida Marlins

Last season: 83–79. Third place, 13 games out. The Marlins held on to leads late in games, going 70–7 when they were ahead after the seventh inning.
Off-season focus: Owner Jeffrey Loria wants things to work in Miami, as he showed by signing free agent first baseman Carlos Delgado, who gives the Marlins the first established left-handed power threat in franchise history. But will Delgado give the Marlins the impetus they need to get government support for a new stadium?
In-season prognosis: The Marlins have the talent to make a run at what would be their third championship in eight years, but their success may hinge on how well the bullpen performs. Guillermo Mota has dominated in a setup role, but now he's being asked to replace Armando Benitez as closer. If he falters, former ace Antonio Alfonseca might get a shot, but if he could still finish games he wouldn't have returned to the Marlins in the off-season as a free agent bargain.
Welcome to town: The Marlins will ask Al Leiter to show the way for the young arms in the rotation.

3. Philadelphia Phillies

Last season: 86–76. Second place, 10 games out. Citizens Bank Park yielded the third-highest home run average in the big leagues, 2.81 per game.
Off-season focus: The Phillies realized that the high intensity of manager Larry Bowa didn't click, so they replaced him with down-home Charlie Manuel. They'll find out if personality makes a difference, because on the heels of two active off-seasons the Phillies' biggest move this past one was signing Jon Lieber. He'll replace Kevin Millwood.
In-season prognosis: Enough talent exists for a run at the division title, but the pitching staff needs to focus. New pitching coach Rich Dubee will have his hands full. Randy Wolf and Vicente Padilla are both trying to rebound from elbow problems, and Brett Myers took a step back last year—his 5.52 ERA was the NL's second highest. The Phils exercised their option on Billy Wagner and are confident they'll win if they have a lead in the ninth inning.
Welcome to town: After missing a year for reconstructive elbow surgery, Lieber came back to win 14 games for the Yankees last year.

Factoid

• Money Pitch
Pitchers with the most called third strikes with runners in scoring position:

Jaret Wright, Braves	21
Josh Beckett, Marlins	20
Doug Davis, Brewers	18
Greg Maddux, Cubs	17
Jason Marquis, Cards	17

RESPECT

An MVP in both leagues and a member of the Hall of Fame, **Frank Robinson** had been out of baseball for a decade before he was asked prior to the 2002 season to take over the Expos until they could find a new owner. Four years later he's still filling out the lineup card.

Q: What does the move to Washington mean?

A: It's a tremendous lift. We had been looking forward to it for two years, but it hadn't happened. This year the guys are elated. Having a permanent home will level the playing field.

Q: Were the last three years tough?

A: Getting the players to stay positive was a challenge. Playing home games in Puerto Rico wasn't easy. It said "home games" on the schedule, but they weren't. They were added to seven- or 10-day road trips, so we were away from Montreal for three weeks at a time, spending more time in hotel rooms and restaurants.

Q: All things considered, why did you agree to get back into managing with this team?

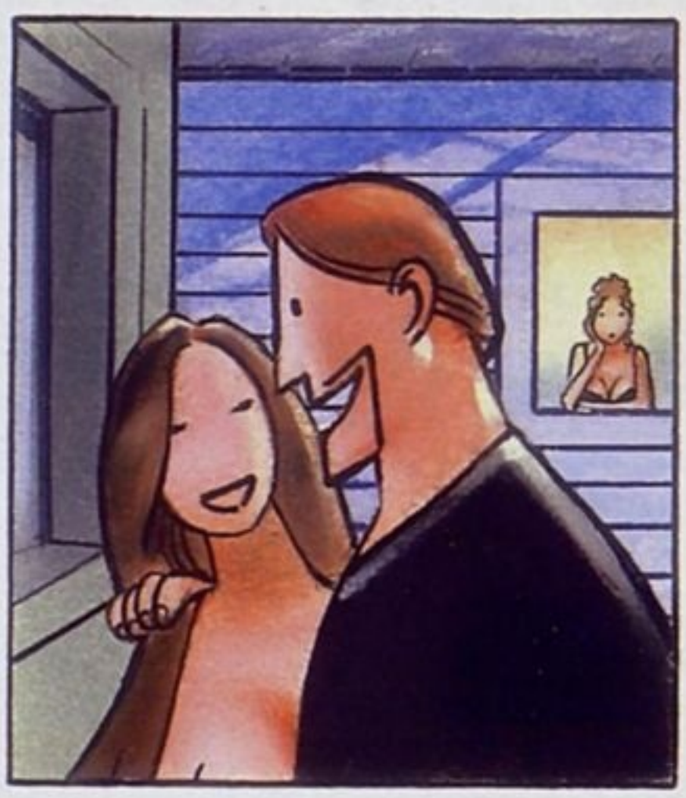
A: It seemed like the thing to do at the time, and I've enjoyed it, so it's been easy to stay.

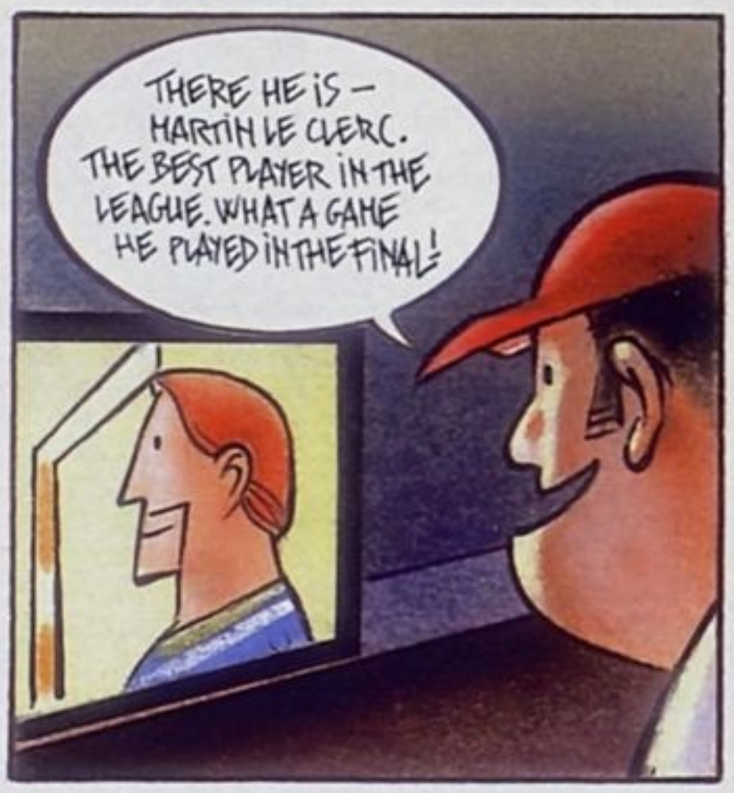
4. New York Mets

Last season: 71–91. Fourth place, 25 games out. The Mets' .317 on-base percentage was 14th in the 16-team National League.
Off-season focus: The Mets created a new look, starting by hiring general manager Omar Minaya and manager Willie Randolph. Minaya took advantage of owner Fred Wilpon's sudden willingness to spend, committing $194.5 million to re-sign pitcher Kris Benson and bring in superstar free agents Pedro Martinez and Carlos Beltran.
In-season prognosis: Ownership shelled out big bucks for players but will entrust the on-field decisions to a manager with no experience. Randolph is a familiar face in New York, but he hasn't had to make decisions with games on the line.
Welcome to town: Beltran is not a spotlight kind of guy, but he'll have to get used to the spotlight, and quick, if he's going to survive.

(continued on page 146)

Ice Hockey





JVAN ALVAREZ • JORGE G

Postcards from the Proud Highway

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson's rules for living like a Southern gentleman. An interrupted, pain-filled valedictory for the next generation

What follows is the final collaboration between Hunter Stockton Thompson and PLAYBOY, *based on a series of interviews he gave to Assistant Editor Tim Mohr last December. The two spent the better part of a week at Owl Farm analyzing a variety of subjects, from firearms to physical fitness, all of which interested Thompson deeply. "To live outside the law you must be honest," Bob Dylan wrote, but you must also possess great sensitivity to your environment and a wide range of esoteric skills and wisdom. In his 67 years on earth Thompson made himself an expert in matters great and small and loved nothing more than to expound on what he had learned. This assignment was interrupted by his death on February 20, but we could think of no better tribute to a great American writer than to present this small storehouse of vital knowledge in his own words. This is for old fans as well as those who may have come to the party only recently.* —*THE EDITORS*

On freedom

Freedom is a challenge. You decide who you are by what you do. It's like a question, like a fork in the road. An ongoing question you have to keep answering correctly. There's a touch of the high wire to it. I've never been able to walk high wires, but I get the feeling.

On Driving

The only way to drive is at *top* speed, with a car full of whiskey. It takes commitment, especially out here with so many deer and elk around. Car lights paralyze deer. You've got to lean on the horn, brace on the wheel and stomp on the accelerator. When you hit the brakes the front of the car dips down—that will put the beast into your windshield. Now, the significant impact will still occur if you step on the gas, but

ILLUSTRATIONS BY © RALPH STEADMAN

A "doctored" Hunter S. Thompson drawing by

you're not helpless. It'll still destroy your grille and lights, but—unless it's a bull elk—it will kick the animal out of the way. Hitting the beast head-on will move it instead of popping it up onto the windshield.

It's the swerving that gets people killed.

You know how powder snow is great for skiing? It's great for driving, too. You just have to know the limitations of the car if you're going to drive on snowy roads. Once you've done 360s and drifts, you know what the road is like. And I always test the brakes, just to be sure I'm not going to go 400 feet when I think I have a grip. Once you get yourself into a full-bore drift, just downshifting won't get you out of it. A combination of things can, but downshifting alone can get you out of it only on asphalt. And Jesus, driving on "all-weather" tires...I can't imagine driving on those. I use studded snow tires. The metal studs sound like a tank and wreak havoc on the roads, but they are like *bear claws*. The difference between hitting your brakes in a blizzard with snow tires and the all-weather tires they put on rental cars? Goddamn.

On Courage

I set the speed record on Saddle Road—in Kona, on the Big Island of Hawaii—in a heavy rainstorm. There are always going to be things like monsoons when you're trying to set a speed record. What do you do? Think better of it? Come back another day? Your life will change on decisions like that. I take a street-fighter mentality, an Ohio riverboat gambler attitude: It's *out of the question* to go back or turn around.

On Violence

Never hesitate to use force. It settles issues, influences people. Most people are not accustomed to solving situations by immediate and seemingly random applications of force. And the very fact that you are willing to do it—or might be—is a very powerful reasoning tool. Most people are not prepared to do that. You can establish the right reputation in this regard—you might, right in the middle of a conversation, just swat some motherfucker across the room. Make his blood shoot out in big spurts. I'm giving away trade secrets here.

I've been beaten worse in New York City than I ever was by the Hells Angels. I used to go out looking for punch-ups in New York. It was worth it just to see an oncoming mob of angry preppies. These weren't fights. There was nothing personal about it. I didn't hate the people. I was just a brawler. It was good American fun. It was all frivolous. There wasn't any right or wrong. Just fucking Saturday-night whoopee.

On Fate

I'm doomed all my life to violent actions. I'm closely associated with the gods of the underworld—not crime so much but the underworld.

On Firearms

My parents weren't gun people. Growing up I didn't know much of anything about guns except that my parents didn't want me to have a .22. A BB gun was okay. But I found a .22 anyway. I would shoot at lights out of the back of my house, out my bedroom window. There was an alley between the houses. There were lightbulbs on the brick garages in the alley. They had metal grilles protecting them, like jail bars, so it was kind of a trick to hit the bulbs.

It was extremely dangerous. Some kid who shouldn't have had a gun, experimenting, shooting out of his bedroom, shooting down into the alley. I had no intention of doing anything other than putting out lightbulbs. But I think about it now and think about what could have happened. The odds are going to catch up to you sometime if you keep shooting into the same passageway.

When I got to the military all I knew was the .22.

The most accurate weapon in my house is an Olympic pellet gun—single shot, .17 caliber, pneumatic. I can hit a dime across the living room with it. It was given to me by the Mitchell brothers. I would pack it when I worked at their cinema. At the time it was the standard for Olympic shooting competitions.

For conditioning gunstocks, linseed is a good natural oil, but it has a tendency to be sticky. Tung oil is the thing.

On Hunting

I used to get most of my meat from game. A wild boar running out in the open is kind of rare. But it makes for a hell of a hunting day. All this fear of cooking pork rare? Shit on that. With wild boar you just cut it into steaklike slabs, more like pork chops, and cook it on a grill. It's delicious. One of the best things I've ever had. Dressing the animal is a huge part of it. First kill it by surprise so the adrenaline doesn't get released from the glands. A frightened animal tastes a lot worse than a peaceful one. You want to take it when it's grazing, not when it's running or panicked.

With a good rifle it's the shock more than the tissue damage that kills them. The shock sends out death rays all through the body. The animal can't operate. It's too much trauma on the nervous system.

On Photography

I took all the Hells Angels photographs. Those were all mine. But I learned after trying for years that I could not keep the same focus as a photojournalist. The myth of "take your own pictures, write your own story" didn't work for me. As a photographer I had to keep getting longer and longer lenses. I didn't *(continued on page 134)*

"Somehow, I just can't think of this as an underdeveloped country."

REAL DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES

These domestic goddesses cook, clean, dream about the pool boy and make us desperate to get home

The desperate housewives who sizzle up Wisteria Lane on Sunday evenings have done the near impossible: They've made homemaking sexy. But while taboo liaisons and steamy fantasies make for tasty nighttime drama, the reality of supersexy mothers is no TV illusion. Look next door, in the grocery store, at the health club or in the PTA and you'll discover what we did—MILFs are everywhere. Our call for real-life sexy mothers willing to show us their domestic goods was answered by nearly 1,000 women, ranging from 18 to 60 years old. Some were married, some divorced, some had never been hitched, but they all had children—and a mature sensuality that is anything but desperate. "The percentage of quality candidates for this search is the best I've seen in my 14 years here," says Senior Photography Editor Kevin Kuster. "The top reason given for applying was 'When I was younger, I could have been a Playmate. Now I'm not going to miss my chance.'" Most say they're *Desperate Housewives* watchers, but unlike some characters on the show, all of them have discovered how to be nurturing mothers while still keeping things cooking for the men in their life. Here are 12 compelling arguments that motherhood does the body good.

Sondra Holloway, 31, Michigan, one son. *DESPERATE* LIVING: "I watch the show, but I'm pretty boring over here…except in the bedroom. My boyfriend and I have christened almost every room in the house. We visit the kitchen counter a lot." HOUSEHOLD TIP: "I talk to my plants. That might sound silly, but your breath actually helps them grow. If plants could talk, they would know all of our secrets." BEST DISH: "I love to bake—cookies, cupcakes, pies, cakes and all that good stuff. I make them look as if they're from the baker by adding little decorations." WORK THIS OUT: "I like to wear nothing but six-inch heels and walk up and down the stairs. It's a good workout for your butt, and my boyfriend loves the view from the couch."

Wendy Drinkwater, 31, Rhode Island, four children. *DESPERATE* DOUBLE: "People say I look like Teri Hatcher. I think I'm prettier than she is, actually. I should take her place!" BEST DISH: "Lasagna. I'm not Italian, but I've had Italian in me." GIRLS' NIGHT OUT: "I'm high on life and drink Red Bull while everyone else is getting trashed." DATING DEAL BREAKER: "If a guy makes me pay for something, even my coffee, I'm done. I think a woman should be pampered, loved, cuddled and held. I want a guy to notice my fun personality and that I'm a good mom." MASTER AND SERVANT: "I'm very good at dominating people, and I'm into the fetish scene. I have a boot thing—vinyl, leather, thigh highs. I'm known as Goddess Lexy in these parts."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND GEORGE GEORGIOU

Tamara Martinez, **31, California, two children.** *DESPERATE* DOUBLE: "I watch the show faithfully with my husband and two-year-old. I'm like Teri Hatcher's character—she's comfortable in her own skin, but you can tell she wants to bust out fully nude at any moment." BEST DISH: "Filet mignon. If I'm going to make a steak, it should be the best." HOUSEHOLD TIP: "Anybody who has children should just have patience. Take deep breaths and realize everybody will wake up smiling. Also take time out for yourself, either alone or with your husband." HOUSE WEAR: "My favorite thing to wear for cleaning is a wifebeater with my Superman panties."

Tami Paz, **35, Arizona, four children.** *DESPERATE* DOUBLE: "Felicity Huffman. There have been similarities between our lives in every episode. My mom calls me during the commercials and is cracking up." HOUSEHOLD TIP: "A husband needs attention. He was here before the babies. Women must remember not to neglect their men. Remember the first time you saw your husband? Remember how you felt? Don't ever forget—or let him forget." DATE NIGHT: "Take the babies to Mom's, put on lingerie, and make passionate love. When he calls on Monday, he'll sound like a different person."

Angie Marton, 24, Arizona, one son. *DESPERATE* DOUBLE: "I've seen the show only a couple of times, but I probably identify with Eva Longoria the most. I would never cheat on my husband as she does, but I'll confess secret crushes on Colin Farrell and Brad Pitt." HOUSEHOLD TIP: "If you feed your children lots of fruits and vegetables, they won't act crazy. It calms them down, and they don't have as many temper tantrums." FAVORITE NIGHTWEAR: "Nothing." TWO THINGS ALWAYS IN THE FRIDGE: "Carrots and whipped cream. The latter is for special occasions." MOTIVATION: "Sometimes you get caught up in the whole family thing, but I thought this would be a really neat thing to try. Posing for PLAYBOY has always been in the back of my mind. This just fits my whole lifestyle right now."

Heidi Hanson, 24, North Carolina, one son. *DESPERATE* DOUBLE: "I totally relate to Teri Hatcher's character and having these fantasies about a major-league-cute hunk who lives right across the street. I live in the middle of nowhere, so I have to get out the binoculars if I want to check him out. I met him in one of my radiology classes last semester." HOUSEHOLD TIP: "You can always make your child stop crying by blowing soap bubbles. There's also something about the noise of a vacuum cleaner that has a similar effect." DREAM DATE: "I want to marry Ben Affleck; I go for guys who are tall and have dark hair and eyes. He makes me real hot. On our first date I would take him bowling because it's corny and funny. Who wouldn't smile or laugh while bowling? Plus he can check out my ass."

Cristina Bazan, 34, California, two daughters. *DESPERATE* LIVING: "I'm so desperate that I got divorced! Since then I've had my belly button pierced, jumped out of an airplane and gotten my boobs done. I spent 12 years married to a man 11 years my senior; these days I'm dating my own piece of 'Ash'—as in Demi and Ashton—who is 11 years my junior." WORKING GIRL: I have been a real-estate investor–developer for 10 years. I work primarily with men in a very cutthroat industry, which has only made me more feminine. It's remarkable how quickly a man will work for you when he thinks there's a possibility of a blow job at the end of the day." SPILL THE BEANS: "I was a good Catholic schoolgirl until recently. Now I like to check out the firemen at the local coffee shop before picking up the girls from school."

Angi Yangas, 25, Illinois, one son. *DESPERATE* DOUBLE: "I'm most like Eva Longoria, but if I were married, I would never cheat." WORKING GIRL: "I write children's books about these cute microscopic beans that live in your nose." HOUSEHOLD TIP: "Every day I take my son out to do something really fun, like running around in the rain." DREAM RIDE: "I want a Cadillac Escalade with spinners. I'm so ghetto; I deserve a badass ride. I have a hunk-of-crap Impala that I hate." DREAM DATE: "I need a reformed bad boy, someone who has walked on the wild side but knows that's not where he wants to be. That's totally me."

Laura Grillo, 25, Pennsylvania, one daughter. *DESPERATE* LIVING: "I'm very independent and stubborn. That's the Italian in me. I don't play men or cheat, but I wear the pants." BEST DISH: "Chicken parmigiana, but I can't give my secrets away." HOUSEHOLD TIP: "I clean while my daughter watches *Blue's Clues* and *Dora the Explorer* videos." ALTER EGO: "I'm known as Laura the Butt in the Philadelphia area. I was voted one of Philly's hottest moms by Y-100. Now everyone says I have the best butt they've ever seen, but when I look in the mirror, I'm like, It's just a butt. I don't understand why people obsess about it."

Kathy Sander, 37, Iowa, two children. *DESPERATE* LIVING: "I've never seen the show. I watch a lot of murder shows, like *CSI* and *Cold Case Files*. I think I could commit the perfect murder, actually." BEST DISH: "Steak and lobster." SPIES LIKE US: "Everyone is pretty nosy in this town. It's impossible to have any kind of privacy—they even know what color toilet paper you use. My thinking is that if they spent as much time worrying about their own lives as they do mine, maybe they'd have as much fun as I do." PDAS: "My husband and I have sex whenever the moment is right. One time it was in the bathroom of a restaurant. We just went for it. I'm more outgoing and he's the quiet one, so he sits back and lets me do my thing."

Loree Bischoff, 43, Arizona, two children. *DESPERATE* LIVING: "On a desperate scale of one to 10, I'm a 10 as far as being desperately in love with the same man for 20 years." BEST DISH: "Seafood-stuffed roasted poblano chilies." HOUSEHOLD TIP: "Create an environment in which everybody in the family can flourish and thrive." GOT MYLF?: "My friend and I started a MYLF shirt business at gotmylf.com. It stands for 'Make Your Life Fun.' We have a great illustration of us that has a vintage-pinup flair. It's empowering to be a MILF—it's an accomplishment to still be sexy after you've pushed the equivalent of a bowling ball through your body. Looking good enough for PLAYBOY is like getting a trophy."

Michelle Baena, 32, California, three children. *DESPERATE* DOUBLE: "I watch the show every Sunday. I identify most with Felicity Huffman's character because she's got all those kids and you see her go stir-crazy." HOUSEHOLD TIP: "Don't let your kids sleep with you in your bed when they're young, because it becomes a difficult habit to break." SPOUSAL SUPPORT: "I wouldn't have sent in photos if it wasn't something my husband and I discussed. He is 100 percent supportive. When I got back from the photo shoot in Chicago, 25 of my friends were at a club to throw me a surprise congratulations party." HEAVY-METAL MAMA: "I'm definitely into hard rock. We've gone to Ozzfest the last couple of years and saw Marilyn Manson recently."

See more hot housewives at cyber.playboy.com.

Postcards (continued from page 122)

I still have the note saying, "You're a hateful, stupid bastard. Esquire hates you." It was kind of a shock.

like to get up close. I didn't want to get in people's faces because you couldn't talk to them much after that.

On Gambling

I don't play cards much. Only once in a while for fun, to play around. I like to gamble where my own knowledge helps me—where if I'm smart about my betting I can affect my chances of winning. Unlike slot machines or dice games.

With sports betting it's always better to strike at the partisan, the home crowd, the *emotional* bettors. Go into a hostile town at night, visiting, and bet against the desperate, emotional bettors—they'll give you points, and that's the way to win at gambling. And the way to lose is to be one of those emotional bettors.

As a kid I played football, basketball, baseball. I was very much into it. I didn't start gambling until after I quit playing. But about halfway through high school I decided to fuck football and become a criminal. I made my choice between the sports life and the criminal life. Once you quit playing, you need that competitive factor. I don't give a fuck about a game unless I have a bet on it. You have to see it as an opportunity. Nongamblers see it as a chance to lose—and often feel they can't afford to lose. A gambler sees it as an opportunity that can't be passed up. Hell, go into debt.

Ed Bradley came out here one day and beat me for about $4,000 on a basketball game. I think it started as a hundred-dollar bet. But we kept doubling up. I paid him, of course. After all, I would have looked askance—and mentioned it in public—if he hadn't paid me. That's what makes it fun: the reality of it, having to pay up. It's good for it to hurt. Being labeled a cheater or a welch is much more painful to a gambler than getting beat up in the parking lot.

On Karma

It's extremely bad karma to brag about things you've gotten away with. I'm a great believer in karma in a profound sense: You *will* get what's coming to you.

On Reading

All the King's Men by Robert Penn Warren, is one of my all-time favorite books. If you don't know the book you should grab it and read it as soon as possible because it will teach you a lot of things. *The Ginger Man,* by J.P. Donleavy, was one of my seminal influences. It was kind of a password in certain circles. The Ginger Man got the piss beat out of him more than a few times, as I recall. The reading experience is important: *All the King's Men,* George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London,* F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby. Gatsby* is 55,000 words long—amazing economy in a book like that. With *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* I was determined to make it shorter than that. I may have failed. I think I beat it. But it's like the speed record on Saddle Road: I'm not sure I still hold it. In fact, I'm sure I don't if I could do it just by getting my hands on a Ferrari.

I get tremendous pleasure from reading aloud and having other people read to me. I like to hear how other people hear things. I like women's voices, foreign accents. There's a music to it.

When you're reading aloud, just remember that you want to understand it yourself. You have to hear it. That's the key to other people comprehending. You've got to hear the music. You need to hit each word. Not the way journalists read but with a dramatic rendering. It takes awhile. It's easier to comprehend when you creep along, like driving in second gear. The listener should be impatient for what's coming next.

On Rejection

For the better part of two years, while I was working as a copy boy at *Time* magazine—after my time in the Air Force—I took courses at Columbia and the New School. I had the fiction editor of *Esquire,* Rust Hills, as a creative-writing professor at Columbia. I still have a note from him saying, "Never submit anything to *Esquire* ever again. You're a hateful, stupid bastard. *Esquire* hates you." It was kind of a shock at that age.

On Free Will

In Orwell's *1984,* rigidity is imposed by the will of the state. Whereas with soma, in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World,* it's the will of the people. I've always operated on that second theory. Nobody is stealing our freedoms. We're dealing them off. That's the dark side of the American dream. I've always seen myself as a carrier of the torch against that urge. I always took it for granted. Just like I always took it for granted that if I wanted to run for president I could. I could do it. It's a nice way to think for most of your life, to be able to sustain that. Attitude counts for a lot.

On Demolition

When you push a car off a cliff and blow it up, be sure to roll the windows down to avoid shrapnel. Also, strip the license plate so you're not billed for the cleanup.

On Jail

My class in high school was the first one in the history of Louisville Male High to have girls in it, though still no blacks. I fell in love with a cheerleader. I can't say it was distracting—I was just not in the habit of going to class. But I wasn't cutting school to go back and jack off in an alley and eat cotton candy. My friends and I would go drink beer and read Plato's parable of the caves. We would go to taverns and read things like *All the King's Men.* Yes sir, it was a smart gang. When a judge at juvenile court sent me off to prison, I saw there was not a lot of future in jail. That is a vital piece of knowledge. I've never been back. I've been in holding tanks and such, but they've never convicted me.

On the Draft

My original job in the Air Force was repairing avionics and electronics. We were like the candy man: If your machine was out, you had to wait for us. And 90 percent of the problems were vacuum tubes. This was before solid-state engineering. So you'd replace a tube or two and they thought you were fucking Einstein. Machines would come back to life; planes would fly. Just pull a tube and stick another one in there. It was a cinch.

The military was kind of your friend in those days. You could jump a ride on military air-transport planes. If the plane was empty you could take people with you—even a girl. You could travel with the base football team, sitting on those paratrooper seats along the sides of the aircraft, against the tin walls.

At my station, Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, we had Bart Starr as the starting quarterback of the base football team. Everybody served. We had a bunch of all-Americans on the team. People went from the Eglin Eagles to the Green Bay Packers.

The draft civilized the military. It wasn't a permanent status; it was service.

"Permission to come aboard, madam."

It has a civilizing effect—you have a whole different attitude when you're in there for two years. And so does the top brass. The abolition of the draft was a momentous event. When you abolish the draft you've got mercenaries.

On Public Speaking

When I was in the Air Force I would take classes on the base. One of the classes I took was for something that terrified me more than anything in life: public speaking. It was terrifying. I don't know how I ever became a sought-after speaker.

When the Hells Angels book came out I was forced to go out and do publicity for it. It was still hard for me. They told me that if I could write a convincing article I could write a speech. I'd seen senior officers try to master public speaking in order to get promoted to field-grade positions—it was like survival for them. Succeed or die. Public speaking was a required skill. But when I got the sports editorship at the base newspaper—because the guy who was doing it was drunk, busted for the third time for pissing in public—I never had to master it.

One problem I have with public speaking is the sound system—I rarely get there in time to do a sound check. So the sound ends up distorted or you lose the bass.

On Nutrition

Grapefruit is vital to my lifestyle. I eat grapefruits, oranges, lemons, kiwis. I also need something green with every meal—some vegetables on the plate. Even if it's just some sliced tomatoes and green onions in a pinch. It's both aesthetic and healthy. If I take a look at a plate and see brown, gray, white, I can't eat it. I want to see some *red* and *green*.

Drink six to eight glasses of water a day. When you don't drink enough water you lose your taste for it. When you're chronically dehydrated the body misses it, but it has a self-fooling mechanism where you don't think about it. Then you have to reeducate your taste buds for it. At first you can't drink much pure water. I've worked up to five or six glasses a day. At first I could barely do one.

I had started the hydration process before I broke my leg in Hawaii at Christmastime in 2003. Everybody had been telling me. I was going into the Aspen Club—to the sports medicine department—to learn to walk after my spinal surgery earlier that same year. I wasn't supposed to recover from that.

I've really enjoyed my body. I've used it. One of the things I've been most impressed with in my life is the resiliency of the human body: They did both my spinal surgery and my leg surgery without putting any metal in me. No metal, Bubba.

On Medicine

A lot of doctors are reluctant to take responsibility for me. Nobody wants to be the doctor who killed Hunter Thompson. I don't trust the medical establishment, but I do trust individual doctors. I'm straight with doctors. They have to learn that they can talk to me straight, too. There's no point in trying to conceal anything. I appreciate the ones who take risks on me, and I have to look out for the chickenshits.

Most physicians are quacks. In Hawaii, when I broke my leg, they wouldn't give me any painkillers because I'd been drinking. Alcohol is supposed to be dangerous with painkillers. But depending on the person, that can be unnecessarily dogmatic. Body weight makes a big difference. If I sit around here doing hit for hit of almost anything except acid with a 100-pound woman, she'll get twice as ripped as me.

Anyway, the doctors wouldn't give me painkillers. They wanted me off the island. Nobody wanted responsibility. The doctors, the university where I spoke, the organizers of the marathon I was covering, the hotel where I stayed—they all wanted me out. It was *hell*. When they tried to load me onto a full commercial flight, they jammed my broken leg into the fuselage of the plane. I was the last to board. Imagine the wonderment of the other 200 passengers upon hearing this incredible uproar at the front of the aircraft—my ever-increasingly violent screams. All those passengers delayed 45 minutes, unable to see what was going on and unable to get up from their seats. Finally the airline had to give up. I've learned that when you get that mean, most people try to get away from it. And if they are assigned to handle you physically, they *really* want to get away from it.

On Mobility

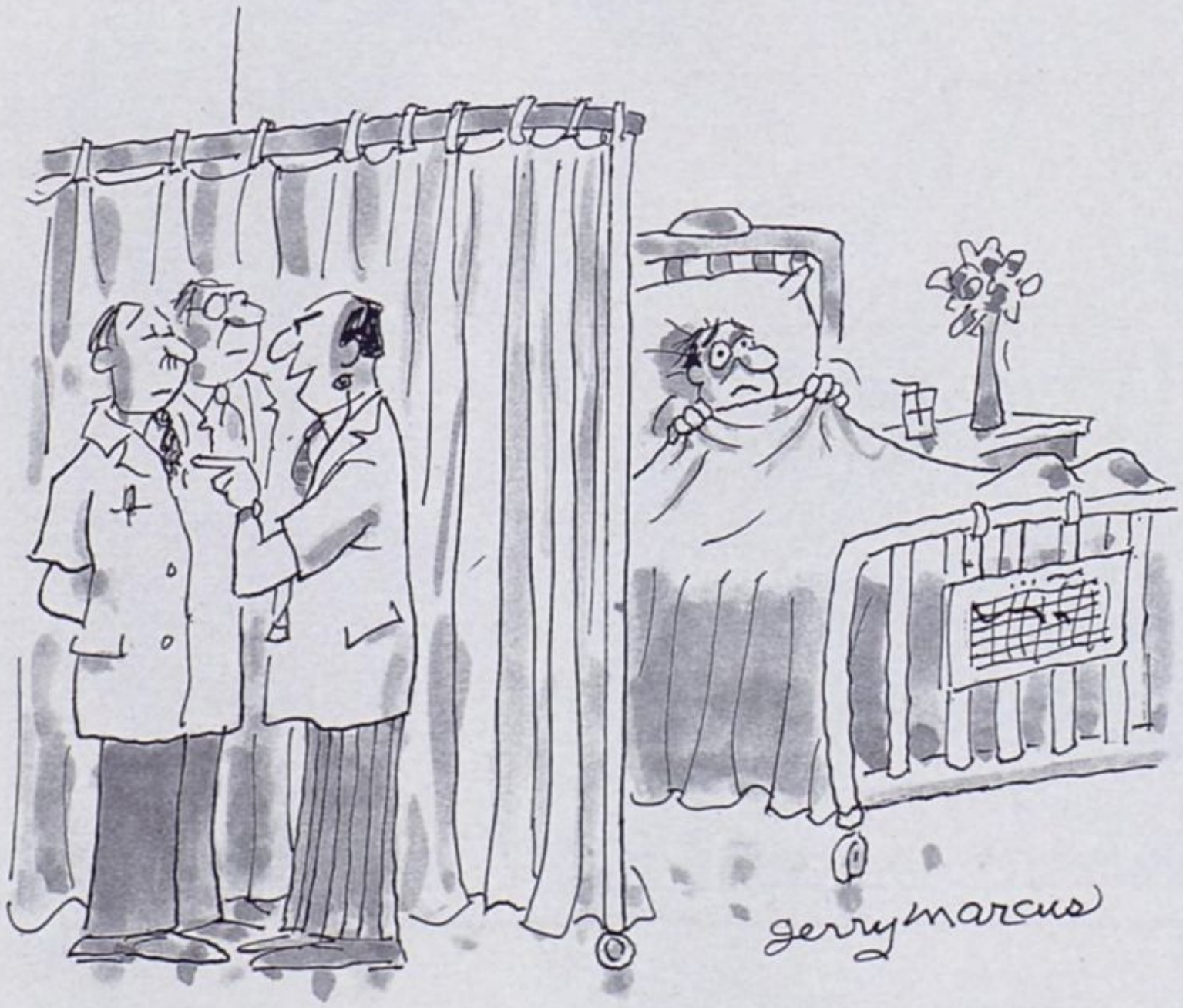
I was helpless when I got back from Hawaii. I had to shit in buckets. I had to learn how to move between wheelchairs. I had to learn to walk for the second time in one year. That was *survival*. It's very hard controlling your environment when you're in a wheelchair. Or in pain.

There are some advantages to being in a wheelchair but only when you can get out of it. It can be a wonderful way to travel. But not as nice as in a private jet. I'd do just about anything in this world to avoid flying commercial.

On Drugs

Most drugs have been very good to me. I use drugs, and if I abuse them, well, show me where. What do you mean abuse them, you jackass? What's abuse? Like most anything else, it's about paying attention. It's simple. It's not some exotic school of thought I picked up somewhere; it's paying attention. *Concentrating*. It's something you have to do your whole life.

I watch it and make sure people can handle things. You have to be super aware



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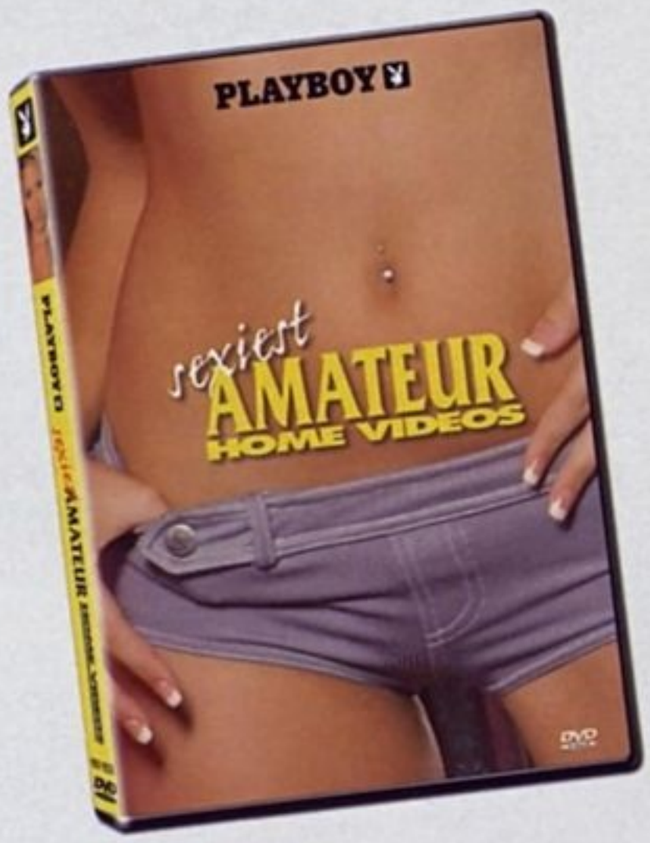

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of who is fucked-up, who is angry. Not at you necessarily, but who is dangerous. Who is not the same friendly guy you were talking to yesterday. See how different things affect different people. Then avoid them if you have to, or keep an eye on them. You can help people at some stage of their anger, but there's a point beyond which you can't do anything.

Steroid-based nasal spray can turn you into a monster.

The worst side of drug use is getting the drugs. Yeah, the police are my drug problem. You just can't travel with drugs anymore. That forces you to get your drugs from the local market when you go to a strange town. That affects the people you spend time with.

I've never made a nickel or dime off drugs. Never sold them. That's vital to the karma. Keeping a balance—not getting greedy. I would also feel somehow responsible for my clients. And most full-time dealers I've known have spent time in prison. It's part of the bargain. You have to put some of that profit away—probably half of it—against the day when you have to make a big bail or pay a lawyer. The one thing the Hells Angels did religiously was pay their bail bondsman. Every month, every bill. He's the guy who would be right there when anybody got busted. Call him anytime day or night, anywhere. He'd always come get you.

I don't advocate drugs and whiskey and violence and rock and roll, but they've always been good to me. I've never advised people who can't handle drugs to take them, just as people who can't drive well should not drive 80 miles an hour on any road. That's a point.

—CLIVE COLLINS

On Alcohol

I have no patience for malevolent drunks. No patience. Drugs, drink, it's no excuse.

Booze is probably the most dangerous substance—it's so available, and it's easy to get really wrecked. I felt a sense of amusement when I first read a book called *Nation of Drunkards*. It's a beautiful book—in the rare-book category. It's a history of alcohol and the forming of America. The nation really was conceived in a river of booze.

There's a basic difference in consumers of whiskey or any other substance, and that is the difference between being a binger and a chipper. I have understood for many years that I'm a chipper. The binger sets time aside to get wasted, to go on a binge. The chipper, like me, just does it all the time. It takes awhile to get settled in your patterns like I am—if you live that long.

On Being Outnumbered

Taking on groups of people was the ultimate fun. And then running off with their women. The Genghis Khan approach. It was romantic. I got the shit kicked out of me a lot. But it was *fun*. That's an unhealthy attitude—which is why I don't recommend it to other people.

Getting into rumbles without having any idea what you're doing is dangerous. I did it, but I learned. There are some basic rules. For one thing, any crowd or gang can murder you—no matter what kind of crowd. A crowd of schoolgirls can kill you.

Fighting gangs of people is very risky. If you ever get caught trying to defend yourself, attack one person in the crowd. Just try to kill that person. Concentrate, like a shark. Don't attack randomly. I've found that's about the only way to fight a mob. Kill one of them, or try, or seem eager or willing to. People will want to kill you for doing that, but it usually turns the momentum of a senseless brawl where you're just a soccer ball. When the soccer ball can attack you and bite your cheek off, the game changes.

I was ahead of the game when I realized that if I tried to kill one person the rest would back off.

You want to take on a large one. Take on a symbolic leader, the spokesman, the bully. A swift and violent kick to the nuts after a glass of water to the face is always good—and I mean a *crotch twister*, boy. There's a big difference between a sort of snap-kick to the nuts and one with a follow-through, where you go all the way through the crotch with force. Use the leg—hit with a higher part than the foot so there's a narrow point of impact.

Though it's probably better to stay out of rumbles, I miss it in a way. I hate bullies and like to take them on. There's that red line. It becomes like a two-minute drill in a playoff game. There's no reason, just survival. It's game time. I've frightened myself and other people with the extremes to which I can carry it.

Just because you give up fighting with your knuckles doesn't mean you give up fighting. That's the deadly serious underbelly of gonzo—the fist inside the glove. I'm still every bit as willing to take on a fight. You just have to figure out where and when. You need to know by gut instinct when the numbers are against you. You need to choose your battles—and your battleground—carefully. You don't want to volunteer to be destroyed. Pick your spots.

And there's no reason to see it all as a battle anyway.

On Potential

That old thing about "this kid has a lot of talent" will take you a long way. But eventually it has to pay off. Potential will run out—and it can run out suddenly.

On Dentistry

I'm usually not sensitive to pain. I have a high tolerance for it. But I've never thought of pain as an option in any kind of dentistry question. Pain has always been a given. An assumption. Pain? Of course you'll have pain if you do a root canal. I've never had dentistry without pain—until a recent epiphany that is going to be one of the main clinical discoveries of our time.

I don't fear the dentist. It's just not someplace I'd choose to go. You don't look forward to a root canal. They put that rubber dam across your mouth. You can't talk to the dentist. You can't say, "What the fuck are you doing?" One of my problems is that I'm too conscious of what he's doing. I kind of critique him as he's going along. I make the classic mistake of dumb people: I think I know more than the dentist.

I want as little pain as possible. My dentist—a half-bright quack; not a bad dentist but a simple one—will not give anybody pain pills. He hates giving me the gas. I don't have much use for the gas anyway, though the first whiff or two can be nice.

Turns out music is really the best remedy for pain. Not just music but dominant music, top volume. I hadn't fucked around with headphones since the 1970s, but recently I introduced music on a scale that I had not thought of before. It was with a little CD Walkman. I finally figured out how to turn it up to top volume. I used this Discman properly for the first time. *Boom*. I had my own studio, my own speakers.

I did have a normal quotient of whiskey.

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

But I wouldn't say the whiskey was a factor. Another ingredient was the weed I thought I'd try. When I finally told the dentist, "Goddamn it, your stuff sucks. I'm going to go out and smoke some weed in the car," he said, "Yeah, that's the way to do it." It's not like he's a goddamn Jesus freak of some kind. Now they say, "Of course you should have self-medicated. You should have done it all along."

Be sure to self-medicate. I *used* to think of needing painkillers *after* dentistry. Ho-ho.

I could barely get into the dentist's chair. I was as high as four dogs. In a good mood. But it was hard to get to the chair and socked in. I felt like I was in command of the world. I had my sunglasses on. I had the CD player in my crotch. I had a strong drink of Chivas Regal and ice in easy reach to my left.

None of the things you're normally conscious of—probes, sticking cotton in your mouth, the pain of the injections—mattered once I turned the music on. At top volume you can't ignore it. The music is louder and more intense than the pain. And then when he brought in the drill—which you can normally feel even if it's not always painful...*nothing*.

Hot damn! I was so excited about my discovery that I tried to tell the dentist about it while I was in the chair. But I had that rubber in my mouth. So I just put the fucking headphones back on.

On Ex-Presidents

When addressing a former president, Mr. President is the proper form. But I also call one Jimmy. Of course, some of them are best addressed as Swine.

On Humor

Humor is important—I can't think of anything much more important. Not necessarily to make people laugh but to make them smile. I find that if I can laugh with someone or get them to laugh with me, that's an immediate bond. It's not something I write down or memorize before I go out. It becomes a habit, a survival technique.

Making your enemies laugh once is no big trick. But making them laugh twice, three times, against their better judgment, makes them notice.

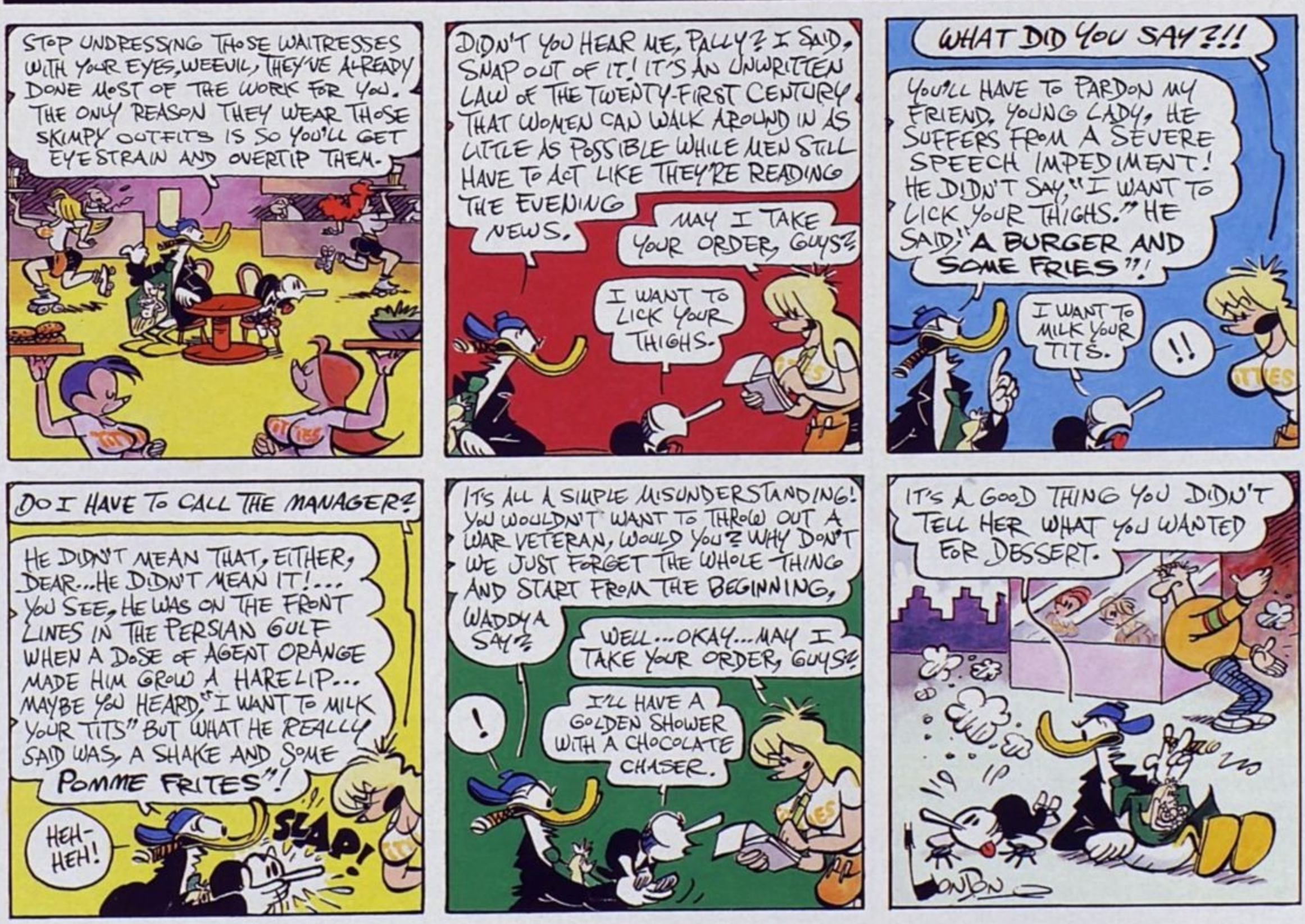
It's like when you shoot a gun in public. The first shot doesn't get people's attention. Hell, I don't notice a shot unless it's right outside my window. But the second shot gets *everybody's* attention.

On Fashion

When it comes to clothes, it's easier to talk about the dark side of the American dream in a clown's garb than a clergyman's. But dressing with a sense of humor has its drawbacks. I have a shirt covered with fishing lures—they're silver rubber minnows. Sometimes when I'm wearing it I'll reach down to scratch my rib and feel this scaly shit. God, what a shock. I'm used to finding weird things wrong with me—what the fuck is that?—but not *scales*.

I like the way sunglasses look, but I seldom wear really dark glasses. I've found that if people can see my eyes through the lenses it's more comfortable. I try not

Dirty Duck® by Bobby London


STOP UNDRESSING THOSE WAITRESSES WITH YOUR EYES, WEEVIL, THEY'VE ALREADY DONE MOST OF THE WORK FOR YOU. THE ONLY REASON THEY WEAR THOSE SKIMPY OUTFITS IS SO YOU'LL GET EYESTRAIN AND OVERTIP THEM.
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME, PALLY? I SAID, SNAP OUT OF IT! IT'S AN UNWRITTEN LAW OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY THAT WOMEN CAN WALK AROUND IN AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE WHILE MEN STILL HAVE TO ACT LIKE THEY'RE READING THE EVENING NEWS.
MAY I TAKE YOUR ORDER, GUYS?
I WANT TO LICK YOUR THIGHS.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?!!
YOU'LL HAVE TO PARDON MY FRIEND, YOUNG LADY, HE SUFFERS FROM A SEVERE SPEECH IMPEDIMENT! HE DIDN'T SAY, "I WANT TO LICK YOUR THIGHS." HE SAID, "A BURGER AND SOME FRIES"!
I WANT TO MILK YOUR TITS.
!!
DO I HAVE TO CALL THE MANAGER?
HE DIDN'T MEAN THAT, EITHER, DEAR...HE DIDN'T MEAN IT!... YOU SEE, HE WAS ON THE FRONT LINES IN THE PERSIAN GULF WHEN A DOSE OF AGENT ORANGE MADE HIM GROW A HARELIP... MAYBE YOU HEARD, "I WANT TO MILK YOUR TITS" BUT WHAT HE REALLY SAID WAS, A SHAKE AND SOME POMME FRITES"!
HEH-HEH!
SLAP!
IT'S ALL A SIMPLE MISUNDERSTANDING! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO THROW OUT A WAR VETERAN, WOULD YOU? WHY DON'T WE JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING AND START FROM THE BEGINNING, WADDYA SAY?
WELL...OKAY...MAY I TAKE YOUR ORDER, GUYS?
I'LL HAVE A GOLDEN SHOWER WITH A CHOCOLATE CHASER.
!
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T TELL HER WHAT YOU WANTED FOR DESSERT.

to have my costume be a problem for me or other people.

I'll wear Chucks with a tuxedo. Is that confrontational? There are times when I'll wear a blazer for no particular reason. They have good pockets. It's easy, comfortable.

I love what people call my Coat of Many Colors, which I bought at Abercrombie & Fitch in the early 1970s. Every once in a while I wish I had bought the pants, too. It's a hunting outfit, sort of a precursor to those blaze orange outfits. It's a very well-made coat—it has a game bag that folds out of the back. The bag's waterproof, plastic lined—you can shoot a duck and pop it into the pouch. It'll carry ice for drinks. And it doesn't leak blood. Somewhere in there are loops for shotgun shells.

I've always bought, been treated to or stolen the highest-quality clothing I can. Shit, it saves a lot of money not having to go out and buy new shirts every year.

When I carry a gun it's always in a shoulder holster. That's when you want to have looser-fitting coats. There are times when it's better not to be obvious with your gun—most of the time, really. Unless you're out shooting with people or doing something where other people have guns, it's better not to advertise it.

On Skinny-Dipping

Total darkness and no clothes is the *only* way to swim. Swimming in clothes seems almost obscene to me.

On Survival

Choosing the right friends is a life-or-death matter. But you really see it only in retrospect. I've always considered that possibly my highest talent—recognizing and keeping good friends. And you better pay attention to it, because any failure in that regard can be fatal. You need friends who come through. You should always be looking around for good friends because they really dress up your life later on.

In the end, it's not so much how to succeed in life as it is how to survive the life you have chosen.

On Perspective

I'm too old to adopt conceits or airs. I have nothing left to prove. It's kind of fun to look at it—instead of a personal challenge to the enemy out there, just enjoy the evidence. I can finally look at it objectively. Not "Who is this freak over here?" but "Who am I?" I've gotten to that point where it's take it or leave it. Whatever way I've developed seems okay to me on the evidence. So what if the score is against me? I've been on the battlefield for a long time. I suppose I always will be—just my nature.

PRECIOUSMETAL

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FOOT WORK

(continued from page 110)

from the clinic, and you fly to Hong Kong. You realize the clinic is just Lenny, a guy with a Russian accent who lives in a suite in the Park Hampton Hotel. You give him half your income.

Don't laugh, but the downside is you never have time to go shopping. The money just piles up. Your uniform is a fur coat. To fit into this new world you get good gold and platinum jewelry. You keep a head of perfect glossy hair. Sitting in the lobby of the Ritz-Carlton, you see a few kids you went to reflexology college with now wearing Armani suits and Chanel cocktail dresses. Kids who used to be vegan bicycle commuters, now you see them climbing into and out of limousines. You see them eating alone at small tables in hotel dining rooms, drinking cocktails at the bar in private airports, waiting for the next chartered jet.

What used to be idealistic dreamers, now lured into professional foot work.

These hippie dreadlocked earth mothers and goateed skater punks, you hear them on the telephone giving sell orders to their stockbrokers. Stashing money in offshore accounts and Swiss safety deposit boxes. Haggling over uncut diamonds and Krugerrands.

Boys named Trout and Pony, Lizard and Oyster, now they're all called Dirk. Girls named Buttercup are all called Dominique.

This flood of people doing foot work, it brings the price down. Soon enough, instead of servicing software billionaires and oil sheikhs, you're loitering in a hotel bar wearing last year's Prada and turning foot tricks for 20 bucks a pop. You're slipping under tables to manipulate the feet of conventioneers sitting in restaurant back booths. You're bursting out of big fake birthday cakes to do the feet of whole football teams just to keep up the payments on your parents' retirement home.

It's just a matter of time before you contract some incurable toenail fungus under your silk-wrapped French manicure.

You do all this just to pay the interest on money you borrowed from Lenny and his Russian Mafia. Money borrowed to buy stocks that tanked. Stocks recommended by Lenny. Or to buy the jewelry and shoes Lenny said you'd need to fit in.

You're in the lobby bar at the Park Hampton Hotel, trying to talk a drunk businessman into a $10 foot job in the men's room. That's when you see her, Angelique, walking across the lobby, headed for the elevators. Her hair shining. Her furs dragging on the carpet behind her high-heeled feet. Angelique still looking great. Your eyes catch hers, and with one gloved hand she waves you over.

When the elevator comes, she says she's going up to Lenny's penthouse suite. The clinic.

She looks at you in your scuffed high heels, your fingernails chipped and jagged, and she says, "Come see what the next growth industry will be...."

The elevator stops on the 50th floor, the whole penthouse leased to Lenny. Two pin-striped suits full of muscle stand guarding a door. It's these goons you pay Lenny's cut to, half of everything you make. One guard says your names into a microphone pinned to his lapel, and the doors unlock with a loud buzz.

Inside it's just you and Angelique and Lenny.

Don't laugh, but lonely and isolated as your life is doing foot work—Lenny's life looks worse. Locked up here on the penthouse floor, wearing a white terry-cloth bathrobe all day, counting his money and talking on the telephone. The only furniture is a desk chair, the seat stained and dirty. A mattress is flopped near walls of glass that look out over the whole city. On a computer screen stock prices scroll up without stopping.

Lenny comes to the both of you, his bathrobe hanging open, wearing wrinkled striped boxer shorts inside, white socks turned yellow on his feet. Lenny reaches both hands toward Angelique's face and says, "My angel, my favorite." He cups her face in his hands and says, "How are you?"

In her high heels Angelique must be a head taller than he is. She smiles, saying, "Lenny...."

And Lenny smacks her, hard, across her face. He says, "You're cheating on me, that's how you are." He holds one hand up, the palm open and ready to smack her again. Lenny says, "You're taking outside assignments, aren't you?"

Holding one gloved hand to her cheek, hiding the red print of Lenny's hand, Angelique says, "Baby, no...."

And Lenny drops his hand. He turns his back to her. Lenny goes to look out the windows, the city spread out right next to his mattress.

"Baby," Angelique says, "let me show you something new."

Angelique looks at you.

She goes to stand next to him, putting her gloved hands on his shoulders from behind, and Angelique says, "Let Mommy show you how much she still loves her baby...."

She steers Lenny to sit on the mattress. Then to lie back. She slips the yellowed sock off each foot.

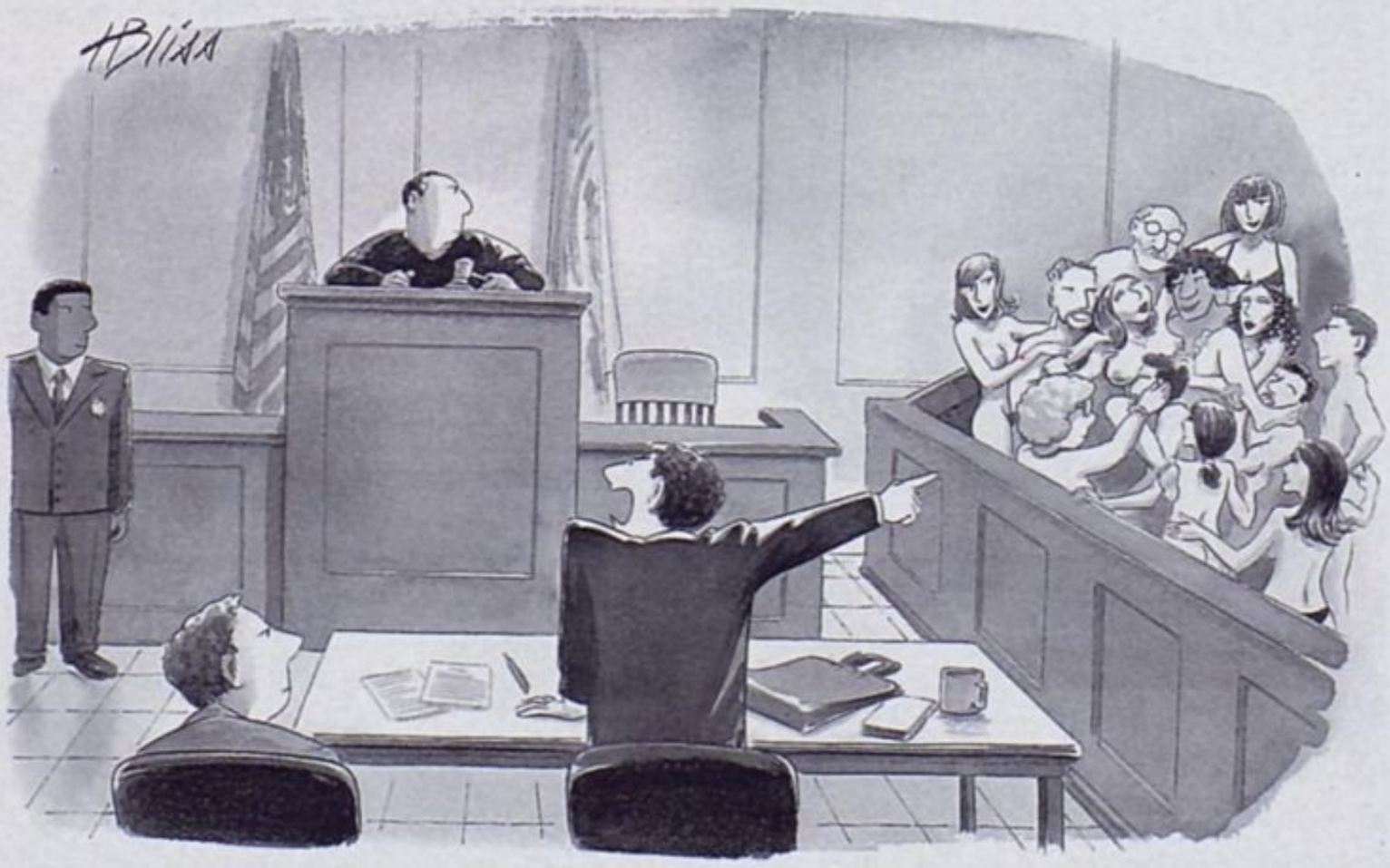
"Come on, baby," she says. Taking off her gloves she says, "You know I give great foot...."

Then Angelique does what you've never seen before. She gets down on her knees. She opens her mouth, her lips stretched wide and thin, and runs her tongue along the bottom of Lenny's sole. Angelique cups her lips around Lenny's heel, and Lenny starts to moan.

Don't laugh, but there are jobs worse than the worst job you can imagine. A media mogul with no history of high blood pressure, he's found dead of a stroke in a room at the Four Seasons. A rock star in perfect health dies of kidney failure after a foot massage in the Chateau Marmont.

We have access to the feet of presidents and sultans. CEOs and movie stars. Kings and queens. We know how to make a paid hit look like natural causes.

This is what Angelique tells you on the way down in the elevator. After Lenny moaned and thrashed. After Angelique mouthed his foot until the one long moment Lenny sat up on the mattress, clutching his chest in both hands and gaping his open mouth at her as she was still sucking his heel. After his heart stopped Angelique pulled the bedsheets up to his chin. She wiped the lipstick off his foot and smeared more around her mouth. She unplugged his phones and told



"I object, Your Honor! The jury is having sex with the witness!"

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the guards Lenny was taking a long nap.

On the way down in the elevator, Angelique tells you this was her last foot job. This kind of foot hit paid a million bucks, cash. A rival agency had hired her to bump off Lenny, and now she was out of the business for good.

In the lobby bar the two of you have a cocktail to get the taste of Lenny's foot out of her mouth. Just one last good-bye drink. Then Angelique says to look around the hotel lobby. The men in suits. The women in fur coats. They're all Rolfing killers, she says. Reiki killers. Colonic irrigation assassins.

Angelique says that, in gem therapy, just by putting a quartz crystal on someone's heart, then an amethyst on his liver and a turquoise on his forehead, you can induce a coma that results in death. Just by sneaking into a room and rearranging someone's bedroom set, a feng shui expert can trigger kidney disease.

"Moxibustion," she says, the science of burning cones of mugwort on someone's acupuncture points, "it can kill. So can shiatsu."

She drinks the last of her cocktail and takes off the strand of pearls around her neck.

All those cures and remedies that claim to be 100 percent natural ingredients, therefore 100 percent safe, Angelique laughs about those. She says cyanide is natural. So is arsenic.

She hands the pearls to you and says, "From now on, I'm back to being Lentil."

That's how you want to remember Angelique, not the way she looked in the newspaper the next day, fished out of the river in a soggy mink coat. Her earrings and diamond watch taken to make it look like a robbery. Not with her feet fondled to death but dead the old-fashioned way, with a hollow-point bullet to the back of her perfect French braid. A warning to all the Dirks and Dominiques who might jump ship.

The clinic calls, not Lenny but some other Russian accent, trying to send you to clients, but you don't trust them. The guards saw you with Lentil. Up at the penthouse. They must have another hollow point ready for the back of your head.

Your folks call from Florida to say a black town car keeps following them, and somebody calls to ask if they know how to find you. By now you're already running from flophouse to flophouse, giving back-alley foot jobs for enough cash to stay alive.

You tell your folks: Be careful. You tell them not to get massaged by anybody they don't know. Calling them from a pay phone, you tell them never to mess with aromatherapy. Auras. Reiki. Don't laugh, but you're going to be traveling for a long time, maybe the rest of your life.

You can't explain. By now you've run out of quarters, so you tell your folks good-bye.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 34, 39–42, 78–83, 112–117 and 162–163, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

GAMES

Page 34: *Capcom,* capcom.com. *Electronic Arts,* ea.com. *id Software,* idsoftware.com. *Midway,* midway.com. *Take-Two Interactive,* take2games.com. *Ubisoft,* ubi.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 39–42: *Amber Lounge,* amber-lounge.com. *Evolution Surf,* evolutionsurf.com. *Flos,* flos.com. *Hôtel de Paris,* montecarloresort.com. *Mas Yacht,* mas-yacht.com. *Richard Mille,* westime watches.com. *Suzuki,* suzukimusic.com. *Yamaha,* yamaha.com.

RUNWAY MODELS

Pages 78–83: *Ferrari,* courtesy of Ferrari of Beverly Hills, 310-275-4400, or ferraribeverlyhills.com.

SUMMER STYLE DIARY

Pages 112–117: *Alain Mikli,* available at Lunettes Inc. in NYC. *Angular Momentum,* angularmomentum.com. *Aramis,* available at department stores nationwide. *Armani Jeans,* emporioarmani.com. *Baxter of California,* baxterofcalifornia.com. *Beretta,* 212-319-3235. *Birkenstock,* birkenstock.com. *Brooks,* brooksrunning.com. *Brooks Brothers,* brooksbrothers.com. *Bullie,* bulliecare.com. *Calvin Klein Collection,* Calvin Klein in NYC. *Calvin Klein Underwear,* cku.com. *Catherine M. Zadeh,* catherine zadeh.com. *Charvet,* available at Bergdorf Goodman. *Chip & Pepper,* available at Bloomingdale's. *Donell Skin,* donellskin.com. *Dooney & Bourke,* 800-347-5000. *DSquared,* available at select Bloomingdale's. *Ecko Unlimited,* available at Macy's. *Emporio Armani,* emporioarmani.com. *French Connection,* available at Marshall Field's. *Gillette,* available at drugstores nationwide. *Giorgio Armani,* giorgioarmani.com. *Hickey Freeman,* available at Hickey Freeman in NYC. *Iceberg,* Macy's West in Beverly Hills. *I.Travel,* i-travel footwear.com. *Jan Leslie,* janleslie.com. *John Varvatos,* johnvarvatosscent.com. *Johnston & Murphy,* johnstonandmurphy.com. *Joseph Abboud,* askjosephabboud.com. *Kenneth Cole Reaction,* available at Macy's. *Lab Series for Men,* labseriesformen.com. *Marc Jacobs,* available at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Menscience,* menscience.com. *Men-U,* men-uusa.com. *Mezlan,* mezlan shoes.com. *Omega,* 800-75-OMEGA. *Pirelli,* available at Apollo Express in NYC. *Privo,* privousa.com. *Ray-Ban,* rayban.com. *Robert Marc,* robertmarc.com. *Robert Talbott,* roberttalbott.com. *Rosasen,* rosasen.com. *Shiseido Men,* available at Nordstrom. *Southwick,* southwickclothing.com. *Stubbs and Wootton,* stubbsandwootton.com. *Swatch,* swatch.com. *Swiss Army,* swissarmy.com. *Tag Heuer,* tagheuer.com. *Timex,* timex.com. *Torino,* torinoinc.com. *Tourneau,* tourneau.com. *Truffles from La Maison du Chocolat,* 212-744-7117. *The Village Hat Shop,* villagehatshop.com. *Wilson,* wilson.com. *Zirh,* zirh.com.

POTPOURRI

Pages 162–163: *1792 Ridgemont Reserve,* available at liquor stores nationwide. *Canary Wireless,* canarywireless.com. *ChatterBox,* chatterboxusa.com. *Freeplay,* freeplay.com. *NDMX,* ndmxgolf.com. *Sheets Gone Wild,* damonanthony.com. *Spherex,* spherexinc.com. *Velasco Enterprises,* fightingcolors.com. *Voltaic Systems,* voltaicsystems.com.

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KLITSCHKO

(continued from page 87)

KLITSCHKO: We always wanted to try Coke. I had heard about it but had never tried it. When I got here I drank so much I got sick. I brought a can back to the Ukraine for my brother. He was so happy. I also brought him some Bubblicious gum.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Your brother, Wladimir, like you, is a former WBO champion. What would it take for the two of you to fight?
KLITSCHKO: My brother always says he never had a chance to fight me. There's a five-year age difference. So when he was 10, I was 15. Now we would never fight. We promised my mother. I don't want to fight my brother anyway. It's too dangerous for me.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You were dismissed from the 1996 Olympics after you had tested positive for a banned substance. It was learned that a doctor had given you steroids to treat a leg injury without your knowledge. How upset were you?
KLITSCHKO: I was so disappointed. Nobody supported me. I tried to explain that I didn't know where it came from, but no one would believe me. Eventually it came out that my doctor had given me medication that contained a banned substance without my knowledge. I thought I would only get fined, but they cut me from the team. I took it hard. My goal was an Olympic gold medal, and I knew I could beat everybody. I was already at the top of the amateur rankings. I was really depressed after that because someone else made a mistake that I paid for. But my brother made my dream come true. He was supposed to fight heavyweight. After I was dropped he moved up in weight class to superheavyweight, the division I was supposed to fight in. He brought the gold medal home and said, "Brother, this is for you."

Q9

PLAYBOY: What is Don King really like?
KLITSCHKO: He called me at the Olympic Games. My brother had won the gold medal. A guy next to me in the stands handed me a cell phone and said, "Don King wants to talk to you." He wanted to be our manager. He brought us to a Mike Tyson fight and gave us a proposal. He even sang to us once, at his house in Las Vegas. He sat at the piano and began playing. I was surprised—I had no idea he was so good! Then I noticed the pedals moving automatically. His feet weren't on them. The piano was playing by itself. I realized you have to be careful with this guy. Everything is sleight of hand.

"What did I tell you, guys? The exit to the water ride has the best view in the park!"

Q10

PLAYBOY: You have a Ph.D. in sports science from the University of Kiev, making you the most educated champ in boxing history. Your thesis was titled "Talent and Talent Encouragement." Give us the gist of it.
KLITSCHKO: The focus was on talent and where it comes from. Is talent a gift from God? Does it come from your parents? Is it self-developed? Why do thousands of boys and girls play a sport but only a few have the skills to succeed at it? It's not just sports. It also applies to things like music, art and business.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You lost the WBO heavyweight title to Chris Byrd in 2000 when you quit after tearing a rotator cuff in your shoulder. How difficult was it to throw in the towel?
KLITSCHKO: It was really hard. I couldn't see. The pain made my eyes foggy, and the ringside doctor told me fighting through it could end my career. I worry about my health, and I knew I couldn't fight anymore. Two days later I had to have major surgery. It was harder to listen to the critics and the fans who said I had no heart.

Q12

PLAYBOY: A ringside doctor stopped your 2003 fight against Lennox Lewis after you suffered a cut to your eyelid that later required at least 60 stitches. Lewis has said if the fight had gone a couple more rounds he would have knocked you out. What do you think?
KLITSCHKO: Lewis told everyone before the fight that he would knock me out in three rounds. When they stopped the fight after six rounds I was ahead on points. I beat him, but the doctor stopped the fight. Lewis talks too much. After the fight he promised me a rematch. Then

he told me I had to fight Kirk Johnson first. So I fought Kirk Johnson and knocked him out. The boxing commission began putting pressure on Lewis, saying if he didn't fight me he would lose the title. He retired instead. I am the person who sent him into retirement. He made a smart decision.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Which loss was harder to get over, the one to Byrd or to Lewis?

KLITSCHKO: They were very different. After the fight with Byrd everyone criticized me. After the fight with Lewis everyone gave me compliments. People came up to me and apologized for their criticism. I changed their opinions.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You used the Eagles' "Hotel California" as your intro music for the Lewis fight. Couldn't you find something more intimidating?

KLITSCHKO: A journalist once asked me about my music after I went pro, and I said, "There was music?" I am concentrating so hard on the fight that I don't hear it. Music is for the audience, not the fighter. I just use my favorite stuff. I used "Hotel California" against Lewis in Los Angeles, and everyone thought it was a marketing move. It wasn't. It was just a song I really like.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You've said that when heavyweight Danny Williams knocked out Mike Tyson he destroyed your dream. What did you mean by that?

KLITSCHKO: When I was 15 Tyson became the youngest heavyweight champ in history. Gorbachev allowed the fight to air on Soviet TV. We were all excited about seeing it. I told everybody I would be a professional world champion one day and would beat Tyson. All my friends laughed and said it would never happen. I remember looking at the TV and saying, "One day I'll fight you and beat you, Iron Mike." It was a big motivation for my entire professional career. We finally discussed it with his management. He was fighting Williams first, and we didn't think anything of it. Who was Danny Williams? He was nothing for Tyson. But then Williams knocked him out and destroyed my dream. I was so disappointed and angry. I decided I would show everyone I would beat the guy who beat Tyson, so I fought Williams and knocked him out.

Q16

PLAYBOY: And now, because you can't get a rematch with Lewis, you're fighting Hasim Rahman, who knocked out Lewis. Where are the big names?

KLITSCHKO: Right now there's a new generation of boxers, a lot of strong fighters, but no one knows their names. I have a lot of respect for Hasim Rahman. He's a good, strong fighter. He knocked out Lewis because Lewis underestimated him. I won't underestimate him. I'll give my best and remain world champ for a long time.

Q17

PLAYBOY: We've heard you used to go to the movies every day to brush up on your English. Would you recommend it as a learning tool?

KLITSCHKO: When I was a child my mother tried to get me to study other languages. But I told her, "For what? We'll never have a chance to travel outside our country." Then the iron curtain came down, and suddenly we had a chance to travel. I had to learn fast. Movies helped, and they were free on the base. I speak Russian, German, French and English. Right now my son is my biggest English teacher, and he's been learning for only five years. He comes home from preschool, and I can't understand him. He has been helping me more than movies.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You were outspoken about the elections in the Ukraine. Do you believe celebrities should play a role in politics and world affairs?

KLITSCHKO: Many people asked me why I got involved. They said I should stay out of the election. But I don't want to be passive. Every citizen should help develop the future of his country. I did it for my friends and family. My parents still live in the Ukraine. If I have a choice between a dictatorship and a democracy, I will always choose democracy because I know what it's like to grow up in a dictatorship.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You once played Gary Kasparov at chess. What happened?

KLITSCHKO: Chess was another activity taught to children on the military base. Everyone played. Kasparov was our idol. One time in Germany when I was 25 or 26 we were invited to play him. He played 20 of us simultaneously and won every game. I needed time to think of my next move, but Kasparov never even stopped to think. I was shocked.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Give us a chess tip.

KLITSCHKO: Chess is similar to boxing. You need to develop a strategy, and you need to think two or three steps ahead about what your opponent is doing. You have to be smart. But what's the difference between chess and boxing? In chess nobody is an expert, but everybody plays. In boxing everybody is an expert, but nobody fights.

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General Managers

(continued from page 89)

But Beane doesn't make decisions strictly on a statistical basis. Just as Lewis made his name writing about Wall Street, so Beane made for a natural subject because of his brutally frank commodity-management approach to roster assembly. Rather than sit on his heels, Beane tries to improve his current team while also keeping an eye toward the future. This past winter he tore down two thirds of the starting rotation's big three, dealing both Tim Hudson and Mark Mulder out of economic considerations and for the opportunity to acquire premier talent from the Braves and Cardinals.

The A's front office has been raided repeatedly by teams trying to add a bit of the Oakland stroke. First Grady Fuson left the player development side, moving to Texas for a raise and an assistant general manager position. (He was later driven out by John Hart, the general manager famous for successfully rebuilding the Indians in the 1990s.)

Subsequent defectors went straight to the top job in their new organizations—J.P. Ricciardi to the Blue Jays in November 2001, then Paul DePodesta to the Dodgers in February 2004. Both men have tried to reproduce elements of what they learned in Oakland. Ricciardi, one of the game's better-regarded scouting minds, hired a stathead to complement his player development background. DePodesta, an accomplished analyst in his own right, looked to shore up the Dodgers' moribund domestic scouting. While Ricciardi has to cope with the two powerhouses of the AL East and is signed up for a long-term rebuilding project, DePodesta has already done remarkable work in turning around the Dodgers, emulating his mentor with bold free agent signings and trades.

Last year's pennant winners, the Cardinals and Red Sox, both have statheads on the payroll. Boston settled for no less than Bill James himself. He is only one part of a front office team that does an unparalleled job of evaluating every decision, and Theo Epstein should be counted among the few general managers who can do their own homework. The general managers of several other teams are on board with gaining a statistical edge: The Indians' Mark Shapiro, the Padres' Kevin Towers and the Royals' Allard Baird are all identified with the *Moneyball* generation. Beyond them, teams such as the Mariners, Brewers and Mets have made a point of hiring their own statheads in the past year, and a generation of front office staffers who read Bill James in college is slowly moving up the management ladder.

We're entering an age in baseball history when competition won't be ferocious just on the diamond. It has become a year-round effort, where franchises use data, data crunchers and scouting to win. Teams that don't adapt will get used to life in the cellar.

"I think the Prince has something else going on with that slipper."

Big League Blues

(continued from page 118)

5. Washington Nationals

Last season: 67–95. Fifth place, 29 games out. The Expos were 20–23 in Puerto Rico over the past two years, compared with 67–51 in Montreal.

Off-season focus: While most of the attention was on finding a permanent home in the nation's capital, interim GM Jim Bowden revamped the left side of the infield by signing third baseman Vinny Castilla and shortstop Cristian Guzman. He also took a shot at resurrecting outfielder Jose Guillen's career. But Bowden couldn't help the pitching, coming up short on bids for lefty Odalis Perez and right-hander Jaret Wright.

In-season prognosis: The Nats are happy to be somewhere they can call home. But they failed to improve the rotation and thus can't even pretend they'll be a factor in the NL East.

Welcome to town: The Nationals are the darlings of D.C., which is welcoming big league baseball back to the city for the first time since the expansion Senators became the Texas Rangers in 1972.

NATIONAL LEAGUE CENTRAL

1. St. Louis Cardinals

Last season: 105–57. First place, swept in the World Series. The Cards became the first NL Central team to play in a World Series.

Off-season focus: GM Walt Jocketty decided to sacrifice offense—letting shortstop Edgar Renteria leave as a free agent and signing David Eckstein—to improve his rotation, which was exposed in the World Series. For the $10 million Boston will pay Renteria this year, the Cards were able to acquire Mark Mulder, Eckstein and Mark Grudzielanek.

In-season prognosis: The addition of Mulder gives St. Louis a legitimate ace for the rotation, but concern now shifts to the offense: Albert Pujols played through the pain of plantar fasciitis on his left heel and then hoped off-season rest would alleviate the problem. In midwinter, however, the soreness flared, bringing back memories of the struggles Mark McGwire faced with the same ailment.

Welcome to town: Mulder, who has won 72 games in the past four seasons, is making the move from the American League, a switch that has benefited pitchers in recent years.

2. Chicago Cubs

Last season: 89–73. Third place, 16 games out. The Cubs have put together back-to-back

winning seasons for the first time since 1971 and 1972.

Off-season focus: The Cubs dabbled in free agent conversations, but general manager Jim Hendry's primary focus was to unload the festering problem of Sammy Sosa. He found a taker in Baltimore, even if it cost him $12 million. Sosa wore out his welcome when he dissed manager Dusty Baker and left the ballpark early on Fan Appreciation Day, touching off a backlash from teammates.

In-season prognosis: The Cubbies have the best rotation in baseball, but questions exist about an offense that has lost Sosa and Moises Alou and a bullpen that has no experienced closer. Ryan Dempster, who showed late in the season he was ready to rebound from elbow surgery, will be relied on in a late-inning role. Joe Borowski hopes to bounce back after a rotator-cuff injury ruined his 2004 season.

Welcome to town: Rookie outfielder Jason Dubois, who had 32 homers and 104 RBI between the Cubs and Class AAA Iowa last year, will get a platoon opportunity in left field.

3. Cincinnati Reds

Last season: 76–86. Fourth place, 29 games out. With a starting outfield of Adam Dunn, Ken Griffey and Austin Kearns, the Reds were 27–17. Unfortunately, because of injury, that's over the past two seasons.

Off-season focus: Owner Carl Lindner added nearly $22 million in payroll, which allowed GM Dan O'Brien to sign Eric Milton and trade for Ramon Ortiz, bolstering the rotation with two quality arms. The Reds also strengthened a bullpen that blew 30 saves last year with David Weathers, Ben Weber and Kent Mercker. They were able to scrap the dumb idea of moving Kearns to third base with the signing of Joe Randa.

In-season prognosis: The Reds did more to improve in the off-season than they have in a decade, but they still don't have depth—meaning they won't be able to withstand injuries, which were to blame for second-half fades during the past two seasons. The team followed up a 35–61 finish in 2003 by losing 64 of its final 106 games in 2004.

Welcome to town: Milton has shown he can survive in hitters' ballparks, putting together winning records in Minnesota and Philadelphia.

RESPECT

Brewers right-hander **Ben Sheets** is coming off a season in which he had a franchise-record 264 strikeouts. The former first-round draft pick has 20-win talent and is now among the top tier of starting pitchers.

Q: What keeps you from wanting out of Milwaukee?

A: When you play baseball, you want to win. Pride comes with putting on a uniform. It would be a big thrill for me, our fans and the city to win here after being at the bottom for so long. I have a lot of baseball to play in the future, and hopefully it will be in Milwaukee.

Q: Were the last few seasons frustrating?

A: Our play the past few years has been unacceptable. We've had good stretches, which means we're capable of being better than we have been. We have to extend those stretches and have more of them.

Q: Given its financial limitations, does Milwaukee have a chance to compete?

A: Expectations can be set too low in small markets. Maybe some teams have more talent, but that doesn't mean we can't compete on a daily basis.

4. Houston Astros

Last season: 92–70. Second place, 13 games out. The Astros earned the NL wild card and lost to the Cards in the NLCS. They won a playoff series for the first time in the franchise's 43-year history.

Off-season focus: Houston got a little off track. Owner Drayton McLane refused to allow rookie general manager Tim Purpura to get involved in free agent talks until the Carlos Beltran and Roger Clemens issues were settled. As a result Purpura never got a shot at bringing in impact free agents to shore up the rotation and bullpen. Adding to their woes, the Astros lost out on Beltran because McLane refused to include a no-trade clause. On the bright side, Clemens decided to push back retirement for another year.

In-season prognosis: The outlook is bleak for the Astros, who are at least two starters and two big bats shy of competing in this tough division.

Welcome to town: Purpura took over for his former boss, Gerry Hunsicker, who decided he'd had enough of McLane's discount-store mentality and resigned. Expect him to resurface elsewhere soon.

Factoid

• The Book Says...

• Never swing at a 3-0 pitch. Highest percentage of swings on a 3-0 count: Astros (13.7), Angels (12.2), Indians (11.0), Cubs (10.9).

• Don't use the closer before the ninth inning. Most saves of four-plus outs: Braves (16), Cardinals (16), Dodgers (16), Devil Rays (15), Marlins (12).

• Never walk the leadoff hitter. Most walks allowed to start an inning: Orioles (156), Blue Jays (127), White Sox (124), Rockies (121), Mariners (120).

• Never give up a home run on an 0-2 count. Most homers allowed on an 0-2 count: Rockies (14), White Sox (12), Phillies (11), Royals (11), Yankees (11).

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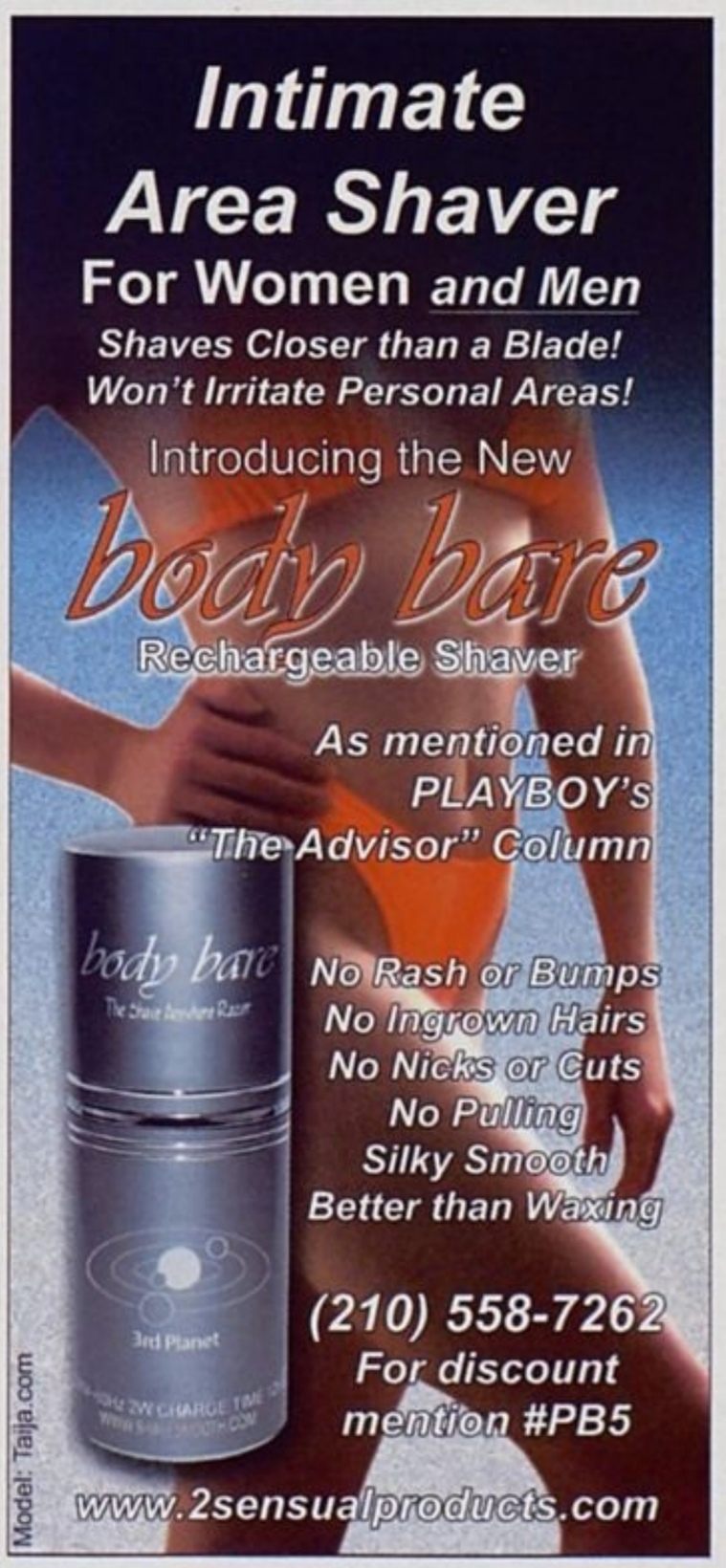


5. Pittsburgh Pirates

Last season: 72–89. Fifth place, 32½ games out. The Pirates' losing record was their 12th straight.

Off-season focus: After two years of trying, the Pirates finally unloaded catcher Jason Kendall, getting pitcher Mark Redman from Oakland in return. The team off-loaded $29 million of the $34 million owed to Kendall in the next three years while landing a solid number three starter in Redman. The Pirates also added Benito Santiago, who will catch 100 games and mentor prospect Humberto Cota, and Matt Lawton, who will fill a hole in the outfield.

In-season prognosis: The complexion of the team hasn't changed much, but the Pirates should improve because of the added experience of their top two returning starting pitchers, lefty Oliver Perez and righty Kip Wells. Outfielder Jason Bay became the first Pirate ever to win NL Rookie of the Year honors, but health issues hang over him.

Welcome to town: Lawton joins Bay and Tike Redman to give Pittsburgh a legitimate run-producing outfield.

6. Milwaukee Brewers

Last season: 67–94. Sixth place, 37½ games out. The Brewers won only five of 75 games in which they trailed after six innings.

Off-season focus: Milwaukee shook up the pen and reworked its lineup, trading speedy center fielder Scott Podsednik and setup man Luis Vizcaino for outfielder Carlos Lee. Lee's right-handed power will fit in nicely between the left-handed bats of Lyle Overbay and Geoff Jenkins, but Lee's defensive limitations will force Jenkins to move from left to right. The loss of Vizcaino will hurt, and the bullpen was dealt another blow when the team traded Dan Kolb to Atlanta in a payroll move, getting prospects in return.

In-season prognosis: After 12 consecutive losing seasons the Brewers would like just to get back to .500. That will be a challenge with a rotation that doesn't have much beyond Ben Sheets and southpaw Doug Davis, as well as a bullpen that doesn't have a prime closer candidate.

Welcome to town: Rookie J.J. Hardy ran into a detour last year, missing most of the season because of shoulder surgery, but the shortstop job is his.

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

1. San Francisco Giants

Last season: 91–71. Second place, two games out. The Giants have won at least 90 games in five consecutive seasons for the first time since they achieved the feat from 1933 to 1937.

Off-season focus: The team's success is tied to Barry Bonds's productivity. Because Bonds will turn 41 in July, management is looking at today and forgetting about tomorrow. So when it saw holes that needed to be filled, it looked at stat sheets, not birth certificates, and came up with shortstop Omar Vizquel (who turns 38 on April 24), right fielder Moises Alou (who turns 39 in July), catcher Mike Matheny, 34, and closer Armando Benitez, 32. Third baseman Edgardo Alfonzo, 31, is the kid in the starting lineup.

In-season prognosis: Bonds underwent off-season surgery on both knees but claims he'll be ready for opening day. The Giants' moves give them a shot at a championship if Bonds and right-hander Jason Schmidt can stay healthy.

Welcome to town: Alou, who reunites with his father, manager Felipe Alou, will provide a legitimate power threat to protect Bonds. He's driven in at least 90 runs in seven of the past eight seasons.

2. Los Angeles Dodgers

Last season: 93–69. First place, lost to St. Louis in the NL Division Series. At least the Dodgers won a game in the NLDS, their first postseason victory since 1988.

Off-season focus: General manager Paul DePodesta is intent on making his mark on the team. Since his hiring in February 2004 he has gotten rid of every regular except shortstop Cesar Izturis. He was so eager to move outfielder Shawn Green that he gave Arizona $10 million just to take him. Clubhouse chemistry apparently isn't a priority in light of last spring's trade for Milton Bradley and this winter's signing of Jeff Kent.

In-season prognosis: The Dodgers took one of the best infield defenses in baseball and made it mediocre, replacing Alex Cora at second with Kent and Adrian Beltre at third with Jose Valentin. That will hurt a pitching staff that has to hope Brad Penny is healthy.

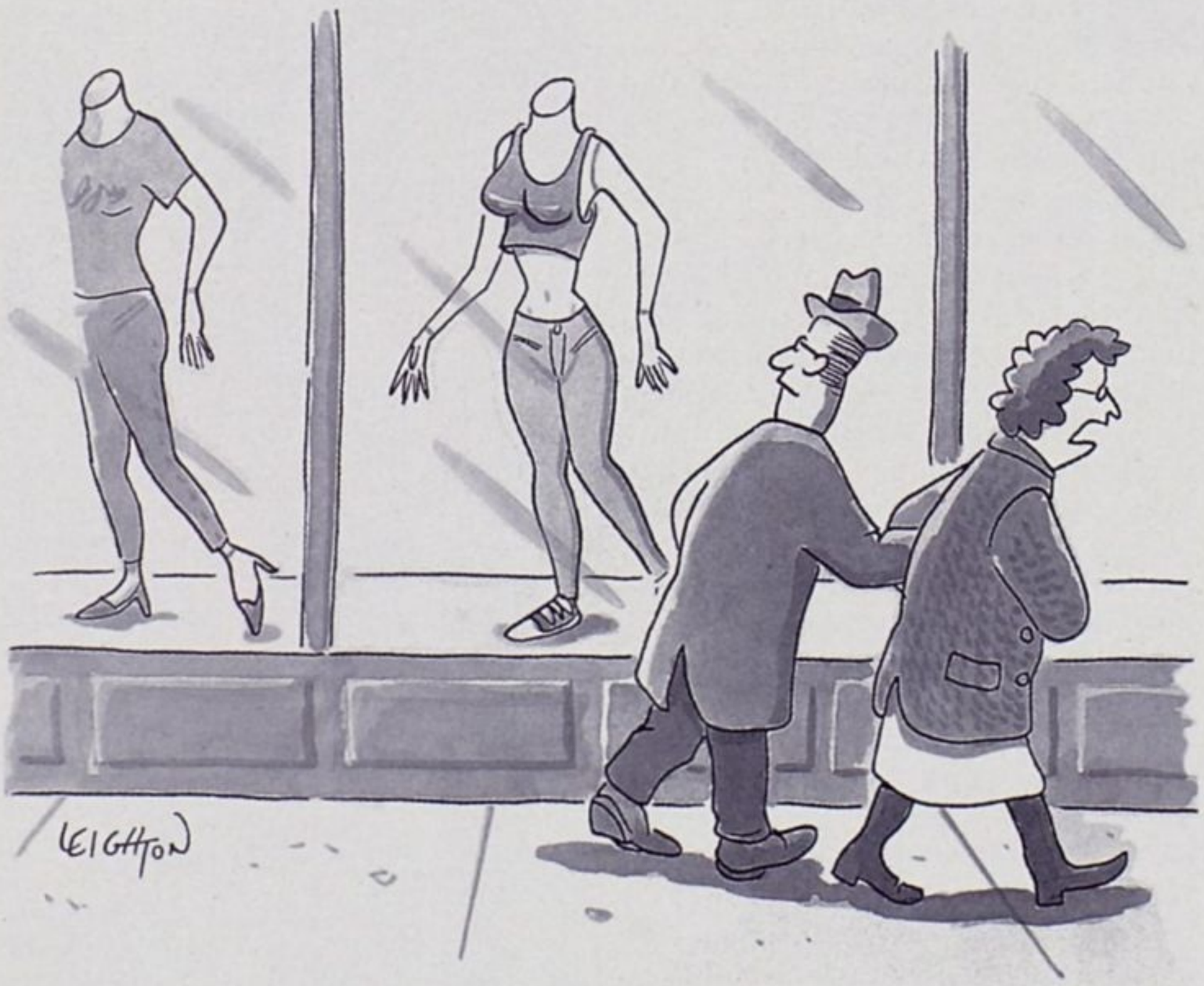
Welcome to town: The Dodgers signed outfielder J.D. Drew to help make up for the loss of Beltre, but it cost the team $55 million for the five-year deal, nearly as much as what Beltre signed for in Seattle.

Factoid !

• Good Eye, Bad Eye

Percentage of swings at balls out of the strike zone (minimum 502 plate appearances):

LOWEST:	
D'Angelo Jimenez, Reds	**16.4**
Barry Bonds, Giants	**16.4**
Luis Castillo, Marlins	**17.6**
Scott Hatteberg, A's	**18.7**
HIGHEST:	
Vladimir Guerrero, Angels	**46.8**
Alex Gonzalez, Marlins	**46.6**
A.J. Pierzynski, Giants	**45.3**
Johnny Estrada, Braves	**45.2**



"They're not real."

3. San Diego Padres

Last season: 87–75. Third place, six games out. The Padres have never had a pitcher throw a no-hitter nor a batter hit for the cycle.

Off-season focus: San Diego saw enough hope with its young pitching nucleus to be cautious. The team welcomed back right-hander Woody Williams to replace lefty David Wells and swapped center fielders with Boston, opting for Dave Roberts's speed over Jay Payton's power (which Petco Park negated). The Pads also found left-handed bullpen help in Darrell May, if he's not the fifth starter, and Chris Hammond. May came from Kansas City in a trade that sent outfielder Terrence Long packing.

In-season prognosis: The Padres are proud of their young pitching but continue to assemble a defense that undermines the staff. They do have the arms, including a nice bullpen, to surprise if the Giants falter. Aki Otsuka and Scott Linebrink are both right-handed, but they're a perfect one-two punch to set up Trevor Hoffman.

Welcome to town: His stolen base in last year's ALCS may be the most memorable in Red Sox history, but Roberts has never been able to hold a full-time job. Given the expansive center field at Petco, the Padres need him to step up.

4. Arizona Diamondbacks

Last season: 51–111. Fifth place, 42 games out. Arizona rookies made a major-league-leading 487 starts.

Off-season focus: The Diamondbacks began the winter claiming financial problems, but thanks to an exodus of free agents, the unloading of Randy Johnson and their getting $10 million along with Shawn Green from the Dodgers, they actually cut close to $20 million in salary while adding right-handers Javier Vazquez and Russ Ortiz, lefty Shawn Estes and third baseman Troy Glaus.

In-season prognosis: The team has nothing on the farm, so it has to bring in immediate help. The Diamondbacks are counting on two risky four-year deals to pay off: Glaus, who at the time of his signing hadn't thrown a baseball since before his surgery, and Ortiz, whose fastball was a mere 84 miles per hour in last season's final six weeks. They also went to spring training with no closer, leaving them with a challenge just to get to .500.

Welcome to town: Green provides left-handed pop in the middle of the lineup, which is significant because of the uncertainty of Luis Gonzalez's return from last August's shoulder surgery.

5. Colorado Rockies

Last season: 68–94. Fourth place, 25 games out. The Rockies bullpen set major league records with 34 blown saves and 39 losses.

Off-season focus: The Rockies are committed to giving the organization's kids a shot. That became obvious in an offseason in which the major additions were backup infielder Desi Relaford, fourth outfielder Dustan Mohr and rotation insurance Darren Oliver.

In-season prognosis: It will be a learning experience for a team looking at a projected lineup in which second baseman Aaron Miles, with one year and 25 days of service time, is third in seniority behind Todd Helton and Preston Wilson. The Rockies expect to feature rookies at catcher (J.D. Closser), shortstop (Clint Barmes), third base (Garrett Atkins) and right field (Brad Hawpe). They have strong arms in the rotation, with highly touted rookie Jeff Francis ready to join a staff headed by durable right-hander Jason Jennings, but that's not enough for Coors Field.

Welcome to town: Expect Mohr to play a significant role, given Hawpe's struggles with left-handed pitching and center fielder Wilson's likely need to rest after two surgeries on his left knee.

Thanks to Stats Inc. and Baseball Prospectus for their contributions.

RESPECT

Rockies first baseman **Todd Helton** has the highest career batting average (.339) of any active player, but he has never been part of a pennant race in his seven-plus big league seasons.

Q: Does having been a quarterback at Tennessee help you?

A: Yes. Going to college helped me grow as a person. Having been a quarterback helps me deal with situations and teammates.

Q: Do you ever feel as if you're on an island and nobody is helping you get off?

A: No. I feel I have to find a reason I'm not helping us win. I take as much responsibility for that as anyone. My peeve is a guy who says, "I did my part." Nobody did his part if we don't win.

Q: What's your late-season motivation?

A: I'm living a dream, but I also enjoy the competition. When we're out of the race, people ask, "What's the motivation?" That's easy. Respect for the game.

Q: What provides hope this year?

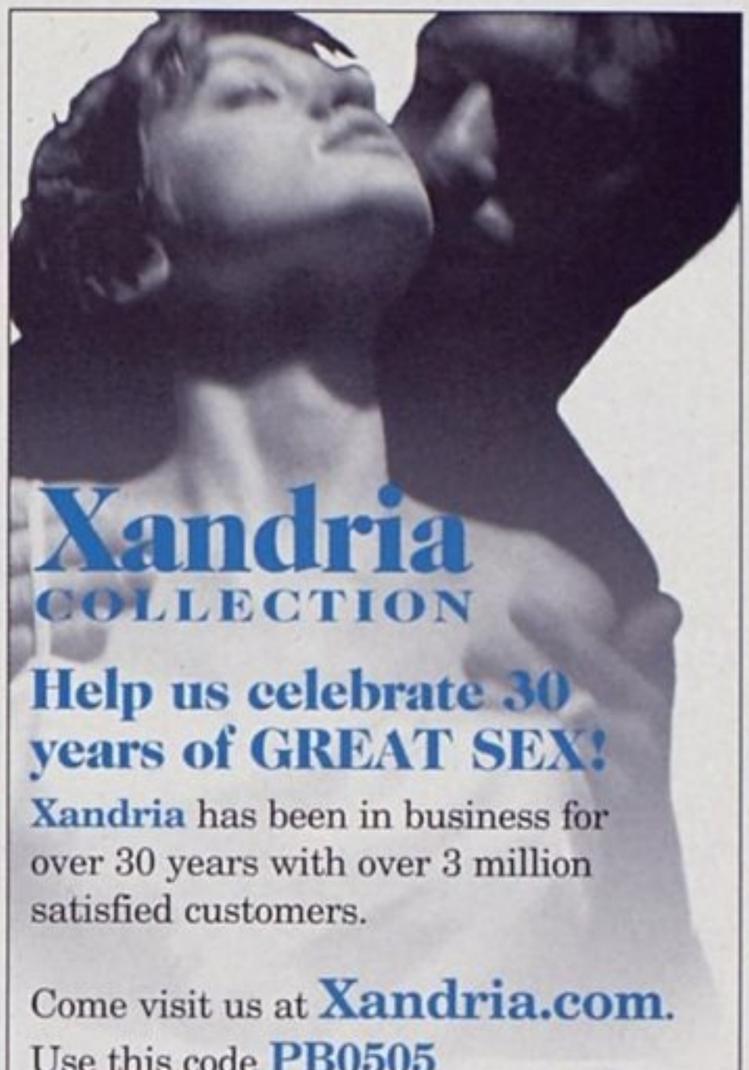
A: We have legitimate arms in the rotation. They've all had success at Coors Field. To succeed here you have to be tough.

Factoid

•Warning Track Power

Batters with the most fly-ball outs of at least 380 feet:

Carlos Beltran, Royals-Astros	18
Derek Jeter, Yankees	18
Garret Anderson, Angels	17
Lance Berkman, Astros	15
Barry Bonds, Giants	15
Alfonso Soriano, Rangers	15



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JAMES SPADER (continued from page 62)

I grew up with weaponry of all kinds. I've carried a knife on me since I was 10. I've got a bunch of knives.

PLAYBOY: Should marijuana be legal?
SPADER: Yes.
PLAYBOY: How do you talk to your boys about drugs? Do you tell them that it's a very different world than it was 20 years ago?
SPADER: That's the approach. But it's not just about drugs. It's about many things. I grew up in a part of the country where, when I reached a certain age, I got a BB gun for Christmas and then the next year a .22 rifle, and we'd go target shoot and goof around. That doesn't exist anymore. I grew up at a time when you'd get a pocketknife at a certain age, then you'd get a sheath knife and wear it around. You'd carve a stick in the woods. It was a different time. Sex and play, education and curriculum—behavior was different then. You were allowed to be unconcerned about certain things. Today people have to be careful.
PLAYBOY: Many actors are malcontents. Marlon Brando said acting is a bum's life and that quitting acting is a sign of maturity. Laurence Olivier called acting a masochistic form of exhibitionism. Anthony Hopkins said being an actor is nothing special. He said, "Actors are nothing. Most actors are pretty simple-minded people who just think they're complicated." Why do so many actors put down their profession?
SPADER: You would hope it's out of a sense of humility, but there's also a certain amount of self-loathing. Acting is easy and fun. You earn a lot of money, and you bang out with girls. The profession is given tremendous significance within our society, but it's not really worthy of it. But why is that so awful? The reason the statements of those gentlemen seem so vitriolic toward their own profession is just that they're juxtaposed against how other people perceive the profession. You do struggle with the immaturity of it.
PLAYBOY: What degree of reality do your characters have for you after you've finished playing them?
SPADER: I don't think movies or television have any basis in reality at all. It's all just pretend. That's what's fun about it. Alan Shore can say all the stuff to people you're not going to say in real life. Who behaves like that?
PLAYBOY: What's the greatest risk you've taken as an actor?
SPADER: As an actor? Acting isn't a risky profession. There certainly are no prevalent health issues involved.
PLAYBOY: Well, in *Last Tango in Paris* Brando improvised some scenes that were considered more revealing than things most actors had done before.
SPADER: What's the risk there? He's lauded for it. He's remembered for it. You're still talking about it with respect and admiration. What the hell's the risk? There's no peril there. Acting can be a tremendously fun way to earn a living, and it's not particularly taxing. I'm very lucky. I've earned my living in other ways; I've had a lot of different jobs.
PLAYBOY: The funniest thing we've read about your early jobs is that you taught yoga in New York City even though you had never practiced it. True story?
SPADER: Yeah. You could adjust the temperature and the lights in the room, so I turned the temperature up a bit and the lights down. I got to the point where I could actually lie down, shut my eyes and talk them through every position I was going to put them in. I thought the whole thing was about relaxing. [*laughs*] I realized later that what I was doing had no relation to yoga at all. They weren't even yoga positions. They were stretching positions. I was giving them a stretching class. I'd get them in positions and then fall asleep because it was so fucking hot in the room. Then I'd come to, and they'd be stuck in this position all peering up and looking, and I'd pretend I just wanted them to relax some more.
PLAYBOY: Other jobs included shoveling manure at the Claremont Riding Academy, unloading railroad cars, driving meat trucks and being a messenger. Were any of them fun?
SPADER: Believe me, unloading railroad cars is a lot easier than loading. They were plastic goods. My friend's father owned a warehouse, so I went to work for him for 90 days, after which you had to join the union. I was just doing it for a summer job. If I had joined the union, the dues would have wiped out what I was making. I didn't stay at any of these jobs for more than a couple of months. I was living in New York. Christ, if I needed a job I could have gotten one in two days.
PLAYBOY: You have said that working in a small record shop in New York was the worst of all the jobs you had prior to acting. Why?
SPADER: It was so fucking boring. That was the only retail job I've ever had. It was particularly boring because the owners were putting all their profits up their noses. They didn't put any back into the store, so they never had any product. There wasn't a single record that anyone was interested in buying. You'd be there for hours, and there would be no customers.
PLAYBOY: But you're a fan of music and frequently attend concerts.
SPADER: I have been to hundreds and hundreds of concerts.
PLAYBOY: Which ones have been the most memorable?
SPADER: It would be difficult to single one out because you can never underestimate the impact of the drugs you happen to be using. I should be careful about saying that. I have a 15-year-old.
PLAYBOY: So of all the concerts you've attended, you can't single any out?
SPADER: There are certain people I've seen so many times. Like Bob Dylan—I'm a big Dylan fan. I love his music so much, I don't want to fuck with his message. I listen to an enormous amount of blues, jazz, classical, opera, reggae, bluegrass, rock and roll, Cuban music, African music. But more of my life has been spent listening to Bob Dylan than anything else. That's been the music to my ears. When I listen to his music it lives in the memories of my life. I went to the Sundance Film Festival one year and Dylan was playing at a ski resort nearby, so I happened on that. In Dublin I was shooting a film and saw a Dylan concert there.
PLAYBOY: Do you know him? Do you go see him after a show?
SPADER: I have gone back and talked with Bob.
PLAYBOY: Is he an easy guy to talk to?
SPADER: I've always found him to be very easy to talk to. What dictates the length and breadth of the conversation is that it's usually late at night and I'm ready to get back to the hotel, and he's hot and tired as well. We'll talk for a few minutes. I've always found him engaging, nice and generous with me.
PLAYBOY: Three years ago you said, "I'm 42, and I have no idea who I am." Any idea today?
SPADER: Sands are shifting constantly. [*laughs*]
PLAYBOY: The London *Times* wrote about the way you approach interviews: "His answers, when they come, are precise, articulate but self-consciously contrived. Like many actors, he performs in an interview, playing the slightly anguished role of an actor forced to expose too much of himself." You said when we first started talking that you were doing this interview reluctantly. Were you playing a role for most of it?
SPADER: No, I think what that person wrote is mostly commentary. I am extremely careful. And from what I've read through the years, I'm never careful enough. So I've become more and more insulated every time I do this.
PLAYBOY: Now that it's over, what do you think? Any regrets?
SPADER: Just one: that I agreed to do it.

Singh (continued from page 76)

Newton said the only reason the universe hadn't collapsed was because God intervened from time to time.

various ways to explain why the night sky is dark, but the big bang explanation is the most convincing. The fundamental claim of the big bang is that the universe was created and therefore has a finite age. If the universe had been created just a few billion years ago, the starlight would have had only enough time to reach us from a limited volume of space because light travels at only 300,000 kilometers a second. In short, a finite age for the universe and a finite speed of light result in a night sky with only a finite amount of light. Therefore, evidence of the big bang confronts you every time you look at the night sky, which is dark black, not brilliant white.

(8) THE UNIVERSE HAS NOT YET COLLAPSED

Scientists used to assume the universe had existed for eternity in a largely changeless state. But this notion is incompatible with gravity, which provides an attraction between all objects. Hence, within a finite amount of time all the objects in the universe should have fallen toward one another, causing the universe to collapse. Hence the universe could not have lasted for eternity; it could have lasted for only a finite time, which is what the big bang states. Scientists attempted to salvage the eternity theory despite gravity, but they failed. Einstein posited an antigravity force to keep all the galaxies apart, but ultimately the universe would still be unstable. Isaac Newton was also troubled by the thought of a gravitationally collapsing universe. One of his solutions was to envisage an infinite, symmetric universe in which every object is pulled equally in all directions so there is no overall movement. Unfortunately he realized that even the turning of a page would alter the balance of the universe and trigger total collapse. Newton suggested that the only explanation for why the universe hadn't collapsed was that God intervened from time to time to keep the celestial objects apart.

(9) EVERYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE IS RELATIVELY YOUNG

In the past century the age of the universe according to the big bang model at times appeared to be less than the age of its contents. This was clearly absurd. But huge errors in measurement were found. Astronomers have since been able to refine the age of the universe and reestablish the credibility of the big bang. Remember, the big bang implies a universe that is only 13.7 billion years old, give or take a billion years. So everything in the universe should be younger than that, which seems to be the case. The earth, for example, is between 4 billion and 5 billion years old, and the sun is about that age as well. The age of our galaxy is roughly double that. Crucially, there are no celestial objects with ages of 100 billion years, or 100 trillion years, which is what you would expect to find if the universe were infinitely old. Hence the universe is only finitely old.

(10) FLUCTUATIONS IN THE AFTERGLOW

One of the puzzles of the big bang model of creation is that the universe started off perfectly smooth yet today is highly structured, with giant galaxies in some parts and vast voids elsewhere. How did the universe evolve from smooth to structured? The tiniest imaginable fluctuations in the early universe would have gradually grown in time because regions of slightly higher density would have pulled in more matter by gravity. Hence the fluctuations would have increased, exerting more of a pull, which would drag in even more matter and so on until galaxies were formed. If the early universe did have tiny fluctuations, these should show up as slight variations in the big bang afterglow, also known as background radiation. For 25 years no variations could be found. As John Mather put it, "We haven't ruled out our own existence yet. But I'm completely mystified as to how the present-day structure exists without having left some signature on the background radiation." Then, in 1991, the Cosmic Background Explorer satellite discovered variations at the level of one part in 100,000. This effectively proved the big bang model beyond all reasonable doubt. Stephen Hawking called it "the discovery of the century, if not of all time."

•

So there we have it: convincing evidence that the big bang started the universe. Critics will argue that the model is incomplete and imperfect and that cosmologists are still baffled by many questions. For example, the bulk of the universe appears to consist of a material that is a complete mystery, so-called dark matter. Its gravitational influence is apparent, but nobody really knows what it is. One theory is that it consists of large objects such as black holes or giant planets, which both come under the heading of massive compact halo objects (or MACHOs). Another theory is that it consists of a soup of particles that fall under the heading of weakly interacting massive particles (or WIMPs). Alternatively Bill Bryson gives an umbrella

heading that indicates the true level of understanding—namely dark unknown nonreflective nondetectable objects somewhere (or DUNNOS).

Another problem is that cosmologists have always assumed the expansion of the universe should be slowing because of gravity, but observations over the past decade show the expansion is actually accelerating. Again, whatever is behind this is a mystery. It goes under the heading of dark energy.

Even the basic laws of physics are under inspection. Quantum theory (which explains the physics of the very small) and general relativity (which explains the physics of the very large) seem to conflict at a fundamental level, so physicists need somehow to modify them or come up with a new theory that unifies them. String theory is the great hope for achieving this unification. If it succeeds, there will be a deeper understanding of the basic particles and forces in our universe, and this will inevitably have an influence on our understanding of the big bang.

Cosmologists also speculate about the earliest moments after the big bang, when a period of superexpansion took place, the so-called inflationary phase. This phase is helpful to explain features of today's universe, but it remains unproven. And of course we currently have no respectable answer to the greatest question of all: What came before the big bang?

All these uncertainties and unknowns might appear embarrassing, but scientists realize that no theory is ever complete and perfect, and they take these problems in their stride. In fact, they remain happy and optimistic about the big bang. First, they are confident it's basically true that something catastrophic happened roughly 13.7 billion years ago and that the universe expanded and evolved into the one we see today. Second, the problems outlined above are merely challenges, and scientists thrive on challenges. Questions beyond today's generation of scientists should not be considered insurmountable, because they may be obvious to a genius of the next generation.

Perhaps the best illustration of this comes from the 19th century French philosopher Auguste Comte, who tried to identify areas of knowledge that would remain forever beyond the wit of scientific endeavor. For example, he thought some qualities of the stars could never be ascertained: "We see how we may determine their forms, their distances, their bulk and their motions, but we can never know anything of their chemical or mineralogical structure." Within a few years of his death this supposedly eternal mystery had been addressed.

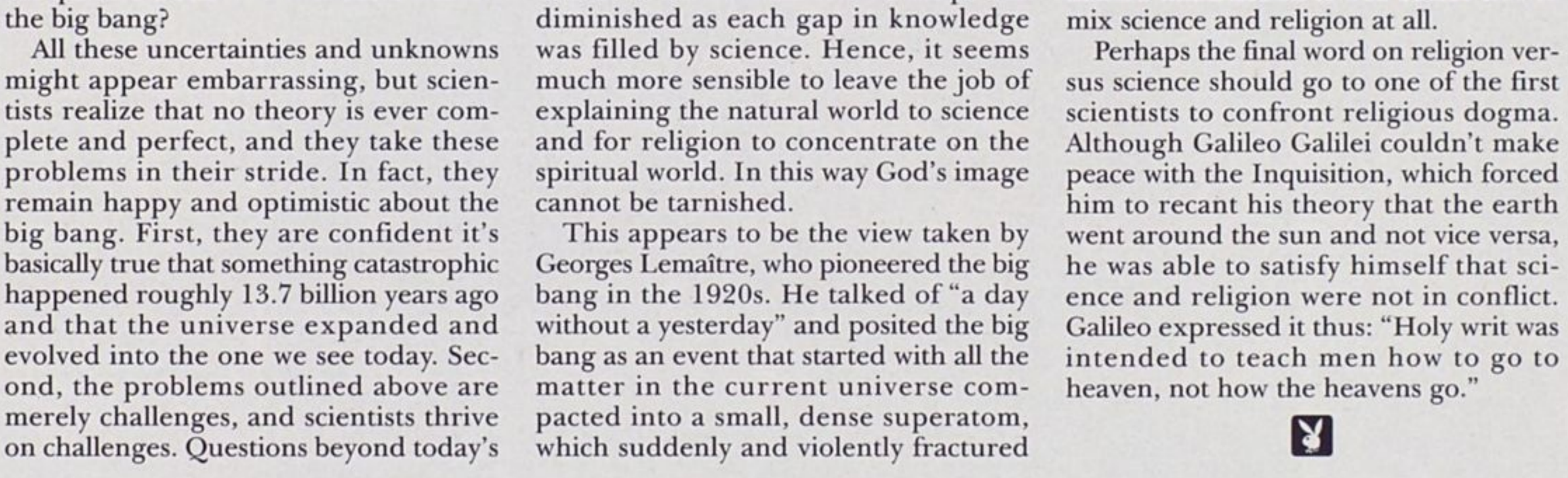
However, while scientists courageously struggle to identify rational and verifiable explanations for mysteries such as dark matter, dark energy and the pre–big bang era, creationists simply argue that such unanswered questions point to failures in science and the necessity of divine intervention. This takes us back to a time when humans would invoke God to explain every mystery, and it is a tactic that ultimately backfires for the creationists. This was highlighted by chemist Charles Coulson, who coined the phrase "God of the gaps" to describe a deity who would be responsible for everything beyond our comprehension. He pointed out that such a God would have his power diminished as each gap in knowledge was filled by science. Hence, it seems much more sensible to leave the job of explaining the natural world to science and for religion to concentrate on the spiritual world. In this way God's image cannot be tarnished.

This appears to be the view taken by Georges Lemaître, who pioneered the big bang in the 1920s. He talked of "a day without a yesterday" and posited the big bang as an event that started with all the matter in the current universe compacted into a small, dense superatom, which suddenly and violently fractured and exploded. This would have been akin to a large uranium atom undergoing nuclear fission but on a much grander scale. The nuclear debris would have flown outward before coalescing and evolving into the stars and galaxies we see today. Modern cosmologists picture the event slightly differently, but this is not a bad description of the big bang.

Lemaître's view on the relation between religion and science is particularly relevant because he was both a cosmologist and a Jesuit priest. He had no qualms with simultaneously believing in God and science, once saying, "There are two ways of arriving at the truth. I decided to follow them both." Science gave him an understanding of the material world, and religion gave him insight into the spiritual world. He didn't use science to back up his faith, and he didn't use the Bible to back up his scientific theories.

Indeed, Lemaître was annoyed when Pope Pius XII appeared at the Pontifical Academy of Sciences on November 22, 1951 to deliver an address titled "The Proofs for the Existence of God in Light of Modern Natural Science." The Pope was suggesting that the big bang was a scientific vindication of Genesis. Lemaître was quick to advise against further such pronouncements. If you embrace science when it seems to back the Bible, you also have to accept those elements of science that contradict scripture. Hence Lemaître maintained it was better not to mix science and religion at all.

Perhaps the final word on religion versus science should go to one of the first scientists to confront religious dogma. Although Galileo Galilei couldn't make peace with the Inquisition, which forced him to recant his theory that the earth went around the sun and not vice versa, he was able to satisfy himself that science and religion were not in conflict. Galileo expressed it thus: "Holy writ was intended to teach men how to go to heaven, not how the heavens go."


EAT
myths
CAESAR, ON CAMPAIGN AMONGST THE GAULS, LOOKS FOR ANOTHER CONQUEST.
HOW MUCH?
FOR YOU, GREAT CAESAR, MY CHARMS ARE FREE.
OH, CAESAR! YOU ARE GREAT! IN FACT, HUGE!!
ENOUGH FLATTERY, MY DEAR... WE HAVE COME TO BURY CAESAR NOT TO PRAISE HIM!
Schorr

Dawkins

(continued from page 67)

promise comforting delusions such as life after death, a sexual paradise for male martyrs and retribution in the next world. Second, religions enjoy a fast track down the generations—children are automatically indoctrinated with the religious beliefs of their parents.

PLAYBOY: Can a scientist be anything other than atheistic?

DAWKINS: It's hard to understand how a scientist who is true to science and who honestly thinks problems through logically can be religious in the sense of believing in miracles and a supernatural creator. Admittedly a minority of scientists are sincerely religious. In past centuries, especially before Darwin, just about everybody was religious. Most modern scientists are nonreligious, and virtually all the elite scientists elected to the National Academy of Sciences are nonreligious. Great scientists who are popularly thought to have been religious, such as Einstein, usually turn out on examination not to be. Einstein used religious language but only as vivid figures of speech. He did not believe in any kind of supernatural intelligence.

PLAYBOY: The anthropic principle claims the cosmos is, against all odds, perfectly tuned for life, that it's improbable that life would have developed randomly, thus the necessity of a creator. How would you respond to such assertions?

DAWKINS: I wrote about this in my latest book, *The Ancestor's Tale*. The anthropic notion is that the very laws of physics, or the fundamental constants of the universe, are a carefully tuned put-up job calculated to eventually bring humanity into existence. It is not necessarily founded on vanity. It doesn't have to mean the universe was deliberately made so that we should exist. It need mean only that we are here and we could not be in a universe that lacked the capability of producing us. As physicists have pointed out, it's no accident that we see stars in our sky, for stars are a necessary part of any universe capable of generating us. Again, this does not imply that stars exist in order to make us. It's just that without stars there would be no atoms heavier than lithium in the periodic table, and a chemistry of only three elements is too impoverished to support life.

Seeing is the kind of activity that can go on only in the kind of universe where what you see is stars. But a little more needs to be said. Granted the trivial fact that our presence requires a universe capable of producing us, the existence of such a potent universe may still seem improbable. Physicists may reckon that the set of possible universes vastly outnumbers that subset whose laws and constants allowed physics to mature via stars into chemistry and via planets into biology. To some, this means the laws and constants were premeditated from the start, though it baffles me that anybody would regard this as an explanation for anything, given that the problem so swiftly regresses to the larger one of explaining the existence of the equally fine-tuned and improbable premeditator.

Other physicists are less confident that the laws and constants were free to vary in the first place. We understand that the circumference and the diameter of a circle are not independent; otherwise we might feel tempted to postulate a plethora of possible universes, each with a different value of one fourth. Perhaps, argue some physicists, such as Nobel Prize–winning theorist Steven Weinberg, the fundamental constants of the universe, which we now treat as independent of one another, will in time be understood to have fewer degrees of freedom. Maybe there is only one way for a universe to be. That would undermine the appearance of anthropic coincidence.

Other physicists, including Sir Martin Rees, the present astronomer royal, accept there is a real coincidence in need of explanation and explain it by postulating many actual universes existing in parallel, mutually incommunicado, each with its own set of laws. Obviously we, who find ourselves reflecting on such things, must be in one of those universes, however rare, whose laws and constants are capable of evolving us. The theoretical physicist Lee Smolin added an ingenious Darwinian spin that reduces the apparent statistical improbability of our existence. In Smolin's model, universes give birth to daughter universes, which vary in laws and constants. Daughter universes are born in black holes produced by a parent universe. They inherit the parent's laws and constants but with some possibility of small random-change "mutations." Those daughter universes that have what it takes to reproduce—that can last long enough to make black holes, for instance—are the universes that pass on their laws and constants to their daughters. Stars are precursors to black holes that, in the Smolin model, are the birth events. So universes that have what it takes to make stars are favored in this cosmic Darwinism. The properties that furnish this gift to the future are the same properties that incidentally lead to the manufacture of large atoms, including vital carbon atoms. Not only do we live in a universe capable of producing life, successive generations of universes progressively evolve to become increasingly the sort of universe that, as a by-product, is capable of producing life. The logic of the Smolin theory appeals to a Darwinian or to anyone of imagination, but as for the physics, I'm not qualified to judge. I cannot find a physicist to condemn the theory as wrong. The most negative thing one will say is that it's superfluous. Some dream of a final theory in whose light the fine-tuning of the universe will turn out to be a delusion anyway.

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Sweeney

(continued from page 68)

persistence to accumulate. And we have it, a gift from our ancestors to us, free of charge, the only price being the time to look for it and learn it.

The second thing science gives us is a way of seeing the world. The scientific method is basically objective rational thinking. You have a hypothesis, and you test it by bringing forth evidence and trying to replicate an outcome, and you begin to see if the idea stands up to tests. You take yourself out of the equation as much as possible. This is not some exotic way of looking at things; it's what we use when we buy a car. It's just a matter of formalizing this system and then applying it to *everything*.

My dog Arden, a scrappy old fellow I found on my street (he's an Australian cattle dog, according to the vet), doesn't know that his body is made up of atoms that have assembled to make him who he is and that after he dies and decomposes those same atoms will be parts of other things. He doesn't know that the earth, which he so happily prances on, is billions of years old and that our Milky Way galaxy will collide with the Andromeda galaxy in about 3 billion or 4 billion more years. Arden doesn't know he is descended from a dog bred to corral cattle down under.

In fact, to Arden I am God. I decide almost everything in his life—when he eats and when he goes on a hike with me. He is fearful when I'm angry and happy when I approve, and he adjusts his behavior accordingly. Just because he can put together cause and effect doesn't make him a scientist. Arden can't gather information from other dogs around the world, dogs long dead and dogs who've calculated things over and over, and he can't read and understand the results.

Yes, he can smell odors better than I can, and he can hear much, much better than I. But he doesn't know why, when a squirrel crosses our path, he goes insane with uncontrollable zeal and chases that squirrel up a tree. He doesn't realize he was bred to keep rodent-size animals away from the herd, but I can know this, and you can too. Arden can't, and as much as I love Arden, I don't want to be Arden.

I made a shift when I discovered science. It was the most profound event of my life. I went from being an animal like Arden to being an animal who was also a human.

Bothering with science will give you true humility and deep reasons for pride. It could make you more depressed. Viewing the world objectively, more scientifically and less ego-filtered can cause you to see things more clearly—and sometimes reality is not pretty. On the upside, seeing clearly can make you much happier and allow you a glimpse at the miracle that you exist at all. So in terms of mood it's a toss-up.

Science will save you time and anguish. Okay, I know, money and time go hand in hand, so I'll give a time example. I used to spend a lot of time wondering why things happened, because I believed the universe was aware of us humans and had something to do with what happened to us. I spent a lot of time trying to divine what the universe wanted me to do and a lot of time wondering if this event or piece of information was important because of the time it took me to learn it, and I didn't pay much attention to the information.

Now I know the evidence is clear that a human is an animal—a spectacularly wonderful animal but an animal nonetheless—and that the universe doesn't have consciousness and therefore is incapable of caring about us, let alone orchestrating events so we can intuit its meanings.

Granted, this is a bitter pill to swallow. This one took me a few years, and the world was dark and empty at first but then gave way to deep humility and awe. I realized I am subject to tragedy and luck the way anyone else is. I suddenly stopped in my tracks and understood that we know so much: We know how small we are, we know the universe is enormous, and we have some idea about how we got here and what elements compose us. Suddenly protons were quite interesting, thank you. And it was titillating to imagine strings and time bending and supernovas destroying—it was so amazing that it made me just want to…kiss somebody, hard. Maybe you don't feel that way, but I sure do.

So bothering with science made me more like my dog in that I started focusing on how food tasted in all parts of my mouth and how sometimes the air smells like rain and freshly cut grass, and I could hear myself breathing. I was also not at all like my dog, because I'm like him only if I surrender what comes with contemplating things like black holes and galaxies and the big questions. I have a method to the madness, a way of evaluating the world that brings me closer to truth than any other method. That's worth a lot of bother. If Arden only knew, he'd be jealous.

"Talk about an amicable divorce. My ex even got me a temp."

PLAYMATE NEWS

Front-page news! The *New York Post* reported on Alicia and Mike's wedding, but we're the only ones who got exclusive pics. At left, Mrs. Piazza 10 years ago as Miss October 1995.

ALICIA AND MIKE'S WEDDING ALBUM

It was holy Met-rimony when Miss October 1995 Alicia Rickter and Mets catcher Mike Piazza tied the knot January 29 on Miami's exclusive Fisher Island. Alicia's bridesmaids included onetime PLAYBOY cover girl Angelica Bridges and Playmates Lisa Dergan and Brande Roderick. ("That has to be one of the best-looking wedding parties in history," Hef says.) We caught up with the bride just days before the event to see if she had any jitters. Lucky for Piazza, she didn't. "I'm very excited about the wedding and this union," Alicia says. "Michael has brought balance to my life. We're similar in our values and views on family, but we're opposite in other areas. That's good, because we give each other different perspectives. When you choose someone wisely, it makes you a whole person." So how did this California model tag the famed East Coast bachelor? When the pair met in 2002, Alicia says, dating Piazza never crossed her mind, but thanks to the persuasive matchmaking skills of maid of honor Bridges, she stepped up to the plate. "I didn't know anything about him," Alicia says. "One day he called out of the blue and said, 'Hi, this is Mike. I'm in town, and I'd like to take you to dinner.' It was very brave of him. I called him back, and the next day we went to dinner." Call it the play of a lifetime.

BOMBSHELLS AWAY!

From left: Victoria Silvstedt hawking her 2005 calendar in London; daytime TV star Kelly Monaco (she plays Samantha on *General Hospital*) at a celebrity charity dodgeball event; Sandra Hubby looking far from fatigued at L.A.'s Bliss lounge; *The Amazing Race* star Victoria Fuller enjoying the controversy she and her husband caused on the program (note her T-shirt); Lauren Michelle Hill in Las Vegas.

HOT SHOT

AUDRA LYNN

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Mitch Fatel

I pick **Kimberly Holland** because she lists a sense of humor as a trait she looks for in a man, which means as soon as you give her my number we can start our family and live happily ever after. Hurry—I'm eager to begin the start-our-family part!

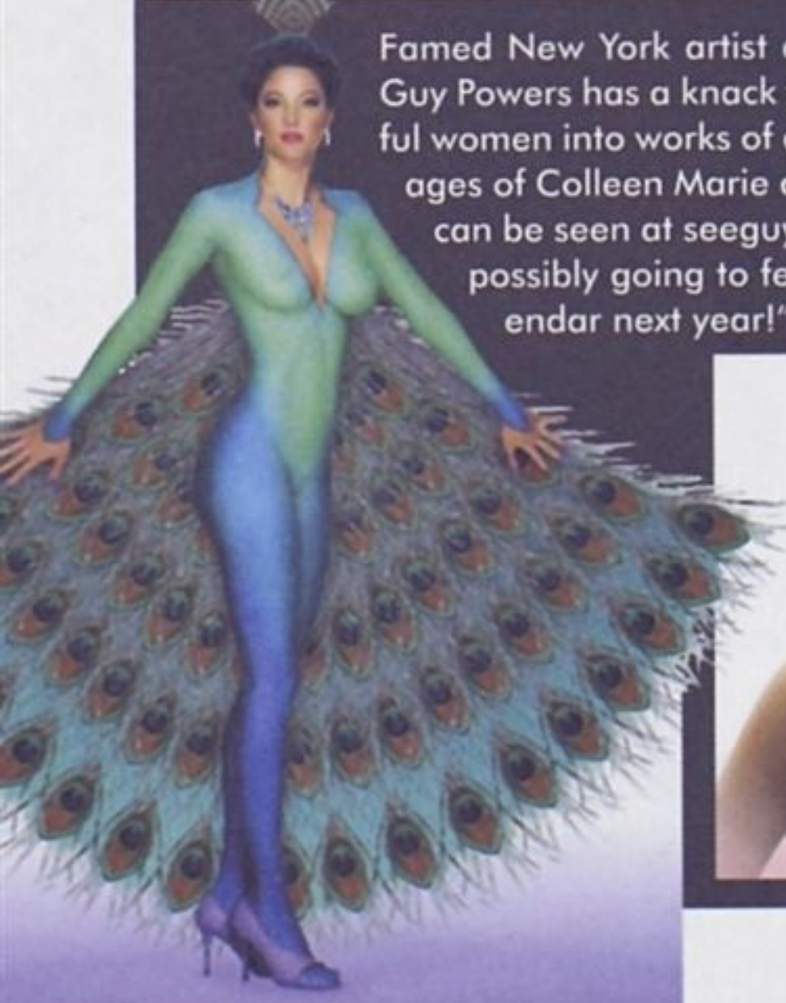
30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Born in Tennessee, Miss May 1975 Bridgett Rollins posted particularly endearing answers on her Data Sheet. She copped to admiring Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable and admitted her love for *The Sonny & Cher Comedy Hour.* Her turn-ons included "carnivals and puppies," while her turnoffs were "people who pollute." She was a quintessential girl next door, and three decades later we're still smitten. After posing, Bridgett moved to Texas to raise her children and run a printing-supply business with her husband. "People have this idea that Playmates are floating on a cloud somewhere," the Raggedy Ann–toting Centerfold told us, "but we live in a reality just like everybody else."

LOOSE LIPS

"Becoming infected with HIV has taught me how to live life in the face of adversity and allows me the opportunity to understand that I've been given the gift of life."—Rebekka Armstrong

OH, COLLEEN, WHERE ART THOU?



Famed New York artist and photographer Guy Powers has a knack for turning beautiful women into works of art. His unique images of Colleen Marie and other beauties can be seen at seeguysdolls.com. "He is possibly going to feature me in a calendar next year!" Coll says.

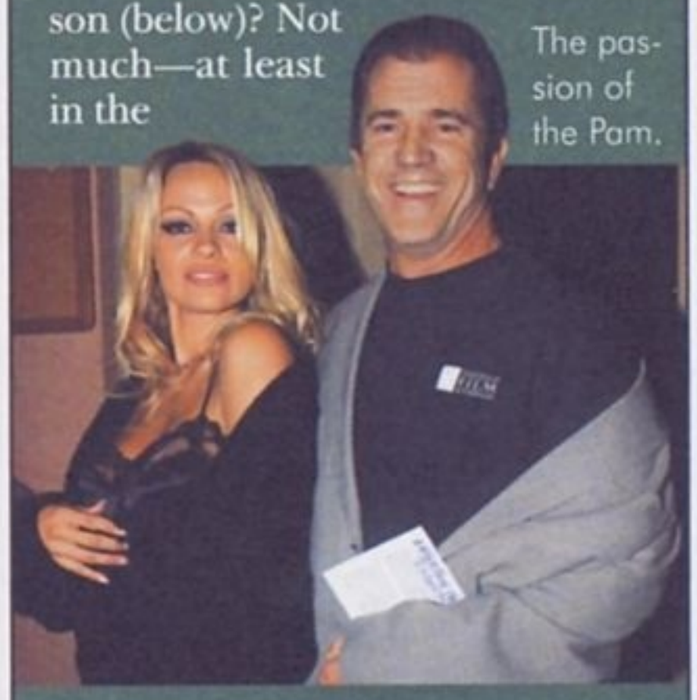
PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Jenny McCarthy is getting huge buzz for *Dirty Love,* the movie she wrote, stars in and took to Sundance. "This film is what *The Sweetest Thing* so desperately wanted to be," says movie website Ain't It Cool News. "A brilliant comedic performance by all-around perfect woman Jenny McCarthy."... It was "Trimspa, baby!" meets "All Night Long" when **Anna Nicole Smith** got her paws on Lionel Richie (below) at

LEROY NEIMAN

Trimspa, baby, all night long!

the Aladdin Resort & Casino in Las Vegas.... **Miriam Gonzalez** has graduated with a degree in television and radio broadcasting from the Connecticut School of Broadcasting. Now she's working for ESPN Radio.... So what's going on between **Pamela Anderson** and Mel Gibson (below)? Not much—at least in the romance department. The two hung out together at an L.A. party honoring Earth, Wind & Fire, but when it comes to love, Pammy's got her eye on someone else: Stephen Dorff. "We're dating," she told *Us Weekly.* "Stephen is a terrific actor—I admire him."



The passion of the Pam.

cyber club

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.

Leslie

(continued from page 68)

prefer the view that we're among the first tenth of all humans who have ever existed? If the human race were to become extinct tomorrow, roughly one in 10 of all humans who have ever existed would be alive now. If the human race were to colonize the galaxy, we would be early humans—perhaps only one in a trillion humans would have been alive as early as we were. Does this general principle prefer the view that you're in the more usual situations rather than the less usual ones? Carter saw this point and became considerably more pessimistic about the human race having a long future.

PLAYBOY: How will the world end?

LESLIE: I'm fairly confident the human race will spread through the galaxy, and I think the human race will end through the eventual dying out of life in the universe hundreds of trillions of years down the road. Unless, of course, after a certain amount of evolution has taken place we're no longer humans—we're superhumans or something like that. I'd say humankind has a 60 percent chance of surviving more than 500 years. But among the various threats, which I take quite seriously, I think biological warfare or terrorism is the greatest. What I chiefly have in mind is the release of germs that kill or severely harm humans. This could be by accident—for instance, an escape of nasty organisms from a research lab devoted to finding defenses against biological warfare—or through biological warfare or terrorism itself. We should also think of possible extortion by a criminal who threatens to release such germs and then does so when his threat doesn't earn him a huge amount of money. Of course, another good way to kill humans is to release organisms that kill off their food supply. The greenhouse effect comes next because I believe a runaway greenhouse effect producing a disastrous rise in temperature is much less improbable than most people think. Other threats also need to be taken seriously, in particular the possibility of doing something disastrous through a scientific experiment conducted at very high energies—strange-quark matter could attract and convert ordinary matter and destroy first the earth, then our galaxy, then other galaxies. Not to mention the possibility of humans being replaced by computers; though computers might be very intelligent in the sense of beating people at chess and being fine scientists and writing good poetry, they would still manage not to be truly conscious because they lack the kind of unity the human mind has.

VICTORIA FULLER

(continued from page 75)

people from various walks of life and sends them on a strenuous gallop around the globe. Victoria and Jonathan trained hard every day, but their preparation was not enough to overcome the strain of the competition. Then came the Shove.

Jonathan apologized soon after the incident. "That's not who I really am," he said. "It wasn't a true reflection of our relationship." He blamed his behavior on a steroid he'd begun taking to fight sarcoidosis, an inflammatory disease that had been diagnosed just days before the race. "That's what caused the sparks to fly," says Jonathan. He's still on the medication.

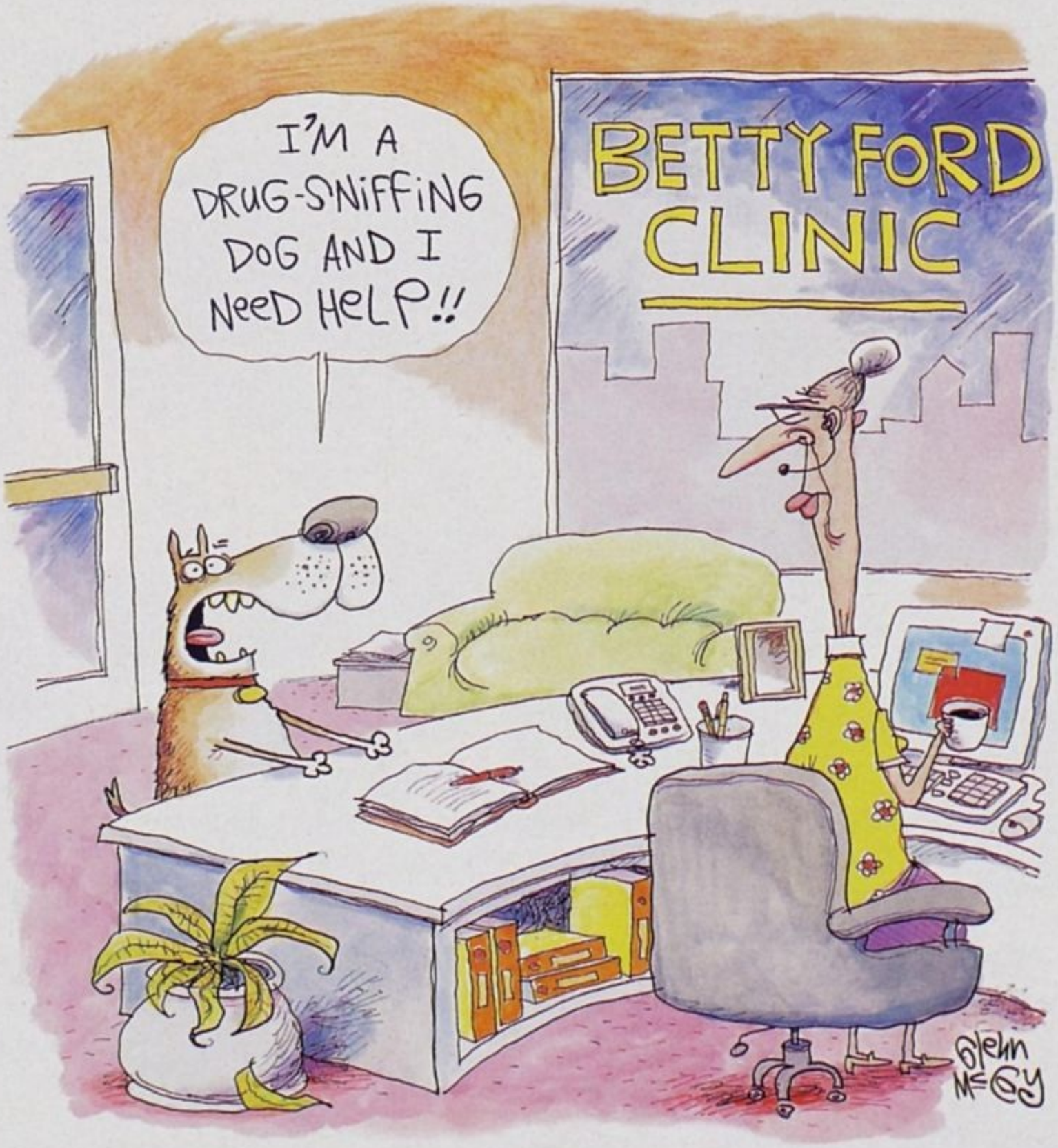
Victoria and Jonathan competed in four more episodes before becoming undone by, of all things, a donkey. On a leg of the race in Ethiopia they were distracted as they read the instructions for their next task. Told to deliver two donkeys to a local farmer, they showed up with one. They raced to fetch another, but time ran out, and so did their luck.

"It was so hard to accept," Victoria says. "I couldn't believe it came down to a stupid mistake." But by that point Victoria and Jonathan had begun to relax. Mingling with the villagers, they started emptying their pockets and giving away their money and clothes. Suddenly viewers saw a warmer, more generous side of the couple they had loved to hate. Says Victoria, "The experience really moved us and changed our lives."

With the race over, Victoria has now devoted herself to her artwork. She has several gallery shows in the works, including some in Europe, to show off her pieces. "My goal is to make a huge impact as a female artist," she says. "PLAYBOY has been a good stepping-stone for me, and the race will also help." Jonathan continues to expand his Hollywood presence and is trying to land a spot on *Survivor.* They're working hardest, however, on their relationship.

"It's most important that Victoria and I continue to grow and learn from our mistakes," Jonathan says. To that end the couple appeared on *A Dr. Phil Primetime Special: Romance Rescue.* "He was really hard on Jon," Victoria says, "but he wrapped it up on a positive note."

"*The Amazing Race* strengthened our marriage," says Victoria. "Watching the show allowed us to see our faults. We really did reconnect."



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Jenna Jameson in *Krystal Method* image courtesy of Vivid Entertainment

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50105-PB

GO ME! IT'S MY BIRFDAY!
1/16
© 2005 Aaron McGruder/Dist. by Universal Press Syndicate
I'M GONNA PARTY LIKE IT'S MY BIRFDAY!
www.ucomics.com
UH-OH! DON'T HIT 'EM WITH THE HARLEM SHAKE, MLK!
NOW LEAN BACK _ LEAN BACK _
NOW DROP IT LIKE IT'S HOT! YEAH! YOU'RE TOO MUCH FOR 'EM, KING!
NO. I DON'T THINK THAT'S WHAT MARTIN LUTHER KING IS DOING IN HEAVEN RIGHT NOW.
YEAH, BUT WE REALLY DON'T KNOW FOR SURE _

IS IT TRUE THAT HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO BLACK PEOPLE WERE BROUGHT TO AMERICA AS SLAVES FROM AFRICA AND MOST DIED ON THE WAY HERE?
YES.
WELL _ GOOD THING YOU MADE IT.
I WASN'T THERE!!

ALSO, KWANZAA'S TOO COMPLICATED, TOO MANY WORDS TO MEMORIZE.
DR. KARENGA SAID IT'S A RE-AFRICANIZATION PROCESS CALLED "GOING BACK TO BLACK."
WHO NEEDS A HOLIDAY TO REMIND YOU YOU'RE BLACK?
ISN'T THAT WHAT THE POLICE ARE FOR?

YOU SEEN RUSSELL SIMMONS' NEW REALITY SHOW YET?
"CAN A N***A GET A JOB?!" YEAH.
AT FIRST, MY GRANDDAD THOUGHT IT WAS RACIALLY DEMEANING. NOW, HE'S COMPLETELY HOOKED.
REALLY.
HAKEEM, I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE — IT'S UNPROFESSIONAL TO SMOKE WEED IN THE BOARDROOM! YOU'RE FIRED!
NOT HAKEEM!!

Tooned In

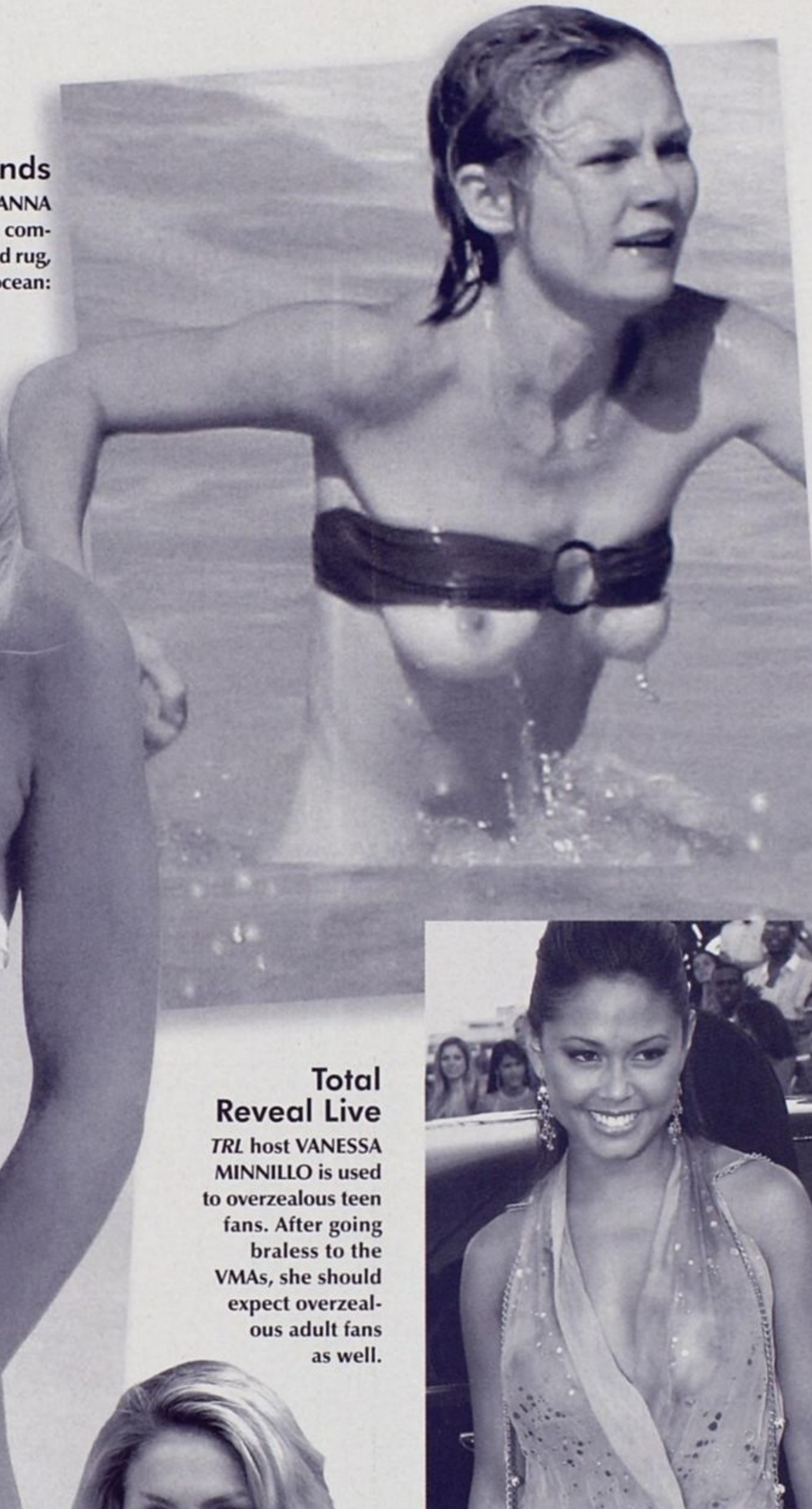
Smarter and angrier than anything else on the comics page, Aaron McGruder and *The Boondocks* remix the funnies

When a new comic debuts in 160 newspapers (about the same total as *Calvin and Hobbes*), you might assume it was cast from the same moribund mold as *Beetle Bailey* and *Garfield,* limping in daily with an identical innocuous joke. You'd be wrong. "I flip through my past strips and can't believe any sane newspaper would print them," says Aaron McGruder, 30-year-old creator of *The Boondocks.* Chronicling the lives of Huey and Riley, two inner-city black kids sent to live in an affluent suburb, the daily strip is one of the most controversial (and successful) ever, reflecting its author's perspective along with his plainspokenness. Of course, not pulling punches means papers regularly pull individual strips. "Americans are not used to talking honestly about race, let alone laughing about it," McGruder says. "But if you worry about what other people think, you can't do the job." He's also quick to point out that radicalized Huey is not simply a mouthpiece for the cartoonist's own views: "Huey's paranoid; I just don't trust the government. People think I'm trying to change the world. I'm just trying to earn a living in a way that I don't have to be ashamed of." The latest *Boondocks* anthology, *Public Enemy #2,* is out this month. —*Scott Alexander*

Grapevine

Finding Netherlands

Although they weren't vacationing together in tony St. Barts, ANNA KOURNIKOVA and KIRSTEN DUNST had itsy-bitsy bikinis in common. While Anna (below) gives us a glimpse of her bare-skinned rug, Kirsten (right) ignored the cardinal rule of swimming in the ocean: Make sure your top has straps—or at least double-sided tape.



Total Reveal Live

TRL **host VANESSA MINNILLO is used to overzealous teen fans. After going braless to the VMAs, she should expect overzealous adult fans as well.**

JASON SQUIRES/WIREIMAGE.COM

The Thrill of Brazil

Why is Brazil teeming with stunning women? Blame it on good genes, a lack of sexual taboos and, of course, Rio. Brazilian model ANA HICKMANN represents during Rio Fashion Week.

BRUNO DOMINGO/REUTERS

SPLASH

Miami Vice

A party don't mean a thing if it ain't got BAI LING, as revelers at Mansion in Miami learned on New Year's Eve. Bai danced wildly, chugged champagne from the bottle and probably wondered, What resolutions?

SETH BROWARNIK/WIREIMAGE.COM

Pop-Up Video

One great reason to apply for a job at Blockbuster video in Malibu, California: BRITNEY SPEARS has made at least one cameo at the store in a sheer white top (see above). Next time Mrs. Federline stops in, be sure to mention how much you loved her in *Crossroads*.

Divine Reality

We're just as burned out on reality shows as the next guy, but we're willing to make an exception for *Shut Up and Model,* which stars Utah-based poser ANNA CHRISTINA. Truth be told, we'd watch it if it were called "Shut Up and Watch Me Pay Bills in Black Panties."

STEVE TORRES

Potpourri

PONY GLASS

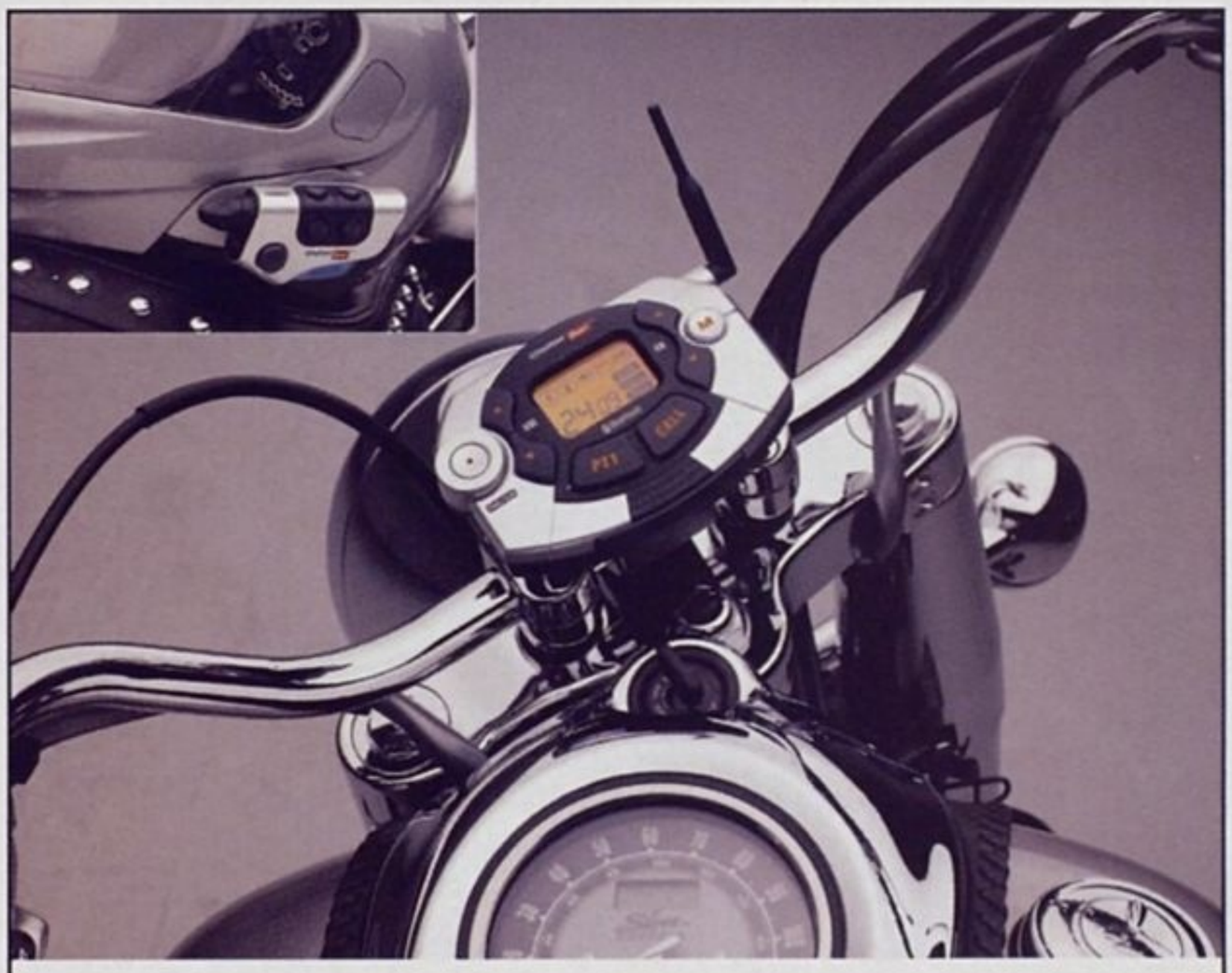
The Kentucky Derby (May 7) is really just a grand and elaborate excuse to spend a day drinking mint juleps. This year try some with the delicious 1792 Ridgemont Reserve small-batch bourbon ($29, available at fine liquor stores). The recipe: Take a large fistful of fresh mint leaves and muddle them in a pitcher with a cup of bourbon. Then pour in the rest of the bottle along with a cup of simple syrup. Chill the concoction overnight and serve in a glass filled with chipped ice with a mint-sprig garnish.

RUMBLE SEAT

The problem with shaking your moneymaker is that it takes so much effort. At long last there's a chair that will take care of that for you. The built-in speakers in the Spherex RX2 ($1,600, spherexinc.com) pump out 300 watts of 5.1 surround sound, taking your movie, music and video game madness to a whole new level. With its five separate A/V hookups, plugging in is a breeze. Finally a chair that makes a La-Z-Boy look like work.

POSITION PLAYER

If you order this set of Sheets Gone Wild for your bed (from $140, damonanthony.com), you'll also get a booklet on how to find the G-spot (as if you need directions) and a bag of game chips. The rules: (1) Toss a chip onto the bed. (2) Emulate the position depicted in the square it lands on. (3) Now it's her turn. Once you've played all 35 positions, you can hold your postgame press conference. The 300-count cotton sheets come in king- and queen-size top and fitted bottom, with two pillowcases included.

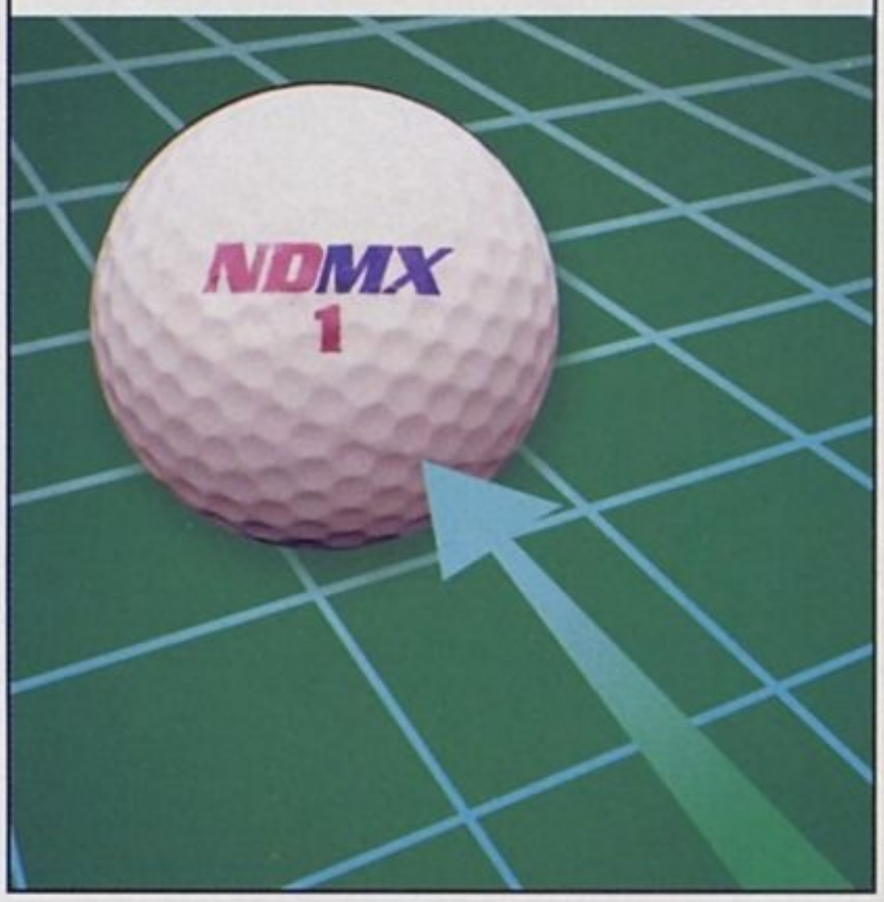


MOTOR MOUTH

Rolling along at 70 miles an hour, with the highway whizzing by six inches below your feet, it's just you and the open road. And your MP3 player. And cell phone. And radio. And Smitty and Stubbs (the guys you're riding with, who want to make a pit stop, by the way). Staying in touch these days is a complicated proposition, but the last thing you want on a bike is clutter. Which is where the ChatterBox XB1 ($500, chatterboxusa.com) comes in. This single communicator lets you plug in a panoply of gadgets—cell phone, music player, radio and walkie-talkie—that are then routed straight to a headset on your helmet. The icing on the cake? Thanks to Bluetooth technology, it's wireless.

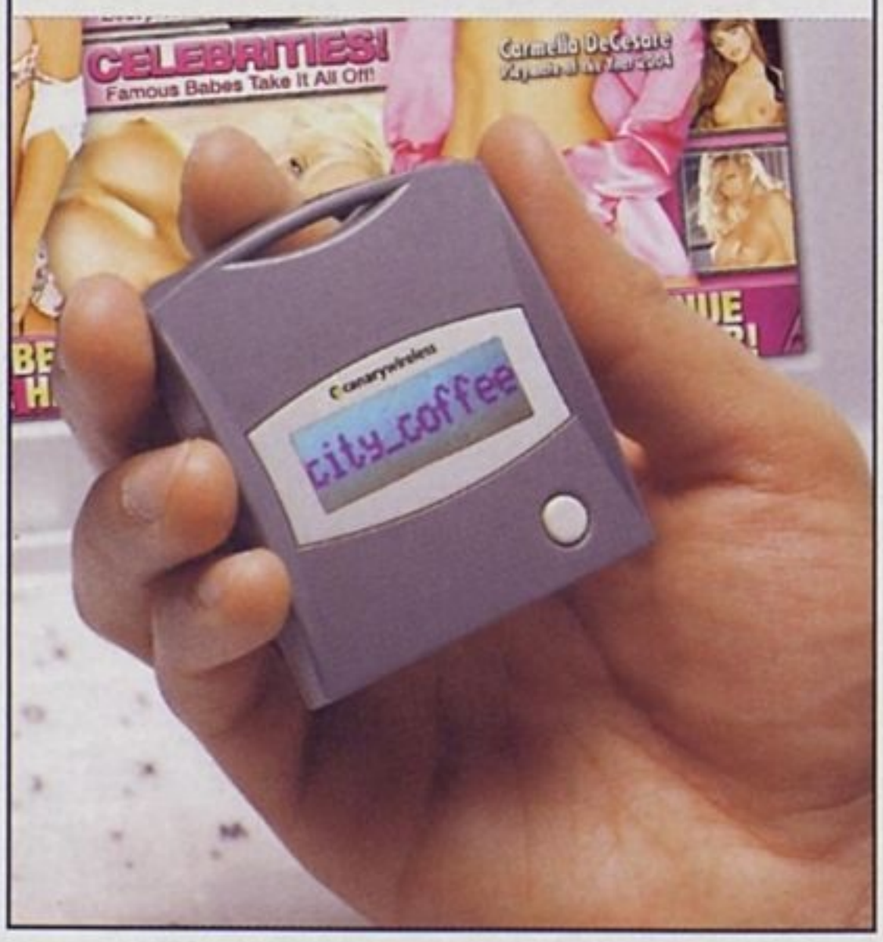
A NEW SPIN ON THE GOLF BALL

The nanotechnology outfit NanoDynamics is getting into the golf game. Atomic engineers have altered the materials in the NDMX ball (about $50 a dozen, available later this spring at ndmxgolf.com) so it spins less, making it harder for you to hook or slice your shot through some sap's kitchen window. If your golf game is awful, it'll still be awful. But at least you'll be a winner on the molecular level.



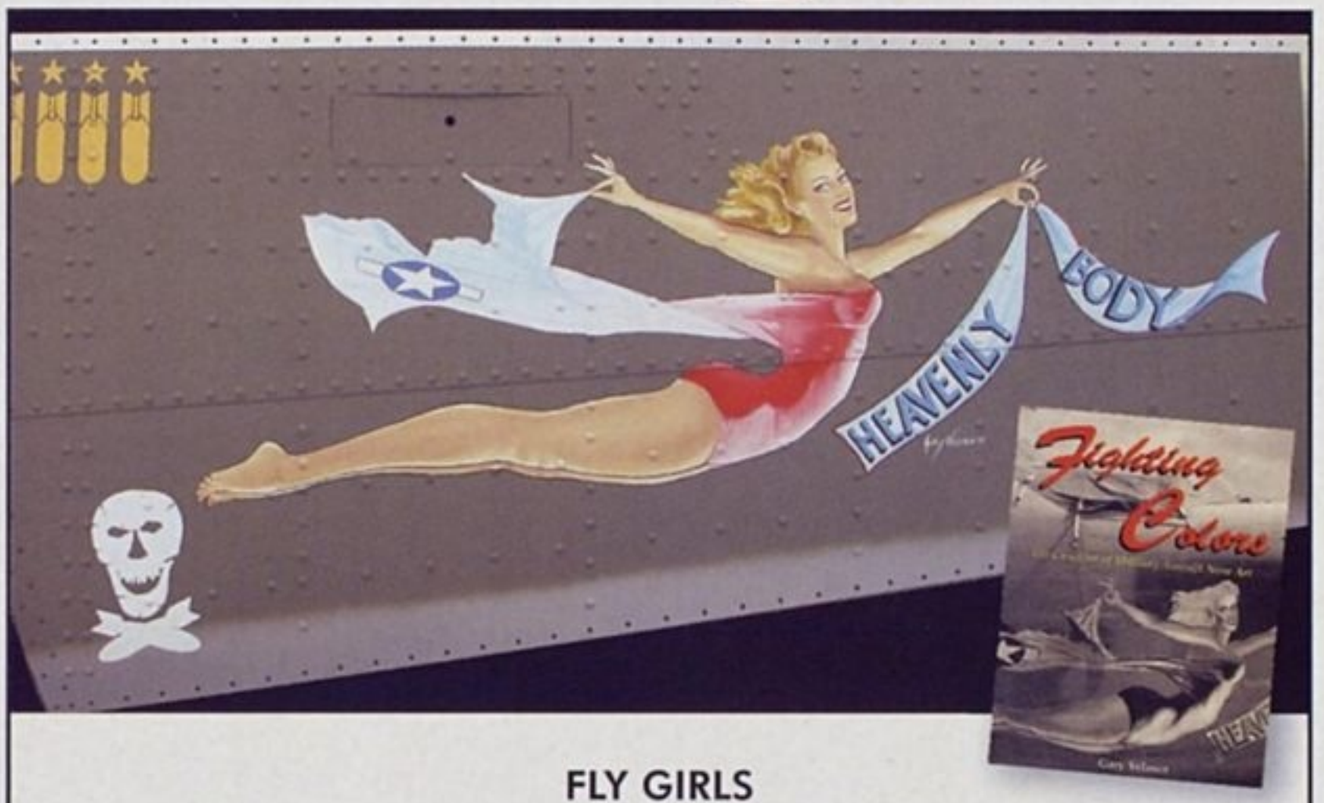
SPOT ON

Open laptop. Say prayer. Move 100 feet. Repeat. Finding an open Wi-Fi hot spot can be a hellish task. Wi-Fi detectors have existed for a while, but most show only signal strength. The LCD display on the Canary Wireless Digital Hotspotter ($50, canarywireless.com) also reveals the name of the network and, most important, whether you'll be able to access it freely with your laptop or PDA.



LET THERE BE LIGHT

Dead flashlight batteries are a pain, but thanks to an ingenious tech trick you'll never have to endure them again. Freeplay specializes in energy-efficient human-powered gizmos. Its latest creation, the Jonta flashlight ($70, freeplay.com), features a low-power, high-yield LED bulb that will shine for 24 hours on a full charge. If the battery's dead, turn its crank for 30 seconds and you'll get a full 10 minutes of light. Plus, if you make a $55 donation on its site, Freeplay will send a lifesaving windup radio to a tsunami victim on your behalf.



FLY GIRLS

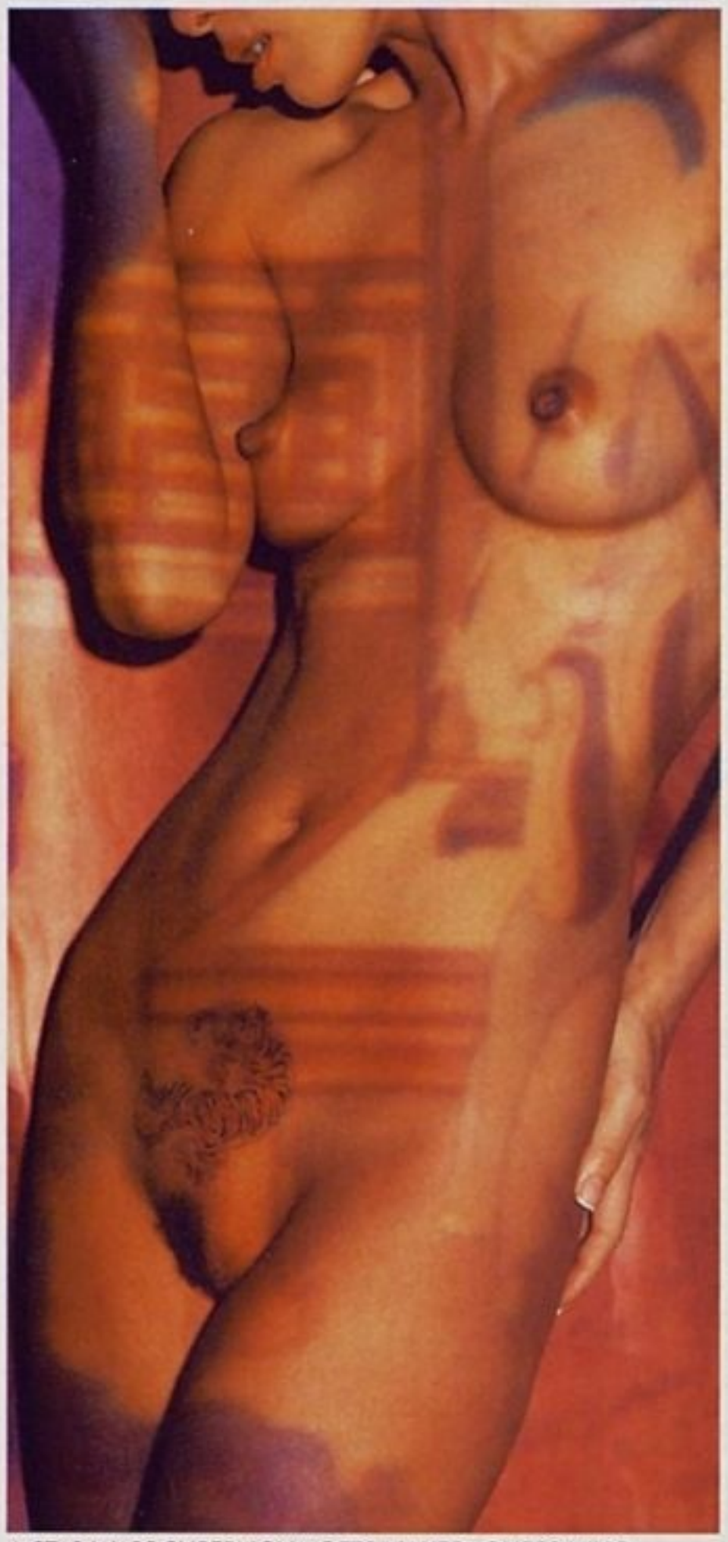
What kept a World War II pilot's spirits aloft when his body was in peril? The high-flying maiden painted on his plane's nose. Now you can own a piece of pinup and aviation history with Gary Velasco's replicas of side panels from more than 80 WWII planes ($160 to $600, fightingcolors.com). Velasco uses photos to re-create the panels, painting on aircraft-grade aluminum. Pictured: Heavenly Body (40 by 18 inches, $585), from a B-24.

PACK TO THE FUTURE

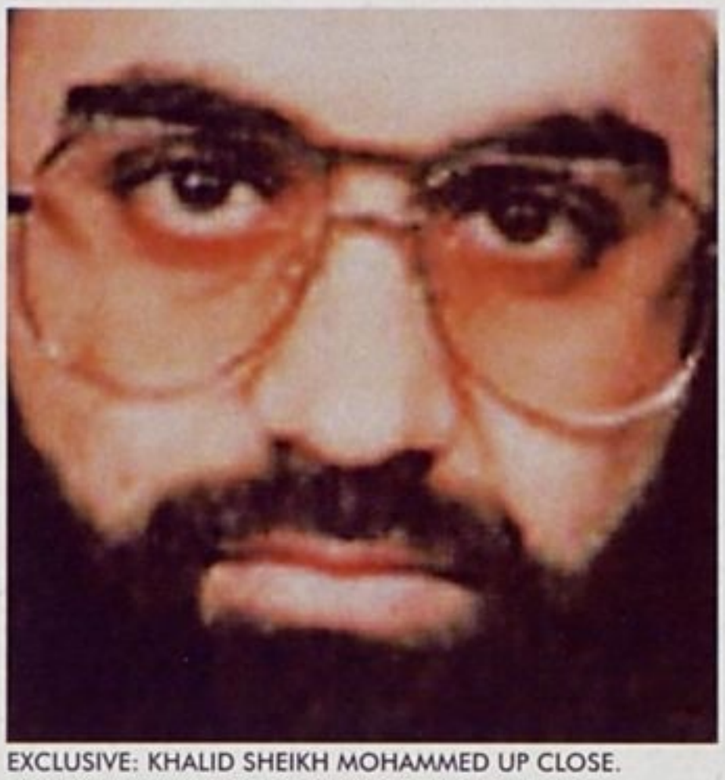
The great outdoors is a fantastic place to find tranquility, but it's a lousy place to find a power outlet. With the Voltaic backpack ($229, voltaicsystems.com) you can carry your power source with you. As you trek, three lightweight, waterproof solar panels charge the lithium ion battery tucked inside the pack. Once it's charged you can plug in and juice up your tapped-out cell phone, MP3 player, PDA or camera—you know, all those things you need to get back to nature. The bag also has adapters that let you charge the battery in a wall socket or car lighter in case you need to juice up at night.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

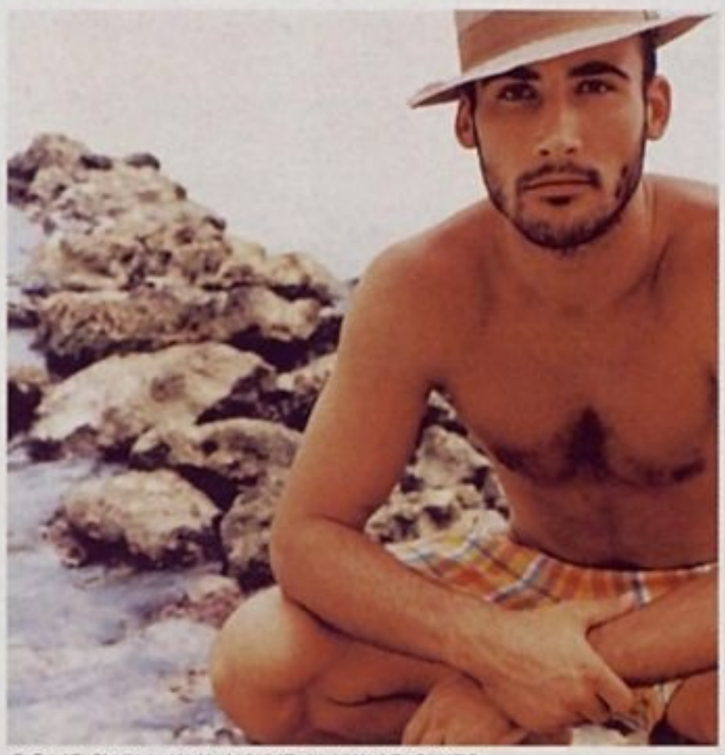
Next Month



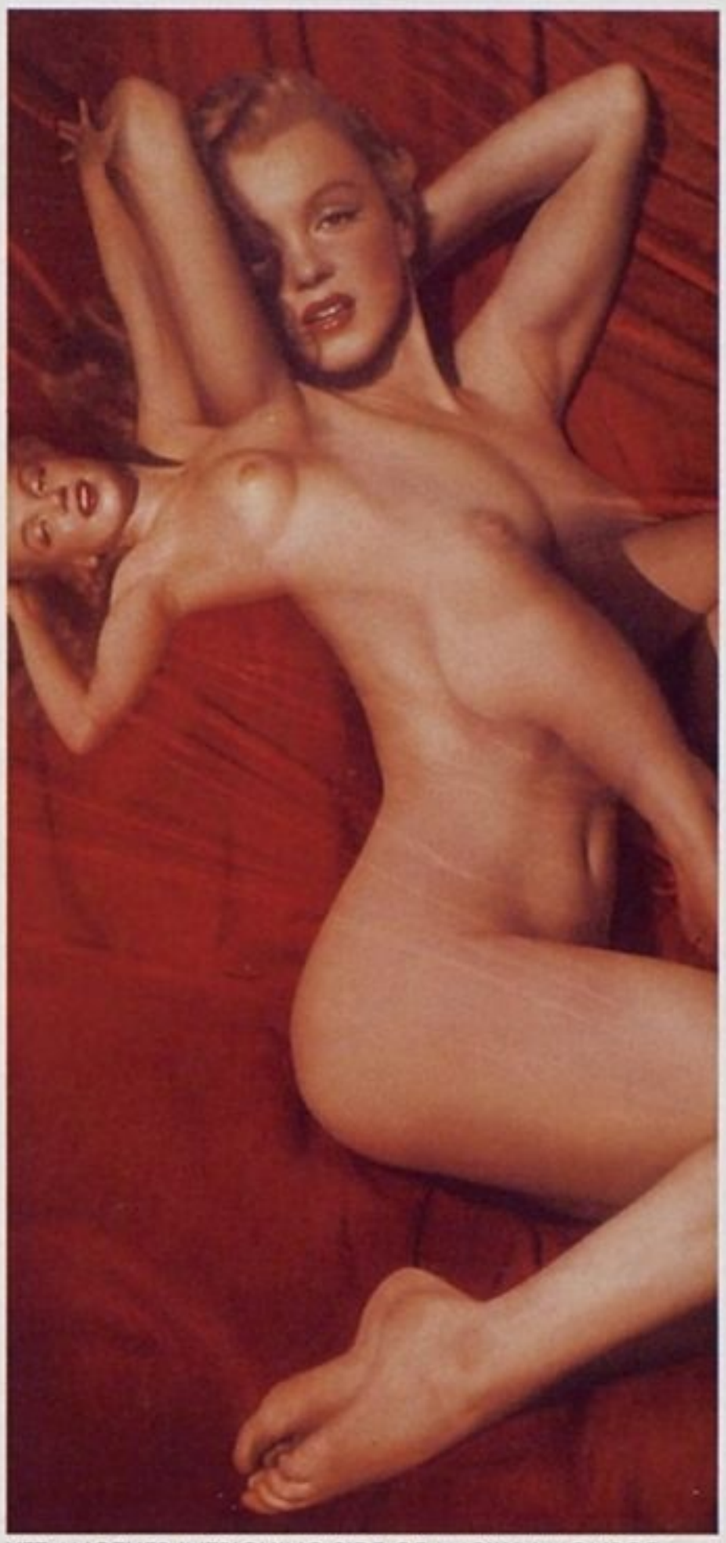
A *STAR WARS* SUPERNOVA GETS NAKED. GUESS WHO.



EXCLUSIVE: KHALID SHEIKH MOHAMMED UP CLOSE.



GONE SWIMMIN': WAVE-MAKING SUITS.



YET ANOTHER INTRIGUING SIDE OF MARILYN MONROE.

THE BRAIN—KHALID SHEIKH MOHAMMED CAME OUT OF THE SUBURBS OF KUWAIT CITY TO ESTABLISH HIMSELF AS THE MASTERMIND BEHIND THE 9/11 ATTACKS. WE TAKE YOU INTO AN UNSETTLING WORLD OF INTRIGUE AND MAYHEM AS WE FOLLOW THE MAN THEY CALL THE BRAIN FROM NORTH CAROLINA TO MANILA TO HIS DARING PREDAWN CAPTURE IN PAKISTAN. AN EXCLUSIVE LOOK INTO FANATICISM BY TERRORISM EXPERT **ROHAN GUNARATNA**

LANCE ARMSTRONG—HE'S ONE OF THE GREATEST ATHLETES OF HIS GENERATION, BUT THE RECORD-BREAKING CANCER SURVIVOR'S UNBELIEVABLE STORY DOESN'T END AT THE TOUR DE FRANCE FINISH LINE. FIND OUT WHAT MAKES HIM SO DRIVEN, HOW HIS LIVESTRONG BRACELETS ARE CHANGING THE WORLD OF MEDICINE AND WHY A SINGER NAMED SHERYL REALLY MAKES HIM CROW. AN ADRENALINE-CHARGED *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* BY **KEVIN COOK**

THE PLAYBOY FIDELITY SURVEY—IS ORAL SEX CHEATING? WHAT ABOUT GETTING A LAP DANCE? DO YOU LOOK OUTSIDE YOUR MARRIAGE FOR SEX ACTS A PARTNER WON'T PERFORM? WE TOOK A POLL ON THE STATE OF FIDELITY IN AMERICA—AND THE RESULTS ARE SHOCKING. WHERE DO YOU FIT IN? BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN** AND **MALINA LEE**

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—"WITHOUT YOU," HEF FAMOUSLY TOLD THE PLAYMATES, "I'D BE THE PUBLISHER OF A LITERARY MAGAZINE." SEE WHICH CENTERFOLD IS THE ONE NONE OF US COULD LIVE WITHOUT THIS YEAR—THE PMOY 2005.

THE *STAR WARS* DOSSIER—DARTH VADER MAY BE LUKE'S FATHER, BUT WE'RE THE BIG DADDY WHEN IT COMES TO *STAR WARS* TRIVIA. OUR COMPENDIUM GOES FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY TO ZUCKUSS, INCLUDING THE MOST EXPENSIVE TOY, THE BEST *SNL* SKITS AND WHY PRINCESS LEIA WAS A MAJOR BUZZ KILL. ALSO: IS THAT A LIGHTSABER IN YOUR POCKET, OR ARE YOU HAPPY TO SEE OUR COVER GIRL? A *STAR WARS: EPISODE III* BEAUTY BARES ALL IN A SUPERSTELLAR PICTORIAL.

PAUL GIAMATTI—HOLLYWOOD'S GO-TO CHARACTER ACTOR ON HIS *SIDEWAYS* OSCAR SNUB, HOW HE AVOIDS THE ALLURE OF "LOCATION BANGING," GETTING LIQUORED UP WITH *CINDERELLA MAN* CO-STAR RUSSELL CROWE AND WHICH A-LIST ACTRESS HE TOLD, "YOU COULD BE MORE OF AN A-HOLE IF YOU WANTED." *20Q* BY **STEPHEN REBELLO**

PLUS: FICTION BY **ROBERT COOVER,** THE MYTHOLOGIZATION OF MARILYN MONROE, SWIMSUITS THAT WILL LOOK GREAT ON HER CABANA FLOOR, **SCARLETT KEEGAN** ON WHAT A GIRL WANTS, AND MISS JUNE, **KARA MONACO.**

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